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THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

SEPARATE OR MIXED SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES AT THE SOUTH.

[The following is (with a few omissions) a paper read before the National Educational Association at Washington, by Hon. S. M. Finger, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in North Carolina. It has just been printed by order of the U. S. Secretary of the Interior in the "Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education."—Ed. LIB. MAG.]

Since the storms that beat upon our ship of state subsided, we find her anchored in the harbor of freedom and equality of all men before the law. Twenty-one years have elapsed, and as the clouds clear away, it becomes us to take our reckonings. Almost a generation has passed away, and other men control, other ideas prevail. It is wise that we lay aside all sectional feelings, and without crimination or recrimination discuss all the great problems that confront us, and especially the negro problem, which, I submit, is perhaps the most difficult of them all.

Born and reared in the South, having a southern ancestry antedating the Revolution of 1775, the son and the grandson of an owner of slaves, I have had opportunity of studying the negro in his home in the South, before and since the late war between the States. Educated in New England, and having had business intercourse with the people of the northern section of the Union, I have had opportunity of studying the negro in the North also, both before and since his freedom.

Add to this the circumstance that I was taught by my father to look with suspicion upon the institution of slavery, and that consequently I had a degree of sympathy for the slaves. In view of these facts, I trust that I can enter upon the discussion of the negro question with freedom from prejudice against the colored people, and with sufficient opportunity to have learned something about them from actual contact and to enable me to keep up with changing public sentiment about the negro, both North and South.

But with all these opportunities to study and observe the negro, I am free to confess that I do not know that I fully understand him; and I cannot, with satisfaction to myself, forecast his future or form a definite conclusion as to his capabilities. So far he is an undetermined quantity in the problem of civilization. Whether the size of his brain and his other peculiarities mark him as the white man's natural inferior, or only emphasize his want of opportunity, is an unanswered question, and it must remain an unanswered question until he shall have been tried and cultivated for more than one generation.

History is against the claims of the negro to equality with the white nations. He would seem to be immovable, incapable of progress, except as he is brought into immediate personal contact with the whites. However this may be, the white people of the southern section of the United States, as well as those of the northern, desire

to give him a fair trial. In this there seems now to be very fair unanimity of sentiment. So far as the thing to be done is concerned, there is not much diversity of opinion. He is a citizen, equal before the law to any other citizen in all the States of this Union. The conclusion is, therefore, irresistible that he must be educated, intellectually, industrially, and religiously, not alone for his benefit, but for the protection of our government. But when we come to consider *how* this is to be done, intelligent and good people have different plans and theories. These plans and theories have foundation, in the minds of those who hold them, according to the glasses through which the negro is seen. One man sees in him capabilities equal to those of the white man, and he fits his plans and theories of education to his estimate of the negro's natural ability. Another man sees the negro as an inferior being, and he fits his plans and theories to his belief. Still another man sees him as an untried and unknown factor in civilization, now far behind in intelligence, morality, and religion, and so his ideas as to how to educate him take shape.

One man says, The race line is providential, and therefore it ought to be perpetuated. Another replies that the race line has already been broken down, and he goes on to argue that all laws that favor the separation of the races in schools, and all laws that forbid intermarriage between the races, ought to be repealed. Still another man says, This race question can never be settled until by intermarriage between the races the white race is made to absorb the colored race; and he advocates mixed schools, and mixed churches, because he thinks this policy will lead to mixed marriages.

Whether or not the negro is naturally equal or inferior to the whites is dis-

puted, but his equality or inferiority need not now enter into the discussion as to how he should be educated. In a practical point of view, there is common ground enough to stand upon. The ground upon which this discussion should proceed is his real status now. We should recognize his intellectual and moral condition as it is, and not too eagerly inquire what it will be after some generations of training shall have been given him. The future will take care of itself if we faithfully take care of the present.

Let us now inquire what his real status is. I do not think that any man who has not lived in the South for many years and observed the negro in his country home, as well as in the cities and towns, will be likely fully to understand his real condition, intellectual, moral, and religious. He may read all the literature touching upon it; he may travel through the South, and even sojourn for years in the South, and not comprehend it. Far the greater part of the negroes live in the country, on the plantations, and a traveler would be apt to form his opinions by what he saw in the cities and towns, where the most intelligent of the negroes congregate, and where their educational and religious opportunities are better than in the country.

Consider the case as it is. A race of the most barbarous people on the face of the earth, and perhaps the most ignorant, brought to the United States but a few generations ago at most; sunk into the lowest depths of heathenism; bound in all their worships by the most abject fear and degrading superstition; subjected to slavery without any effort, worth the name, to cultivate their intellects; suddenly released from their bondage in the condition of paupers; suddenly made citizens equal before the law to their old masters; who had been civil-

izing and developing for a thousand years; taught for twenty years in the bad schools of politics; embittered against their former owners and for a time virtually ruling them; with only a few years of limited education by the impoverished South—with this history and this treatment, what in the very nature of the case must be their condition and disposition now, even if we assume their natural equality with the whites?

Their surroundings and home life are, as a rule, of the most unfavorable kind. In the country, as well as in the cities and towns, in many cases whole families—fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters—live in small houses, often containing but one room, the parents exercising no restraint, or an impatient and passionate restraint, over their children, and the children having no elevating companionship. Of course there are exceptions, but I am not now noting the exceptions. With such surroundings in the formative, family life of the colored children, before they reach the school age, and with such companionship, they have a most unfavorable start for the formation of character. Add to these home influences the physical inheritances transmitted to them—inheritorances that are apparent to the sight, and add to these still the inheritances of mind and soul which are invisible to mortal sight, but which are no less real than the physical, and we can have some appreciation of the real condition of these children.

I have drawn the general picture. I am glad that I can note many exceptions. As we visit the hotels and barber shops, we find almost all the services performed by well-behaved, intelligent, and decent colored persons, whose very service has brought the elevating contact with the white people, just as it does in the northern States.

Then, too, we have in the South a large number of old negroes, industrious and well behaved—good men and women. The schools have elevated quite a goodly number into respectable teachers and preachers, and some have advanced in other walks of life. But all of these compose but comparatively a small proportion of the great mass.

In this connection it should be noted, too, that in those sections of the South where the farms were small before the slaves were freed, and where the whites labored with the slaves, the negroes are far more advanced in intelligence, good manners, and good morals, than are those who lived on the large cotton, rice, and sugar plantations. The difference is marked both as to the older negroes and their children. But I cannot now examine the different sections of the South in detail. I have time to draw only a general picture of what the negro's condition is in the South, and I desire to draw it strictly in the light of facts. I am willing to concede that the negroes, as a whole, are improving slowly intellectually, and yet I want to impress the fact that the great mass of them are at the bottom round of the ladder of civilization, and that there are hereditary tendencies which any proper system of education must take into consideration.

One of the great mistakes many northern teachers made when they came South and took charge of colored schools was, not to take note of these hereditary tendencies, both physical and mental. These teachers had seen the negro in the North only, where the brightest of them had found their homes before the War; where they did, not number one in fifty of the population; where, from the very fact of there being comparatively so few of them, contact with the whites was a necessity in the daily labor of the

negroes, because, wherever they turned to find employment, they rubbed against the whites; where they had the very best opportunities that any people so low down in the scale of civilization ever had in the whole history of the world; where, on account of the comparative smallness of their numbers, they had no appreciable effect upon the multitude of superior white people; where the one negro child, elevated by constant contact in every-day life with white people, had been educated with a multitude of white children without any appreciable deleterious effect upon them. These teachers, with ideas about the negro formed by what they saw of him under such circumstances, came south and expected to deal with him in the same way that they had dealt with him north.

Many things have been done since the War that have been damaging to the educational and religious interests of the negro. The passions of the hour ran so high that we went to work to advance him to a position far beyond what he was prepared for. He was given the ballot, of which he was not worthy. He was taught that to be free he must leave his old master's premises, if only to remove to an adjoining plantation; that he must leave his old master's church and organize a church of his own; that education was a panacea for all the ills of life; that he must have teachers and preachers of his own color; that the southern people would, if they could, put him back into slavery. The color line was drawn in this way, and to a large extent it is kept up yet. Because of prejudices growing out of their bondage, and because the southern people resisted giving them the ballot at the time it was done and in the way it was done, it was easy to align the negroes against the whites in politics, and to separate

them from the whites in every other way. This separation lessened their contact with the whites, and set them back in a religious point of view, because of the dense ignorance of those who assumed the office of preachers. But the prejudices between the two races, which were perhaps stronger on the part of the negroes against the whites than on the part of the whites against the negroes, are breaking down; and I do not think it will be long until a much better state of feeling will exist between them.

The negro's burden as a slave was forced labor; to him, freedom and the ballot and education meant exemption from manual labor, especially with such teaching and treatment as I have alluded to. With all this history as slaves and as freemen and citizens, and with their ignorance, it could but be expected that many of the negroes would become more and more worthless as laborers, and that their children would be trained to avoid labor as the curse of curses, and so be more worthless than their parents. In proportion, however, as they have been properly educated and have been led to see their condition as it is, and have learned that their freedom is secure, and that the white people of the South mean to assist them to such degree of elevation as they may prove worthy of, they become more contented. The state of feeling toward the whites is continually growing better. So, too, the white people are more and more adapting themselves to the situation. More and more there is a settled conviction that not only are the negroes citizens, and nere to stay, but that they are best adapted to the development of, at least, the agricultural possibilities of the South. With a judicious system of education, and with just such treatment as they may merit from time to time, they will improve and make valuable citizens.

In my judgment we must not only have separate schools for the colored people, but also have separate churches; and these schools and churches must be taught and ministered to by colored teachers and preachers so far as colored people will prepare themselves to fill these offices. This is so because both races, as a whole, want it so, and because the relative condition of the races makes it a necessity. Any attempt at a general system of mixed schools and mixed churches would be a signal failure. . . .

The colored people really prefer to have their schools and churches separate from those of the whites, and the whites demand that their schools and churches shall be separate from those of the colored people. This disposition of the races to separate from each other is explained by those who advocate mixed schools and mixed churches by saying that at the bottom of the whole matter is race prejudice. Those who advocate separation say that this disposition rests upon legitimate social instincts, and not upon race prejudice. Whatever is the true explanation, the fact is hardly disputed by any intelligent person, and as a fact it must govern our policy. The most intelligent of the colored people know that the policy of mixed schools would inevitably break down the whole public school system of the South, and so deprive them of the educational opportunities which they now have at public expense. They know, too, that a policy of mixed schools means that white teachers, and not colored ones, would be employed, if such a policy could be adopted without breaking down the schools entirely. They know, too, that mixed churches mean white ministers and not colored ones.

If the colored people are to make progress they must, as far as practicable, be thrown upon their own efforts, educationally and religiously, as well as in a material point of view. In these particulars the same rule applies as in the whole animal and vegetable economy—effort and exercise. The colored people can never be made to stand alone unless they are encouraged to depend upon their own efforts and resources. Mixed schools and mixed churches inevitably take away the occupation of colored teachers and colored preachers, and continue the colored people's dependence upon the whites. There may be mixed schools and mixed congregations presided over by colored teachers and colored preachers, but, if so, I do not know where they are. I do not mean to say that the colored people are far enough advanced educationally, morally, or religiously, to stand alone, and to make further progress in these particulars without the assistance and guidance of the whites. Indeed I do not believe they are. I think it is evident now that if all assistance by the whites and all contact with them were withdrawn, the colored people, in the aggregate, would go backward instead of forward.

One thing, however, is very much to the negro's advantage: his faculty of imitation is very strongly developed. He seems naturally to imitate his white neighbors and to follow their guidance, especially when he is not controlled by prejudice. Therefore everything but principle should be conceded by the whites in order to break down all prejudice. That done, the whites will have access to the colored people and will be able to guide them. Then good examples will be imitated and good instruction will be heeded; then will the whites be able more successfully to teach colored teachers and colored preachers, and to gather colored children into Sunday-schools and instruct them in the principles of morality and the Christian religion.

But the colored people must be encouraged in every practicable way to help themselves. Just as a child, when being taught to walk, does not learn to walk, no matter how much its mother may help it, until it puts forth its own powers and tries to help itself; just so must the colored people, weak as they are, be led by the whites, but in such a way as to cause them to try—cause them to call into exercise all their powers. In accordance with this principle, I think it best for them to have teachers and preachers of their own color so long as they may want them. By pursuing this course the two races can, I believe, live in the South together in peace, each helping the other; and there will be some field of intellectual work open to the negro. In this country, where there are seven whites to one negro, with such a wide difference between them in every way, it is not reasonable to suppose that there can ever be any considerable field for intellectual work for the negro unless he finds it among his own people. Without some opportunity to exercise his intellectual faculties he will soon be discouraged, and lose his appetite for education, and become a mere serf or peon. I think, therefore, that so long as the negroes prefer teachers and preachers of their own race, they ought to be encouraged in their preference, provided colored persons will qualify themselves for the work; but there must be a rigid superintendence of all school work by the whites.

From another standpoint I insist that this is the correct policy. The negro's prejudice against the whites of the South has been intense for two reasons: (1) because he was held in bondage of slavery, and (2) because in the days of reconstruction the whites resisted his being allowed to vote. These prejudices will sooner be broken

down by allowing freedom of action in all particulars where no wrong principle is involved. To accomplish this end, it is better to allow them reasonably competent teachers of their own race, even if, for the time being, better qualified white teachers could be employed to serve them. After perfectly friendly relations are established, and after the negroes see that it may be better for them to have white teachers, they will seek them—then plenty will be found to serve them.

I have said that there are signs of discouragement among the negroes, because freedom, the ballot, and education have not brought the beneficial results which they so confidently expected. So, too, many of the white people are also discouraged. Out of their poverty, the southern States are spending for the education of the negroes perhaps as much as five million dollars per annum, without satisfactory results. In this work both the southern negroes and the southern whites deserve the encouragement of Congressional aid. But that question I do not propose to argue at length; it seems to me to be a self-evident proposition. It will encourage the negroes as well as the whites, and it should be given in such way as to allow a part to be used for building and furnishing school-houses. Comfortable and well-furnished houses are necessities, and of such the South is very sadly in need. The aid now proposed by Congress is confessedly mainly for the South, and I can see no good reason why it should be limited to the payment of teachers' salaries. It should, by all means, be put into the school treasuries of the States, and be used in common with State funds for all school purposes. If Congress will consent to encourage the school workers of the South by extending this aid, let it be done in such a way as not to hamper them. If it were not

for the negroes, the southern States would not need this aid and would not ask it, and if it were not for the negroes no member of Congress would propose it. It is due to the South in common fairness, and the people of the South have shown that they are in earnest in educating the negroes and are worthy of it.

So far as the question of civil rights as distinguished from social privileges is concerned, that is fast working itself out, and the less force applied to it the better. It is no unusual thing now in the South to find negroes riding in first-class cars with the whites. I have seen negroes in the political conventions of both political parties; I have seen them serving with the whites as jurymen in the trial of important causes. Recently, in a city of the South, at the dedication of a public school building, I saw white and colored aldermen seated on the same rostrum during the ceremonies. In all such intercourse proper conduct and qualifications can be made requisites. Indeed, in all social and semi-social intercourse the correct policy is to apply as little force as possible, and let people's likes and dislikes and the free spirit of our republican institutions control.

The white people of the South insist rigidly upon but two things as to intercourse between the races: (1) That there shall be separate public schools for both races; and (2) that there shall be no inter-marriages between the races. The negroes, or rather the too sanguine friends of the negroes, who do not know them, will act wisely if they will make no contest on these two points. These are matters of public policy which the States have a right to control, and about which there is almost unanimity of sentiment.

In this paper I have spoken of education in a general way only, using the term in its broadest signification,

While education in books, especially in the fundamental branches of English, is, perhaps, of prime importance, industrial education is of scarcely less importance, and it is pressing for proper recognition in our systems. How and to what extent it can be applied for the benefit of the negroes I cannot now discuss, more than to say that it is most highly probable that an unusually large proportion of them will always find their places on the farms, and that therefore special efforts ought to be made to teach them the most improved methods of farming. Farm life is itself a very fine industrial school, and as the general farming interests of the South are improved the negroes will share largely in the benefits.

BESIDE THE GULF WITH RUSKIN.

Let me sketch a bit of landscape before I begin to write, a bit with which I have been so charmed day after day that I have not looked at anything else. The point of view is a high swell of sand thinly set with tall, slender pine trees, and our seat is a smooth, weather-beaten log. Behind us is a dense forest, stretching away for miles, a forest in which the blooms and tassels are beginning to show, albeit it is the second day of February. Before us, and but 150 yards away, shines the white beach and pale blue water of the Gulf of Mexico. There is a sound overhead, a strange moaning, made by the breeze in the pine-tops, and the rhythmic sea-boom seems to follow close to the ground at our feet. We can see the sky in violet streaks and fragments through the foliage, and we can catch at times glimpses of stately ships standing far out along the horizon, apparently motionless, but in

breeze fanning us, and the Gulf waves murmuring at our feet? Give us a vision of the stones of Venice, O large-hearted but impractical Ruskin! or lead us over to Rome, or to Verona in a trance, but do not mention political or domestic economy again, for we are idlers and health-hunters, lounging along the Gulf shore and reading for pleasure, not for profit.

Indeed, one must read for pleasure when one would thoroughly enjoy Ruskin, and then what a charming outdoor companion he is. His theories and quirks and carplings all disappear in his brilliant phrasing and musical cadences. Color, color, color, harmony, finely-sketched outlines, impressions set against the most witching backgrounds, and above all a rare sincerity ever present, and saturating the whole like the juice in ripe fruit, or like the sunshine in summer air. One must mix one's figures in attempting to characterize Ruskin's style, for it is as changeable and curious as the inside of a kaleidoscope. He sees things from an isolated and exceptional point of view, but he is never purposely eccentric or odd in his ways of expression. He is original, and, more, he is always strikingly picturesque, so that when you read his works in the open air, or hear them read there, it is almost as if his figures and thoughts stood out upon the landscape against the sky or the sea, for above all he is an artist of the best sort and harmonizes his creations with the great scheme of nature. He believes that he is a realist of the pre-Raphaelite kind, but he is, nevertheless, a romancer, a thorough-going idealist, always glorifying and beautifying something common and vulgar till it shines like a sun-lit cloud. Indeed, even nature is not a realist of the analytical, microscopic sort in her best work, for she is not content with showing things just as they are, but must

hang a luminous atmosphere about them, and touch them with heavenly colors. She knows the blue enchantment of distance, the value of romantic suggestions, the power of dim lines and mysterious shadows. She sketches here, she indicates an effect yonder; at one moment finishing the minutest details, at another dashing a formless wonder on sky, or sea, or mountain side, but she never stops work to analyze motives or to call attention to her methods.

"Not with the skill of an hour, nor of a life," reads my friend, "nor of a century, but with the help of numberless souls, a beautiful thing must be done." Ah, Mr. Ruskin, you are right. By such a plan all creation has been wrought. Nature knows it. With the help of numberless energies the seed germinates, the plant grows, the leaves leap forth, and the flower flashes like a sun. What æons of years it has taken to build a rose up from the almost formless plant sketch set in the ancient rocks! What a slow process has been the building of the present man up from the man of the cave and the peat-bog! Nature is never in a hurry save when in a destructive mood. She broods over her working plans and saturates her materials with life from a myriad sources before her dream begins to take material form.

Ruskin disputes himself, however, and repudiates this doctrine presently, for he affects to despise the practical part of palæontology and archæology, and to laugh at the scientists in general. Perhaps he is accord with nature here, too, for she disputes himself and denies her acts, whenever it can serve her turn, to say nothing of the way she snubs the scientists. "Does not Mr. Darwin show you that you can't wash the slugs out of a lettuce without disrespect to your ancestors?" reads my friend, and I see a smile of deep satisfaction on his refined face, for he can

not endure "evolution." But it occurs to me that the choice between a slug on one hand and a hideous cannibal on the other gives one no great æsthetic latitude in selecting a forefather. It is not what we have risen from that should make us blush, but what we are now. Our progeny, not our ancestors, should make us glad or sad. All the more honor to the man if indeed he has come up from the germ in the old dust of chaos, has wriggled past the worms, swam past the fishes, outstripped the birds, and made himself the lord of all the animals. Indeed, as I sit here in this tropical springtide, with my eyes full of color-visions and my ears full of soothing sounds, I am willing to consider myself a manifestation of nature's patient work, the end of a labor begun when life first stirred in the most favored spot of the earth.

The trouble with Ruskin is that he has come to look upon art as the whole of life. He would make the world a great studio—he would change human passion into a figure to be drawn on canvas and cut in marble. Hear my friend read again:

"Do you fancy a Greek workman ever made a vase by measurement? He dashed it from his hand on the wheel, and it was beautiful; and a Venetian glass blower swept you a curve of crystal from the end of his pipe; and Reynolds or Tintoretto swept a curve of color from their pencils, as a musician the cadence of a note, unerring, and to be measured, if you please, afterward, with the exactitude of divine law."

This is a fine sketch of true genius; but I look at the slender, shining wake on the water yonder, where a wild duck has been swimming, and I note the same freedom of curve, the same unconscious sweep along the line of beauty which has immortalized the painter, the glass-blower, and the

carver. And hark! the mocking-bird again—a gush of artless melody rippling away through the slumberous wood—sweet as the flute-notes of Marsyas or the lyre-chords of Apollo.

I do not hear half of what my friend reads, for how can I listen to sea and wind and pine-moan and bird song and Ruskin all at once. I watch the fishing-smack out yonder, beating in against the breeze. Now the mainsail is white against the sky; anon it is black as ink; again it is gray touched with brown. I used to see pictures of ships with gloomy sails blotching an almost indigo sky, and I thought the pictures in bad color. Now I feel how true they were. Even Ruskin might make the same mistake in a criticism. This, for instance:

"Both Raphael and Rembrandt are masters; indeed; but neither of them masters of light and shade, in treatment of which the first is always false, the second always vulgar. The only absolute masters of light and shade are those who never make you *think* of light and shade more than nature herself does."

But I find that nature makes me think of light and shade all the time. Indeed, I see nothing else in nature so emphasized here, so accentuated there, so graded, so obtruded, so dashed about and experimented with, so insisted upon at every turn, as light and shade, and he must be a vigorous brushman, certainly, who can get into a picture more light and shade than nature habitually uses on her smallest canvas. Even now the sails of the smack are shining like a flake of moonshine against the dark magnolias of a low shore line, as it glides into the little harbor.

After all even a Ruskin Anthology is hard to read in the "lap of nature." Give me something lighter, a volume of Keats or Wordsworth; or—no, give

me nothing by nobody; let me lie in this balmy spot and dream and see visions and be free from the cunning of genius and the tricks of talent.—MAURICE THOMPSON, in *The Chicago Times*.

FRENCH AGGRESSION IN MADAGASCAR.*

The hostile operations carried on under the Government of the French Republic, during the last three years, against Madagascar have terminated, and a treaty of peace between the two nations has been happily concluded. Now that the situation, from a French point of view, is declared "most satisfactory," the time has come for a short retrospect of the Franco-Malagasy controversy.

Since the reign of Louis XIV., when the high-sounding name of *La France Orientale* was bestowed upon Madagascar, on the most shadowy pretension of possession, French Governments have hankered after the conquest of the Great African Island, and have dispatched repeated expeditions for its effectual subjugation. Nothing but disaster has been the corollary to this French ambition. Three years ago, once more, and it is to be hoped for the last time, under the claim of exercising its so-called "historic rights," and of imposing a protectorate over what is still an independent sovereignty, the French Government sought a pretext for war with Madagascar, and soon found a way for the prosecution

of the sinister designs of its ambition. The cession, illegal as will hereafter be seen, of territory in the north-west by a tribe of Sakalavas in 1840, who were in rebellion against the King's authority, furnished the necessary pretext.

Before proceeding to relate some of the incidents of a somewhat prosaic though unequal contest between a great European power and a native race but lately emerged from barbarism, it may be necessary to say something respecting one of the two belligerents—namely the Malagasy. The people of the numerous Malagasy tribes are naturally robust, and from youth hardened to fatigue and endurance. The characteristics of the tribe, however, vary greatly. Though they speak one language, they are not a homogeneous people. The great divisions are the Hovas, the Betsileo, the Betsimisaraka, the Antishanaka, and the Sakalava. The Hova race, which occupies the central and metropolitan province of Imerina, numbers nearly 1,000,000; the Betsileo and Betsimisaraka, on the eastern coast, approximately 3,000,000; the various tribes of the Sakalava, who inhabit the western side of the island from the north to the south, probably exceed 1,300,000; and the Antishanaka, a small but distinct tribe, are situated toward the north-east of the Hovas, and number 300,000. Thus the entire population of the island may be estimated at not less than 5,500,000.

At the head of the Malagasy tribes stand the Hovas, who are the most advanced in civilization. They now dominate the whole of Madagascar. For centuries they were but a small tribe confined to the small central province of Imerina, which measures about eighty miles long from north to south and about sixty from east to west. Their language may be considered the standard of Malagasy; it is the most copious and least nasal. It is not more

* *Malagasy* is the native name for the people of the island of Madagascar, which has an estimated area of some 225,000 square miles—considerably exceeding that of France. Mr. Digby Willoughby, the writer of this article, was Commander of the Malagasy force, and is now the Malagasy Ambassador to Great Britain.—ED. LIB. MAG.

than sixty years since it was first reduced to writing by missionaries.

Past Malagasy history depends upon tradition, and is altogether unreliable. The literature consists of a collection of numberless proverbs and a few legendary songs or poems. The Hovas, unlike the Betsileo, who average six feet, are below middle stature. Their complexion is light olive, frequently fairer than that found in Spaniards, Italians, or Turks. They have soft straight or curling hair, dark hazel eyes, a well-proportioned and erect carriage, and are distinguished by great activity and courage. Their neighbors, the Betsileo, on the other hand, have a broad, low forehead, flattish nose and thick lips, and hair that is woolly. They have none of the distinguishing Malay characteristics presented by the Hovas. The Hovas are self-reliant and intellectual, and are possessed of a special faculty for organization and administration. The Sakalavas are nomadic tribes that live by plunder. They are sly, perfidious, brutal, arrogant, and live perpetually in mutual fear of one another; even nearest relations are suspicious of each other; and no European is safe among them. Their country stretches along the whole western littoral of the island and is almost uncultivated. Even those tribes which have been under the influence of the French flag at Nosi-bé have not made a tithe of the advance in fifty years that the rest of the tribes of the island have made during fifteen years under the central native Hova Government. To-day the Malagasy Government is pushing forward educational measures and laws tending to the modification of the semi-barbarous state of the island. Schools, churches, libraries, and hospitals abound, and are well supported.

Their national history—commencing, so to speak, with Radama I. (1792—

1828), who was the first to consolidate the Hova sovereignty and found the present dynasty—literally bristles, excepting the terrible reign of Ranavalona I. (1828–1861), with reforms and improvements. A Christian in secret for some time before her accession (1863) Ranavalona II., the immediate predecessor of the present sovereign, no sooner ascended the throne than she issued commands for the public burning of her “ancestral idols.” The better educated classes, long disgusted with the rapacity and imposture of the idol-keepers, who had spread desolation over Madagascar in the previous reigns, were quick to follow the example of her Majesty. Christianity thus inaugurated under royal auspices bore immediate and wonderful fruits. The schools and the churches which at the commencement of her reign numbered respectively 25 and 120, exceeded, at the close, 1,100 and 1,200 respectively. The work of governing the country, which had hitherto been performed by the Prime Minister, was divided into eight departments, presided over by a corresponding number of ministers, namely—Home, Foreign, War, Justice, Law, Commerce and Agriculture, Finance, and Education, with a staff of secretaries and clerks.

Justice had been formerly bought and sold to such an extent that it had almost ceased to exist. But in 1878, thanks to the present Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony, a sweeping reform was made in its administration by the formation of additional courts. In 1879 the army was reorganized. A much-wanted rural police was established, and taxes were equitably levied. New and trusted governors were appointed to distant provinces to take the place of old and untrustworthy ones. Lastly, a code of laws, comprising three hundred and five statutes, was promulgated, and all the Mozambique slaves in

the island were emancipated. Ranavalona II. died, and Ranavalona III., her present gracious Majesty, succeeded to the throne of Madagascar (1881). The experienced minister and enlightened reformer of the preceding Queen still remained Prime Minister to preside at the helm of the sovereignty, and became the consort of her Majesty. His hair is turning gray, but the fire of his eyes and their depth of intelligence are not dimmed by the approach of old age. He is known by the *sobriquet* of "Deal Fair," a name given by the foreign merchants. From the day of his entrance into the palace as secretary in 1842 to the present time, the life of Rainilaiarivony and the political history of Madagascar are identical. He has achieved a great position, and has won his laurels, step by step, by merit and not by favor. It is the law of the land that the Queen should marry the Prime Minister. The political *raison d'être* of this arrangement is obvious. The Queen belonging to the class of nobles (Adrian) and the Prime Minister to the Mainity (or people), the union of the two preserves a sort of balance of power and strengthens national confidence. Succession to the throne is hereditary, but if the eldest son does not show promise of being an eligible successor, either through infirmity of mind or body, or through want of popularity, or through treason, he is superseded. The sovereign nominates his successor. Sometimes the sovereign has not only nominated his immediate successor, but has even extended his nomination to three or four generations. Should such successions by varying circumstances not take place, the nomination to the sovereignty then rests with the nobles. With the exception of the brief reign of Radama II., the crown has been worn by queens since Radama I. in 1828, a period of fifty-six years. Until

1863, when a change in the constitution occurred, the word of the sovereign was law. The monarch was lord of the soil, owner of all property, and master of all subjects. Upon the death of Radama, the prime minister Rainivoninahitrony announced that in future the word of the sovereign alone was not to be law, but that the nobles and heads of the people were to unite in making laws.

Her Majesty Ranavalona III. is the youngest daughter of the sister of the late Queen, and is twenty-four years of age. She was nominated by her aunt, the late sovereign, as her successor. She was educated in the London Missionary Society's Girls' School. Though youthful, her Majesty strikes all observers with the dignity and grace wherewith she performs the duties of a queen. Her life is full of business and responsibility, for everything regarding the government of the country and the welfare of her people is referred to her. To gentleness of manner may be added firmness of character. She is a fair rider and a wonderful shot; she is a good musician and plays the organ with skill and feeling. Her skill in lacework will bear comparison with some of the finest examples. Her palaces are furnished in European style. When she appears to the public it is in European costume. The Queen seldom, if ever, acts in matters of national importance without first ascertaining the national will. This is done by publishing a royal edict for a great Kabary, which is always held on Mahmasina—the Champs de Mars—a magnificent plain at the foot of the mountain on which the capital Antananarivo (City of a Thousand Villages) is built.

Only a few months ago French politicians and journalists called the Hovas barbarians; but when a native

race, within a period of less than a half a century, emerges from the darkness of obscurity and idolatry, adopts Christianity, and comes within the pale of modern civilization, it cannot be justly called barbarous.

Let us say a few words about the Franco-Malagasy war itself and the principal causes of quarrel that led to it. The late war was mainly "got up" by the agitators of Réunion and their friends in France, who induced the French Government to enforce the so-called "historic rights" of France in Madagascar. The history of these rights is as follows. In 1840 the rebel Sakalavas, finding it impossible to resist the Hova force of arms, determined to fly for protection to some foreign power. They sought the assistance of the Governor of Réunion, and to him they conceded all the territory belonging to them. The Governor accepted the concession and referred matters to his Government. To further the ends of this acceptance several conventions were entered into in 1840-41 and 1842 with Sakalava chiefs, by which several islands and provinces were ceded to France. The Government of Louis Philippe confirmed the acceptance of concession by the Governor, but would not set foot on the mainland of Madagascar, and contented itself with declaring the islands only to be the French possessions. The French Government themselves put no real faith in the value of these sessions of territory by the Sakalavas, who were rebels, and always acted as if they had no belief in a protectorate. If there were a real protectorate, how is it, it may be asked, that this particular portion of territory (illegally) ceded by the Sakalavas, was, on November 9, 1861, and again on September 12, 1862, included in a Concession Charter, was permitted to be granted by the sovereign of Madagascar to a French

company, and afterward fully recognized and authenticated by the French Government?

These French claims, which form the principal points of contention on the Franco-Malagasy quarrel, are mere afterthoughts used for the occasion. Another happy afterthought, used as one of the pretexts for the late war, is the French assertion that the Treaty of 1868 gave Frenchmen in Madagascar a right to *purchase* land. The Malagasy Government denies this. The main objection of the Malagasy Government to the previous Treaty of 1863 was the stipulation respecting the *purchase* of land by Frenchmen. In framing a new treaty in 1868, would they, the Malagasy Government, be likely to allow the obnoxious clauses to be reinserted? The Malagasy negotiators clearly defined their meaning to be, that it did not authorize the *sale* of land. Perhaps it is not remarkable that French Governments should place willful misinterpretations upon the meanings of treaties made with natives, but that they should be totally unaware when making treaties in 1862 and 1868 that there was already, according to French claims, a protectorate over the north-west of the island, is inconceivable. The right interpretation of this is, not that the French Government did not know, but that they did not believe in their protectorate acquired in 1841.

There is little doubt that when the French first bombarded Mojanga on the west coast and Tamatave on the east, they firmly believed that the war would virtually end, and that they would be in a position to dictate what terms they pleased. This is quite true, and might have so resulted but for the inaction of the French in not following up the moral effect of their bombardments and the advantages they had gained. The early bombardments were

confin'd to shelling a few huts, wherever visible, along the coast of Pasindava Bay. On the 15th of May, 1883, Mojanga was summoned to surrender. Fire was opened on the forts and the Hova portion of the town was destroyed, and a French garrison occupied Mojanga after the Governor with his handful of men had retired inland. It is stated that the Hovas had only thirty guns, and that these were unserviceable. On the 24th of May tidings of these hostilities reached Antananarivo, causing dismay among the European residents, and rousing the indignation of the Malagasy. Had it not been for the Queen and the Prime Minister there would have been an awful scene of bloodshed. On May 31st Admiral Pierre made his appearance at Tamatave, and the French Consul, M. Baudais, went on board his ship. The Admiral and Consul then drew up an ultimatum, which contained the following demands:—1. The French were to have guaranteed to them the possession of all the island north of the 16th parallel. 2. An indemnity of 200,000 dollars (£40,000) for the claims of French citizens. 3. A revision of the treaty, and a voice in all matters affecting the policy of the Hova Government. The answer to the ultimatum from the acting Minister for Foreign Affairs arrived on the 5th, stating that the Government of the Queen of Madagascar declined further negotiation so long as the French refused to recognize the Queen as Sovereign of Madagascar.

On Sunday morning, June 10th, 1883, at sunrise, fire was opened on the fort and defences of Tamatave by the six vessels under the command of Admiral Pierre. The Hova garrison of 500 men retired immediately the bombardment commenced to their entrenched camp at Manjakandrianombana, within sight of where the French vessels were anchored. The

Hovas set fire to the four quarters of the town of Tamatave before leaving it, but a heavy rain was falling at the time, so much damage was not done. The French disembarked their troops, took possession of the fort and town of Tamatave, and the vessels cannonaded the Hova camp. The Malagasy troops, being unacquainted with the effects of heavy firing, were under the ridiculous impression that it was possible for a shell to travel sixty or seventy miles, and, upon bursting, that it could destroy whole villages. The position at Tamatave remained unchanged, with the exception of an unimportant reconnaissance by the French, now and again relieved by an occasional cannonade from their men-of-war, until the final attack upon the Hova lines at Manjakandrianombana, on Sept. 10, 1885, a period extending over nearly two years. Admiral Pierre, who had been invalided home, died, and was succeeded in command by Admiral Galiber. As an earnest of French intentions Vohimaro was bombarded on the 31st October, and all the houses were burnt down both native and British, excepting the French establishment of MM. Roux, Fraissinet & Co.

November 26, 1883.—The Malagasy Government now proposed to negotiate and to make some concessions to the French ultimatum as to the renting of land and the payment of an indemnity of £40,000 for the French claims of twenty years. With regard to the "sovereignty or protectorate claimed by France over certain territories," an emphatic answer was returned that no protectorate was recognized, and that Madagascar would never yield her independence. A verbal answer refusing to treat upon these terms was returned, and the situation remained unchanged. On the 9th January, 1884, I was intrusted with the whole direc-

tion of military affairs in Madagascar. On the 18th May I left the capital with reinforcements to take the command of the lines at Manjakandrianom-bana.

The French now made daily reconnaissances with the object of finding a feasible weak point. These endeavors culminated in the battle of Isahamahy. The Hova forces defending the lines numbered 4,000; in the rear of the lines was a further large body of troops with artillery. The French column that marched out of Tamatave was 3,000 strong, but the troops actually engaged at Isahamahy, one of the outposts, numbered 1,500, consisting of cavalry (mounted gendarmerie), infantry, and a battery of field-pieces with mitrailleuses. The column was under the effective fire of eleven or twelve men-of-war, which, during the engagement, poured on to my lines, it is calculated, between seven and eight hundred shells. In addition, three hundred shells from the field-pieces did effective work. The engagement lasted from daybreak till 3 p. m. The French were repulsed with a loss of sixty killed and wounded. Notwithstanding the heavy cannonade, but few Hovas were killed; they never flinched for a moment under heavy fire. Admiral Miot led the French column in person, and behaved with conspicuous coolness and gallantry. I was prevented from turning the repulse into a rout by want of ammunition. My troops, when the battle ended, had hardly 100 rounds per man.

A few days previously in another part of the island, the French with 250 regulars and three machine-guns and a host of Sakalavas were attacked and defeated by some 400 Hovas, whom they had gone to punish for sacking and burning the town of Jangoa. The object of the Hovas had been to punish the Sakalavas for allying themselves

with the French. Thus, the battles of Andampy on August 26th, and Isahamahy on September 10th, 1885, having resulted in a serious reverse to the French arms, the war practically closed, and negotiations for peace were recommenced.

The French Government had been kept in the dark in respect of the failure of past negotiations. Admiral Miot was censured, and M. Baudais, the French Consul, was recalled and placed on half-pay. M. de Freycinet, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, desiring to come to some arrangement with the Malagasy Government, drew up a scheme on a somewhat liberal basis, and intrusted M. Patrimonio with its mission. M. Patrimonio informed his Government that Admiral Miot was "firmly convinced that the Malagasy Government would never accept, of its free will, the protectorate of France, even limited to the exterior relations of Madagascar." When the last series of propositions for peace was drawn up, the ominous and hated expression "protectorate" was erased. To the tact of M. Patrimonio, and the straightforwardness of Admiral Miot, and the earnest desire of both, acting under the auspicious influence and wiser counsels of M. de Freycinet, may be ascribed the happy conclusion of a treaty of peace alike honorable to the two nations. But the terms of the treaty were not arranged without a severe diplomatic struggle between M. Patrimonio, Admiral Miot, and myself. After much persuasion, I convinced these two gentlemen that it would be wise to substitute Article XV. as it now stands, instead of the following draft article which had been put forward.

"Le Gouvernement de la République conservera son autorité sur les territoires où elle est établie en vertu des traités conclus par la France en 1841 et 1842, et qui l'éten-

pline. They have not been over-matched in diplomacy by the French. It is true the Government has agreed to pay £400,000, but it is not as a war indemnity to France; it will be paid by the Queen to indemnify the subjects of all the Treaty Powers who may have suffered losses during the war. Practically France undertakes to give Madagascar a clear receipt, and upon payment of these various indemnities guarantees to discharge all other claims, which in December, 1885, amounted to £800,000. A little over a month ago, the Comptoir d'Escompte lent the Malagasy Government 15,000,000 francs, and the French troops have evacuated Tamatave. The policy of the French Government in the matter of the loan is judicious, as it will guarantee future peace. I cannot prophecy what years may bring to pass, but I am well assured from my experience of the firmness of the Malagasy disposition, that France will never acquire a "protectorate" over Madagascar.—DIGBY WILLOUGHBY, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

OPEN SPACES IN GREAT TOWNS.

It is only of comparatively late years that this question has risen to the surface, but now it is every day growing in interest and importance. And inevitably so. For as long as a country is not thickly inhabited, as long as in the largest town the poorest dwellers are within an easy walk of green fields and shady lanes, breezy hills or pleasant woods, there can be no pressing necessity for securing certain open spaces for breathing and recreation places. But the more thickly we come to live upon the ground, the more thickly we plant smoky furnaces and manufactories up and down the land,

the more widely our cities extend their boundaries—the more valuable does all space become which is left open and unspoiled. And the unparalleled increase in our national wealth, industries, and inhabitants which the last half-century has seen—and particularly the latter portion of it—has undoubtedly been attended with the inevitable drawback that for all of us dwellers in towns, whether rich or poor, the country has been made more and more distant, vitality to that extent diminished, and health made more difficult to sustain. . . .

The importance of open spaces to the health of the community can hardly be overrated. The late Dr. Farr conclusively showed that the rate of mortality varies with the density of the population—the greater the density, the higher being the death-rate. It is not, therefore, a mere sentimental desire for peace and quiet, or for natural beauty, which those can plead who object to the erection of houses around them in the spot where country lanes and pleasant fields have heretofore existed. They lose with the peace and quiet some of the freshness and purity of the air, and that loss entails a diminished vitality.

What is to be done? Open spaces must be secured, or the general health will suffer. It is no doubt a new and not altogether pleasant idea that we should have to pay for fresh air, as we do for gas or water; but the conditions of our town life are making it imperative. After all, do we not, in a fashion, pay already for fresh air? Is not the occasional flight to the seaside or the Continent in some sort a tribute-money which we offer at the shrine of the goddess Hygeia? On the other hand, we must remember that in buying open spaces we are benefiting those who are too poor to get an annual trip to seaside or foreign parts; whereas,

in our annual excursions to those places, we are benefiting our own selves alone.

In old days, when we were not all so densely packed together on the ground, rich and poor alike were able in a short stroll to get out of hot dusty streets into cool green lanes and fields. Then the annual flight was, at any rate for the middle classes, a luxury, and not, as now it has become, one of the necessities of life. We talk of the wear and tear of town life, and we notice how greatly it tends to increase as the years go by and the towns grow larger and larger. Is not this very much due to the fact that the air we breathe gets more and more vitiated, more nearly approximating to an exhausted receiver? And where is this to end? No one can tell. As regards London, a very careful calculation was recently made by Mr. R. Price Williams; and in a paper read before the Statistical Society on the 16th June 1885 he showed that unless any altogether new and unforeseen contingency occurred, the population of London within the twenty-nine registration districts of the metropolitan area, which had risen from (in round numbers) 2,800,000 souls in 1861 to 3,800,000 souls in 1881, must by 1918 have risen to 7,000,000 souls, or nearly doubled the present number.

With these facts before us, who will deny that some clear and distinct provision is absolutely necessary, in order that some portions of the space which is at present unoccupied, but which must in the near future be covered with buildings, shall be rescued and kept open for all time? The cardinal facts to be recognized and insisted on is that pure air is proved to be as necessary to human health as pure water; and though it may be a somewhat more difficult task to supply pure air than it is to supply pure water in the requisite quantities, the attempt

will have to be made in as thorough and systematic a manner as the different conditions will allow.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" UPON HENRY WARD BEECHER.—If any one is in search for specimens of choice blackguardism couched in more or less good English, he will be abundantly gratified by reading the successive numbers of the London *Saturday Review*—a journal the writers for which are supposed to represent the cream of English newspapers. This is the fashion in which that jauntily journal speaks of the death of Henry Ward Beecher: "The death of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher has been made the subject of some rather nauseous outpourings on this side of the Atlantic. The American newspapers are naturally eulogistic; and there is no doubt that in the exquisite style which he brought very near perfection 'deceased was a champion boss preacher anyway.' He honored this benighted country with three visits, and on the last occasion he threatened the rhetorical supremacy of Dr. Joseph Parker, who is never to be mentioned without the additional statement that he holds forth at the City Temple every Thursday at twelve o'clock precisely. Mr. Beecher delivered in that classic spot, sacred to the Muses, the Graces, and the Evangelists, a sermon which caused Mr. Spurgeon to pray for him, and which was considered by many people without theological bias to be a particularly stupid and vulgar piece of blasphemy. The intense silliness of the man was perhaps his most remarkable characteristic. He lived seventy-three years in the world without discovering that language, to have any real value, must be connected with thought. It is not worth while, and it would be repulsive, to rake up his pointless jests on the doctrine of the Trinity. There never was a more forcible illustration than Mr. Beecher of the truth of Lord Roscommon's famous saying that 'Want of decency is want of sense.' The astounding and perplexing fact is that Mr. Beecher's inevitable departure from this world should call forth in English journals a chorus of fulsome adulation. There are very few ministers of religion, to whatever denomination they may belong, who are not Mr. Beecher's superiors in piety, and knowledge,

and in taste. It is an offence, for which we apologize, to mention him in the same sentence with Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Beecher, no doubt, opposed slavery, as did thousands of better and wiser men than himself. It was scarcely a distinction for a Northerner to be an Abolitionist. Mr. Beecher was also the brother of a remarkable woman, a woman of peculiar though narrow genius, who still survives to reflect upon literary triumphs forty years old. But that is a circumstance which hardly accounts for the hysterics of British journalism over the death of a lapsed American Congregationalist. Mr. Beecher would have been less celebrated, or, at any rate, less notorious, if he had not been accused of undue intimacy with the wife of the gentleman who succeeded him as editor of the *Independent*. The husband brought an action, and the jury could not agree. But the advertisement told, and unhappily had its effect in England as well as in the United States. The accusation was made in 1874, and in 1878 Mr. Beecher abandoned the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. Perhaps he found that, as a wittier countryman of his once said, 'our people would never stand it.' Perhaps he was influenced by the prejudice which Dr. Pusey attributed to Lord Westbury.

"I grew up," said Mr. Beecher of himself in his peculiarly sickening way, 'I grew up as pure as a woman. There can, of course, be no doubt that he understood his business, and that he greatly delighted by his jokes a large congregation of very rich, very irreligious, and very illiterate people. We should be sorry to think that American humor was a contradiction in terms, like German silver or French leave. But the fact that Mr. Beecher was reputed a humorist leads itself to that conclusion. An admiring biographer, who is apparently sincere, has recorded two specimens of Mr. Beecher's 'humor.' The first relates to a distinguished man, now no more, of whom various opinions were held in his lifetime, but whom his bitterest opponents would not desire to class with Beecher. It runs as follows:—'Bishop Colenso thinks he has shown there are mistakes in the writings of Moses. Very likely. And suppose it should be shown that Moses never wrote them at all, what then? It would be shown, that is all. And suppose they should be taken out of the Bible, what then? They would be taken out, that is all. And how would it be with those that are left. Why,

they would be left, that is all.' If this is, indeed, American humor, which for our part we decline to believe, we can only say that we should flee for refuge from its devastating influence to the poetical writings of Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier, or the historical writings of Mr. Bancroft. The second specimen, which is too dreary to quote in full, even as a warning, contains this description of a penitent. 'So the man cries, and cries, and cries, and feels bad, and feels bad, and feels bad. This is the way he pays for his insurance.' Surely the gibberish of a Jamaica negro in a paroxysm of revivalist insanity would be preferable to trash like that. 'Many of his sermons,' we are told, 'read like the finest table talk of a cultivated lawyer, physician, or merchant who has seen the world.' Is it absolutely necessary that Englishmen should take leave of their senses when they write about Americans. Lawyers, physicians, and merchants, indeed! What grocer, or hairdresser, or tallow-chandler who had seen the world from the top of an omnibus, or mingled with the giddy throng of fashion at Rosherville, would tolerate such stuff as we have quoted? It is deplorable that the English press, which is read by cultivated Americans at home and abroad, should not exercise a little more discrimination and restraint. The Barnum of American religion has a sufficient memorial in a record of the sums which he realized by the auction of his pews."

THE RUMINOUS COW.—The *Boston Journal of Education* prints the following "composition," in the form of a letter written to her teacher by a girl who is now a pupil in one of the best taught schools in that city. Unfortunately we are not told how long the writer had been a pupil in that school:—

"I would like to tell you what I have learned about the ruminous the cow is a Domestic animal and the cow has four stomachs the cow is a domestic or tame animal. The cows eyes are made so that they can see back of themselves as well as forward and Sideways. the cow is found in every Country. The cows horns are made out of buttons and knife handles The cow chew gress and vegetable. The cows skin is made out of beef. The cow is divid into three groups. The cow is the most useful animal the cow is a clothen footed animal. In side of the cow horn is a pith."

WHAT WOMAN IS FITTED FOR.

There are women who have long held that even the physical incapacities of their sex are the result of circumstances; the frame adapting itself through ages of inheritance and natural selection to the surroundings that formed its destiny. But such opinions have been rather working underground than forcing their way to the surface, perhaps through the despair felt by their advocates of obtaining a hearing, since claims far less thorough-going have been denied with contempt and mockery, the time, seemingly not being ripe for them. In spite of Darwin's great discovery, in spite of the word "Evolution" ringing in our ears on all sides and in connection with every other topic, the same fruitless old ground has been gone over and over again in respect to the woman question, just as if no such thing as Evolution had ever been heard of! What are woman's qualities *now*? is she *now* man's 'equal, is she *now* capable of all that she aspires to be and to do? Bebel, in his book on "Woman," says, "If a gardener or agriculturist were to assert that a given plant could not be improved or perfected, although he had never given it a fair trial; or may be had even hindered its growth by wrong treatment, he would be regarded by his enlightened neighbors as a simpleton." Then, on the subject of genius, he says, "The amount of talent and genius in male humanity is certainly a thousand times greater than that which has hitherto been able to reveal itself; social conditions have crushed it just as they have crushed the capacities of the female sex, which has for centuries been oppressed, fettered, and crippled to a much higher degree." This far higher degree of fettering, then, has kept back the genius of women, in fact, often prevented it from arising at all, though the

absence depends not on sex but on circumstances. Surely, it is impossible to live in the age which Darwin has enlightened, and refuse to believe that this *may be* and in all probability *is* the true view of the matter.

It would be a miracle indeed if the work which has been going on for ages among all things that have life should have passed over one-half the human race, suspending its influence over them alone, of all creatures on the earth's surface. If we admit this view, however, that women have become what they are by their circumstances, we have to admit that our present system of society is wrong and unjust, inasmuch as it still places one sex in a dependent and cramped position, and does its best to force all women, with their varied characters and powers, into the same kind of occupation. Women, after a long graduation in wrong and suffering, find themselves now, in the age of awakening, at an immense disadvantage in consequence of incapacities which were *not* originally involved in their organization—a disadvantage which counteracts their efforts to advance, or worse still, which deprives them even of the desire of advancement itself. "Man," it has been said, "is strictly his own creator, in that he makes himself and his conditions according to the tendencies he encourages. For tendencies encouraged for centuries cannot be cured in a single life-time, but may require ages for their cure.

A little knowledge of the history of woman from the earliest times will show how her conditions were made and encouraged *for* her by men, who through the circumstance of her motherhood (the *curse* might one not say, looking back along the terrible vista of the ages?), were able to enslave her to their will. But the fact of this long adverse race-education is invari-

ably forgotten, when some back-movement toward her hereditary self, some little feminine weakness, overtakes the harassed footsteps of her who is striving to drag her weakened limbs out of the morasses of the past.

At such a lapse what smiles, what head-shakings from the unconvinced, what signs from fellow-strugglers! How much nobler, how much more knightly would be the attitude of a man at this crisis, if, instead of standing cynically on the watch for these little womanly failings, he would hold out a brotherly hand to the sister who, after all, is only inspired by aspirations which in a man are held among the best and noblest of his nature—the love of freedom and the desire of development. For the honor of humanity it can be said that there *are* a few such men, and for their liberality of thought and generosity of sentiment women owe and feel toward them the deepest gratitude and reverence.

With regard to that old and favorite argument: the smaller weight and size of the woman's brain, of course there is the theory of evolution to account for it, but there is also this consideration, not generally allowed for. Certain parts of the brain, we are told, are employed, not in thought, but in directing the bodily machinery; that is to say, the entire brain is not a thinking organ. Therefore, man's larger frame requires a larger brain; but the extra size does not indicate extra thinking power in proportion. Moreover it appears that the weight of the brain varies enormously among intellectual persons of the same sex, and Bebel suggests that the mere cerebral mass and weight (after a certain point) may not be a measure of mental strength, any more than bodily size is a measure of bodily strength. The organization, he thinks, is probably of more importance. Possibly, therefore, women,

even in their present state, are not so far behind in respect of thought-machinery as our methods of brain measurement seem to indicate. Be this as it may, however, no one has a right to prejudice the question of woman's future possibilities, and this is unfortunately exactly what every one does. Too many are inclined to view the whole question from the personal stand-point; one can generally discover what sort of women a man has associated with by his opinions on this movement. This is natural, but it is not fair. It throws too heavy a burden on the shoulders of women who are only fighting their way to freedom, and who have upon them still the impress of their former life, and of the lives of their mothers for countless generations.

To satisfy their judges such women must show themselves absolutely consistent, absolutely fair, absolutely logical, or their cause, in their judges' estimation, suffers with themselves. Are *they* fair and logical in attaching it thus to a personality? It is in vain for women to plead that these qualities are not considered imperative in man; this only embitters their opponents and foredooms themselves as one-sided controversialists. Though lacking a man's infinite advantages of training, health, absence of nervous susceptibility and keenness of feeling, a woman must out-Herod Herod in her logic and her "sweet reasonableness," keeping herself unspotted from all false, doubtful or even untimely argument. If she speaks the truth too soon—the truth that men themselves come to acknowledge a little later—she damages her cause in the present. Those who might have been willing to listen to mild half-claims and assertions are frightened off by the bold and simple whole. This may be good discipline, but it is very severe upon the new

pupil. She must be panoplied with strength and tact and gentleness; her logic and her temper should be flawless; she must be prepared to listen with a smile to the most tumble-down old arguments; she must hold back the bitter answer that rises to her lips at some suave taunt or insult offered to her and to her sex, perhaps by some foolish young man who knows nothing of the hard places of her life, or the deep and stirring tragedies of womanhood. More pathetic still, it may be, she must listen to the arguments of some sister, steeped in the old traditions, and holding on with the fervor of ignorance to the solidities of the present which she fears to exchange for the unknown possibilities of the future. And what *are* these solidities of the present to which so many women cling? They are simply the remnants of the original savage state, wherein (as Leslie Stephens puts it),

"A man obtained his wife by knocking her down. To him therefore the ideal feminine character must have included a readiness to be knocked down, or at least unreadiness to strike again; and as some of the forms of marriage recall the early system, so in the sentiments with which it is regarded, there may still linger something of the early instinct associated with striking and being struck."

Who can doubt that it does linger? Even in the higher kind of fiction the acme of female excellence seems always to be reached by a patient submission to the most detestable ill-treatment and tyranny on the part of a husband. The more abominable the man, the more perfect the woman who endures his ill-conduct without rebellion. And so all women, and alas! most easily women of the nobler kind, are preached into a moral suicide which makes it harder and always harder for those that come after them; their own well-endured sufferings piling stone on stone to the torture-houses of the future.

But side by side with all this there exists at the present moment a deep-seated, wide-spreading dissent from the old modes of feeling. Women are written about, and thought about as they have never been written about and thought about before; there are few thinkers who do not feel called upon to take some view of the matter, though it may be the strange unmodern one of Lecky, who sees a solution for the necessity of so many women to earn their living, in a return to the monastic system of the Middle Ages. Had he suggested the painless extinction of these inconvenient clamorers for their daily bread, his proposal would really have been more merciful. How does it happen that from men to women (between whom as individuals the greatest human love is supposed to be possible) there should be so little mercy, so little justice or sympathy?

Women are generally said to have concrete ways of thinking, while men deal with abstractions. But man appears unable to be just and merciful to *woman*, though he may be loving and tender enough to *one woman* who has pleased his fancy or won his affection. Does this show an abstract mind? That men do not know anything about the sufferings of women is not surprising, for the latter have been trained to conceal them from their male relatives lest the knowledge should give them pain. This care was scarcely necessary, as men are not quick at seeing the hardships from which their own lives and organization protect them, and they could have borne the knowledge of their existence, we may safely conclude, without unmanly wincing. But in fact no one is eloquent enough to bring before the minds of those to whom nature and circumstances forever make such suffering impossible, a true picture of an average woman's life, with its thousand

weary little burdens, its fretting anxieties and cares and pains, made doubly hard to bear by the flaw that will be almost invariably found in a woman's health, a flaw surely indicating some evil condition, whether inflicted on the sufferer by herself or others.

The want of refreshing congenial work goes hand in hand with unremitting claims upon the time and thought, ceaseless small duties, unrelieved by any space of time when the work is done and the mind is free to throw aside its worries, and recruit itself with study or reaction. There is no change, no alternate stringing and unstringing; the bow is always bent, and who shall say that this fact alone is not enough to account for the rapid exhaustion of their youthful energies now regarded as natural to women? Anyhow the normal woman's life—supporting as she does an elaborately cumbrous domestic machine upon her shoulders—is full of care and weariness with very little compensation, and when she also bears the burden of motherhood and the rearing of children, the position is one of severe and unrelenting strain. What wonder that the health suffers, that the freshness of life is utterly gone, and that its good things are missed? In the beautiful "*Story of Avis*," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, this subject is pathetically worked out in the history of a girl who has resolved not to marry because she fears that marriage will make her false to her art, to which she has devoted herself ardently. Unfortunately her warm, enthusiastic nature, with its wide sympathies and strong feelings, cannot escape the passion of love. She does struggle, but she finally gives in, on her lover's strong assurances of understanding and sympathy. But after marriage he forgets his sympathies and his promises, anxieties accumulate and the result that Avis dreaded

takes place. Domestic trifles encroach one by one.

"It was not much, perhaps, to set herself to conquer this little occasion, not much to descend from the Sphinx to the drain-pipe at one fell swoop, not much to watch the potatoes while Julia went to market; to sit wondering how the ironing was to get done, while her husband talked of Greek sculpture: to bring creation out of chaos, law out of disorder, and a clear head out of wasted nerves. Life is made up of such little strains, and the artistic temperament is only more sensitive to but can never hope to escape them. It was not much, but let us not forget that it was under the friction of such atoms that women, far simpler and so for that yoke far stronger than Avis, have yielded their lives as a burden too heavy to be borne."

Looking at this picture in the light of evolution, we can see before our eyes the more immediate process under which the womanly character has been formed; we can see the non-domestic proclivities being stifled, health undermined, nerves fretted, and the power of happiness teased out of existence. The system is one of combined starving and irritation. Happiness is partly a matter of habit, and if every minute that passes brings with it some little arrow of trouble, the mind loses its healthy tone, and the condition of distress and worry becomes ingrained. How this takes the sunshine out of existence, not only for the victim, but for her associates, any one can see for himself who looks around him.

Again, the absolute banishment of the idea of co-operation in domestic life causes an incalculable waste of energy, as well as the evil of thrusting upon so many human beings work which is unsuited and uncongenial to them.

From all evils which affect humanity at large, women being of course handicapped by acquired weakness, suffer more severely than others. In the wage-earning class this is evident at first sight, while in the richer classes

the evil is hidden under a cloak of luxury; but it is always there, wearing and corroding the heart. "The tyranny of times and laws is heavy upon them to the end." How these closely knitted evils are to be banished can only be seen, as one by one, they are attacked from different sides and in different ways. But clearly the A B C of right and justice to women (to say nothing of right and justice to the whole race) is to open the gates of life to all and let them enter in and find their place there by direct experiment. That there are great difficulties to be encountered must be admitted. The present state of our society makes it hard indeed for women to go out into the world of savage competition and force their way among the strugglers. Still the removal of social and legal disabilities is demanded by justice and is a step in direction of progress. The consequences must be faced. History is continuous, and doubtless what women have endured in the past will haunt them and their descendants for many a generation to come, but we must face the specters and live them down; there will be pain and failure to endure: the moment is terrible with birth-pangs of the new order, but its coming is now certain.

It is constantly being pointed out to women—even by those who are ready to admit their possibilities of a high development—that the real woman's kingdom is in the home and, above all, in the nursery, and that the "mother's love and care" should still, and forever, be a woman's "crowning joy and ambition." But this again is prejudging the case, for surely it is for women to find out what their crowning "joy and ambition" is to be, and if many in the future refuse to regard the mother's love and care in that light, the mere resulting variation in individual types of character will be a

distinct gain to society. On the other hand, there is something more in prospect for women and for the race than would be achieved by a more successful competing with men for the prizes of life, important as that step would be with its attendant improvement in position, and training, and independence. The real woman has yet to be born—the truly womanly woman who develops the power that is within her freely and without reference to artificial ideals. A cramped and distorted nature can be neither manly nor womanly, nor even quite human in the broadest sense. Real womanhood is a thing of the future. What it will be must of course depend upon the form of society, and that social form reciprocally will be influenced by the new standing that women take in it. So that their qualities will be in a certain sense in their own hands to determine. Mankind is tied to the wheel of evolution, but man can and does more and more as he develops in intelligence consciously make it run in the direction he may choose. What he *cannot* do is to make it stand still. All thoughts and acts of ours trace out the path of our development.

Certain qualities peculiar to women have been evoked in the past; for instance, delicacy of perception, quickness of insight, grace, gentleness, and a self-control wonderful to think of in connection with their susceptible physical temperament. These qualities are valuable: they have been dearly bought, and it is a pity to let them go. If women do not preserve the sweeter, more picturesque, and graceful aspects of life, what a sunless world we should have! And there is not enough sunshine as it is; it should be made brighter, not more gray and bleak. Surely there is something far better to be done than to offer to humanity a mere repetition of manhood, however

perfect the imitation might be. This would be very "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Sympathy, not antagonism between the sexes should be the watchword of the future order, and indeed there is every sign that the new womanhood will have much closer sympathies with masculine nature than have the women of the older type; but the personality will perhaps differ still more from that of man, because the woman of the future will follow the lead of her own nature and not that of a deadening convention. For the same reason, too, the future will produce a multitude of types of womanhood, increasing the chances of making a happy choice in marriage, and opening a wide field for variety in the conception of married life itself. Then will be offered all possible range for individual taste and character, in place of the present cramped ideal, which demands that all who enter the gates of matrimony shall bring themselves into precisely the same attitude toward it as is held, or supposed to be held, by every other married person. Then, perhaps, the old fancy of the soul finding its other half may be actually realized.

There is something very fascinating to the human mind in this idea of the two sexes being necessary complements of one another; it has always been a favorite apology of conservative thinkers for upholding the present position of women. But while the woman was not free it was an ideal impossible to carry out: men and women were then *different*, but not truly *complementary*: to make them that must be the work of the future. This generation cannot conceive the inspiring beauty that must come to pass in the relations between men and women when the woman shall have explored her own possibilities, and man has made the tremendous gain which this develop-

ment must inevitably bring to him also. The world cannot afford to lose the best powers of half its people. In this crippled state it has been struggling miserably for ages.

What will happen when the whole of those human powers become co-operative? What will happen when men and women are *spiritually* united? A new humanity will have arisen. If the development of the future should tend to make women on the average less engrossed with maternal cares than they have been, the result will be a glad prospect for mankind. For at present children suffer miserably through the blind, unthinking self-immolation of their mothers. Mothers deprive themselves of efficiency, of health, knowledge, and enjoyment of life, for their children's sake, and their children share the penalty. They are loaded with cares and caresses, and deprived all their days and nights of fresh air and rational clothing. Mothers stunt their own humanity in their children's service, and in revenge the children are stunted too; their minds are clothed with false ideas and petty prejudices, original growths are lopped off, and thus human beings grow up to perpetuate the mistakes and wrongs of which they have been the victims, and to hand them down as heirlooms to the next generation.

A more general intelligent sympathy and enlightened love of humanity, with less violent motherliness, would be a universal blessing to the community, though our devotion of the old idea makes this one difficult to admit. There are many who would rather have women in the old way, motherly, than that the children of the future should be wisely tended. If there were less maternal *instinct* and more human love, half the cruelties that children now suffer under the loving care of

devoted mothers would undoubtedly be spared them.

How all these powerful citadels of error ever came to be attacked at all is one of the mysteries of our life, for the more rounded and complete the system of evil the less chance one might suppose would there be to get outside it and view it apart from the self that has been formed under its influence. That is probably why reforms do almost invariably come from without and not from within the circle of oppression. It is to human genius—the power of standing *without*, and bringing, as it were, an intelligence from another sphere to bear upon the problems of this one—that we forever owe our salvation. Once the word from above has been spoken, the seed of reform has been sown. For the injured and the insulted the deliverer has come.

How is the existing crisis to be got over without injury to women and the race from the too great strain of competition upon their undeveloped system? without also the sacrifice of those feminine qualities which are good to keep, and without the artificial division of women into two ranks—the one to remain single and to devote themselves to work outside the home, and the other to be relegated to the fireside and the nursery? To be satisfied with this last solution would be to abandon our brightest hopes and ideals, and probably to court defeat by the antagonism which it would set up between the intelligent and the affectional sides of woman's nature—an antagonism which should be avoided at all hazards, as it would tend to create two somewhat gruesome types of womanhood, the one all mind and no heart and the other all heart and no mind. In the long run, too, heart, would even tend to disappear altogether in favor of a stupid instinct; for, after all, it is

really at the touch of intelligence that the higher kinds of love arise to beautify human life. Perhaps the simplest way of arriving at a solution of the problem is to find out what principally stands in its way, and to try little by little to overcome it. First and foremost among the obstacles are the cramped ideals of life that are so general, and especially the ideals of married life. It comes to this: that a woman has to purchase the gratification of her affections at the expense of her whole nature, and very often the man has much to suffer also from the narrowing influences of a conventionally arranged marriage.

The more love there is in the world, the better for the world, provided it does not confine the sympathies within the circle of the home. Two sides of the nature required to be satisfied and developed: the intellectual and the emotional; but the present world offers a stern alternative: One or the other, which will you have? The woman of to-day should answer "both." Thus an entirely new ideal of marriage will be a condition of the new order, if that new order is to embrace the best reforms that can be made, and yet to conserve the best qualities that the past has brought forth. In this new ideal the words "duty" and "right" would give place to "freedom" and "equality," while (almost as a consequence) a large family would be regarded as a bitter wrong, above all to the woman, but also to the children and to society. Little is to be hoped while the majority of women are doomed to this burden of incessant child-bearing, a system which, if it were not so common and therefore so unconsidered, would seem to be the cruelest and most degrading bondage under which a human being can suffer; one which makes motherhood into a blight and a curse, and stands in the

way of all hand-in-hand advancement for men and women. On these points of course arises a network of questions and problems, each requiring separate discussion; though they should not be discussed without regard to the intimate way in which they hang together and affect each other, the difficulty of the solution of one generally being the chaotic state of all the rest.

But of this we may be assured: that every step we take in the improvement of our general social condition, makes just that much easier the question of the future activities of women, and *vice versa*. The spread of education, while conducing to the solution of that question, will aid in the dispersion of prejudice, and in effecting such a fundamental improvement in our social arrangements as shall remove from the shoulders of the worker, be he in what so-called "class" he may, the burden of excessive labor for inadequate payment.

Such a state of affairs may be hard to attain, but surely with the help of goodwill, knowledge and patient experiment it is not unattainable; and if it *were* attained, if the present crazy race for wealth were slackened by the removal of the fear of poverty and the absurd mammon-worship of the century, women, married or single, might then safely take their part in the outside work of the then more brotherly and gentler world, which their presence would tend always to make *more* brotherly and *more* gentle. Such is the ideal to be worked for and hoped for. Meanwhile many women and the larger-hearted men will strive to realize it, and in the process, a nearer and nearer approach must always be made to the type of the ennobled humanity of the future.

All can make some effort toward the ideal, even if their own lot is cast in the deepest of the old dungeons;

their cries may be faint but they will be heard and caught up by those who are more happily placed, those who are moving forward to the front of the battle and conquering by endurance and sacrifice new ground for themselves and their sisters. Such women will sow the good seed which will ripen into a harvest of well-being to be reaped hereafter, and the day is coming when their spiritual children of future generations will rise up with one accord and call them blessed.—*Westminster Review*.

THE DULLNESS OF MUSEUMS.

Oh! the dullness of museums!—I speak on behalf of the General Public. Full of interest to the expert, there is no concealing the fact that to the general public a museum, of whatever nature, is most intolerably dull, as I know by personal experience. To me, for example, a collection of blue china is dullness itself. I do not understand blue china, and its peculiar beauties are lost on me, while the experts cannot sufficiently feast their eyes on it, and are longing to nurse every teapot and stroke every plate in the collection.

Can anything be duller than a collection of coins when viewed by those who are absolutely ignorant of numismatics, know next to nothing of modern and nothing at all of ancient history, and can only appreciate a coin by its intrinsic value. They would perhaps admire a doubloon or a five-guinea piece, but would think very little of a daric. A botanical collection would indeed be the driest of dry subjects to those who know nothing of botany, nor would an outsider be very much more interested if he were to walk for an hour in a botanical garden

where the plants were absolutely growing. Stay for a while in a geological museum, and watch the demeanor of those who pass through it. Putting aside the actual students of geology, who can be detected at a glance, there is not one in a hundred who is one whit wiser on leaving than on entering, nor, indeed, who has tried to be wiser. Stones, bones, and fossil shells, plants, and animals leave no further impression on the mind of the general visitor than that some of them are very big, and all of them are very ugly.

Even in art galleries, much of the same indifference prevails. Go to the National Gallery, or to the sculpture galleries of the British Museum, and watch the people as they wander among the priceless treasures of brush and chisel. The general visitors stroll listlessly through the building, utterly failing to appreciate a single beauty of canvas or marble, and sometimes openly avowing that they wonder why people should make such a fuss about faded pictures and battered statues. To their eyes the grand contours of the Theseus torso and the divine grace of the Milo Venus are invisible, while we have all read of the American visitors who derided the Medicean Venus as thick-waisted and splay-footed, their eyes having been accustomed to the distorted figures and crushed feet of their fashionable countrywomen.

The zoological galleries of a museum are scarcely less wearisome to the untrained eye. At first, perhaps, some amount of interest may be excited by the lions, tigers, leopards, some of the monkeys and a few eagles. But the interest soon cools, and the eye becomes painfully wearied by the monotony of long rows of beasts standing on flat boards, and of birds perched on short crutches, all "looking intensely nowhere, and staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing." Even the

Zoological Gardens themselves soon pall upon the sight, and visitors abandon the beasts and gather round the band, tired even of watching the elephants and camels carry successive loads of children along the path and back again. There is, however, one exception, namely, "feeding time," when even the music yields to a greater attraction, and every one rushes to see beasts and birds fed.

Now, this apparently unimportant proceeding gives a clue to the construction and organization of museums which will attract the general public, and, after attracting the people, will arouse their attention, and excite and retain their interest. The creatures which are exhibited in a museum which will be acceptable to the public must be represented as doing something, not as staring straight in front of them. Note, for example, the crowd which will throng the window of a shop in which is a wheel doing nothing but turn round and round. "Toddy's" demand to "shee the wheels go wound" is the natural expression of this universal craving for action. Not only must the creatures be represented in action, but they must be shown as acting their natural life. Thus it is that people are soon tired of seeing the elephants and camels acting as beasts of burden, but they are never tired of seeing the animals feed.

I have long thought that in the management of our museums we have too much ignored the wants of the general public. If people only visited museums for the purpose of study, there would be no difficulty in the matter. But scarcely one in a thousand enters the door of a museum as a student, the remainder doing so simply for amusement, and interfering terribly with those who go there for study. If the nine hundred and ninety-nine could be altogether ignored and excluded, as

Horace objected to and excluded the *profanum vulgus*, the management of a museum would be simple enough. But we cannot and ought not to ignore them, but to welcome them, to interest them, and try to lead them on to systematic study. For this purpose, it is evident to my mind that we ought to have three, if not more, absolutely different classes of museums, addressed to different mental conditions.

The first ought to be devoted entirely to purely scientific purposes, and to be secured from interruptions by outsiders, who should be considered as the *profanum vulgus*, and treated as such. Then there should be a second class of museum intended for those who are trying to learn the rudiments of science, and may in due time be promoted into the select band of regular students. Lastly, and quite as important as the two others, there should be a museum intended for the general public, and teaching them in spite of themselves.

Of the first kind of museum, we have magnificent examples in the collection of the College of Surgeons, and in the private departments of the British Museum and Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where all the scientific work is done in strictest privacy. Of the second order of museums we have, or rather we shall have, a nearly perfect example in the new departments of natural history at South Kensington. The bays which surround the great central hall are being fitted up so as to exhibit the outlines of the comparative anatomy of the creatures which are found in the various galleries.

The first two bays are given to the mammalia. At the head there is a skeleton of man, as the type with which all other mammalia are to be compared. Then there is a skeleton of a baboon, and next to it another

skeleton of the same species disarticulated and laid out flat for the convenience of reference. Following in due order are the skeletons of other mammalia, showing how the same limbs as those of man can, by simple modifications (or "differentiations"), be employed for flying, running, leaping, climbing, and swimming. The examples given are the bat, the antelope (*Phylantomba*), the sloth, and the porpoise. Then there is an admirably chosen and beautifully displayed series of preparations showing the progress of dentition in the various mammals. Next comes the series of objects which exhibit the integuments and epidermal growths, including fur, bristles, spines, scales, horns, hoofs, talons, and so forth. Next come the birds, which are treated in like manner, and when the series is completed it will form an almost perfect epitome of the comparative anatomy of vertebrated animals. Each bay has a brief and intelligible compendium of its contents; there are typecharts of each organ, and, more important than all, the different bones and other elements of the body are labeled in exactly the same manner, so that there is not the least difficulty in tracing the homologies of structure throughout the whole vertebrated kingdom.

But where is the museum for the general public? We have none at present.

Professor Flower, to whose energy, guided by vast experience, we owe the gigantic strides which are being made in our national collection of zoology, considers that this systematic arrangement teaches the A B C of the science. So it may seem to him, whose mind has for years been saturated with the subject. But it is not so to the ordinary visitor, who must have made some progress in anatomy before he can appreciate the teachings which are presented to his eyes.

For example, two of the most interesting and instructive series of preparations are those of the radius and ulna and the hyoid bones throughout the vertebrates. Now, what can Tom, Dick, and Harry (I exclude 'Arry as representing the *profanum vulgus*) know or care about the radius and ulna or the hyoid bones? I may go farther. How many of the readers of this could point out the radius and ulna of a bat, a cow, a whale, or a sparrow? How many per cent. know where the hyoid bones are situated, why they are called by that name, or what are the parts which they play in the economy of the different vertebrates? So, instead of considering these invaluable preparations as being the A B C of comparative anatomy, I should be inclined to rank them as fifth or even sixth readers.

It is difficult for any one who is master of a subject to realize the sublimity of ignorance which characterizes the general public on behalf of which I am writing. It is equally difficult to realize the absolute incapacity of the untrained eye. I well recollect, when I was a lad, seeing an Oxford tutor (since deservedly promoted to very high rank in the Church) utterly astonished at learning that flowers had any connection with fruit, and another who could hardly be made to believe that the plummy leaves and green and scarlet berries of the asparagus could belong to the same plant that he was in the habit of consuming at table. He really thought that his informant was playing a practical joke upon him.

During the existence of the late lamented "Colinderies" I paid several visits simply for the purpose of noting the comments of the visitors. Any one would have thought that the most uneducated eye could distinguish between stripes and spots, and that no one could mistake a leopard for a tiger.

Yet this mistake was not only repeatedly made, but was actually the rule. Even in the popular Indian hunting scene, where the tigers and leopards were shown close together, nearly every one spoke of the leopards as "young tigers," or sometimes as "small tigers." In several other parts of the exhibition stuffed leopards were shown, and in almost every instance were called tigers by the spectators. After hearing these remarks, I could almost pardon the South African colonists for their invariable custom of calling a large leopard by the name of tiger. Exactly the same crime is committed by the Guianan colonists, who call the jaguar a tiger, and the puma a lion.

In the same Indian group there were two wild boars making off at their best speed. I did think that every one would know swine by sight, if only by their tails, but I actually heard them called beavers, not once, but several times. I might fill an entire number with similar instances, and will only mention two of the most notable.

All those who visited the exhibition must have been struck with the groups illustrative of ostrich-breeding at the Cape. One group represented the parent birds, their eggs and young. Not far from this group was the admirable series of models of the diamond mines. These, as a lady explained to her offspring, were the holes in which the ostriches laid their eggs. She had actually taken no note of the model huts, washing machinery, steam-engines, tackle, traveling carriages for the soil, and the swarming human beings which thronged the quarries, and really thought that the models were the actual nests of the ostrich.

That any one who was evidently well educated should have betrayed such absolute want of observation and hopeless ignorance seems almost impossible, but I heard another remark which

equaled, if not surpassed, it in absurdity. A lady, evidently a schoolmistress, was passing through one of the galleries, dispensing information to her flock. One of them caught sight of a stuffed "adjutant" in a case, and asked what that odd bird was. "That, my dears," said the instructress of youth, "is a dodo," and swept on benignantly as if dodos were as plentiful as barn-door fowls, and as if there were the least resemblance between the extant stork and the extinct dodo.

Now, it must be evident that to well-educated persons who cannot see the distinction between a tiger and a leopard, who believe wild boars to be beavers, and who can deliberately mistake the slender, long-legged, huge-beaked stork of India for the short-legged, fat-bodied, stumpy dodo of Mauritius, which has been extinct for at least two centuries, the wonderful modifications of the arm and tongue bones would convey no ideas whatever. Their eyes and their intellect would require a considerable amount of training before they could appreciate the treasures of knowledge which Professor Flower has offered to them.

It is easy enough to say that such persons have no business in museums, and that their opinion is of no consequence. In former days, I held that view myself, and was not very slow to express it as strongly as possible. I now advocate a very different theory, and would treat such persons as children, to be caught and taught. In most cases, their ignorance is not their own fault, but is due to the imperfection of their education.

If I were requested to take a number of children to the zoological galleries at South Kensington, I certainly should not try to interest their uninstructed minds by showing them the series of comparative anatomy, nor even weary their eyes and limbs by marshaling

them along the rows of stuffed birds and beasts. I should show them one or two of the monkey tribe, and point out the distinctions between the principal groups, giving at the same time a brief account of their distribution and life-history, so as to weave physical geography into the study of zoology. Then I should not allow them to range about as they liked, but should take them to the bats, carefully drawing their attention to the modifications of structure which enable a mammal to fly as swiftly as a bird. I should point out to them the common British bats which they may see on any summer evening, and then encourage them to find out for themselves the points wherein, putting size out of the question, the fruit bats and vampires differ from the bats of our own country. Then I would show them the leading types of the cat tribe, followed by those of the dogs, and so on throughout the mammalia. Next, I would take them, in like fashion, through the typical birds, a task which would be much lightened by the beautiful series of birds and their nests which are now being placed in the galleries. The same plan could be pursued with the other branches of zoology, and so the young people would gain, without much trouble, a clear and systematic knowledge of the subject which they could scarcely compass in any other way.

To children of a larger growth, among whom must be reckoned all those whose eyes and minds have been untrained, such teachings would not only be valuable but most acceptable, as I have often experienced, and the interest once aroused would never afterward fade from their minds. An analogous plan has been pursued for many years with the music at the Crystal Palace. To my mind, this example is a most encouraging one,

and might be followed in many other branches of science.

Such teaching as I have mentioned would be very gratifying to the pupils, but would be horribly annoying to those who had passed the stage of pupilage and wanted the museum for the purpose of study. Moreover, the number of objects is greatly in excess of a pupil's requirements, and instead of helping him would only retard his progress. For pupils, of whatever age they may be, there ought to be a separate museum, where they could be interested and instructed without the regular students. What kind of museum ought it to be? We all dwell in a small Utopia, and dream visions of perfection which we would fain see realized.

A very old Utopian dream of mine is a Natural History Museum for the public which would attract them and give them an interest in animal life. Attempts have been made in this direction, but they have all been on too small a scale, have little or no leading ideas, and are too often marred by errors so glaring that they convey false teaching and do actual harm to the science of which they are meant to be exponents. Nothing can be better than the beautiful series of bird life which has already been noticed, and which marks a distinct era in the history of museums. But they are widely scattered, and do not attract one-tenth of the notice which they deserve.

As familiar examples of false teaching, I may mention the groups in the Wurtemberg Gallery in the Crystal Palace. As a rule the taxidermy is good, and the groups are spirited in their action, but they are marred by the most outrageous blunders. For example, there is a group representing a horseman carrying off some young tiger cubs and pursued by the infuri-

ated parents. He has shot one of them and is turning round in the saddle to shoot the other. So far so good. But the man is a Moor, whereas the tiger is exclusively Asiatic, and is no more to be seen in Africa than in England. Nothing would have been easier than to have placed an Indian chief on the horse, or, if the Moor were retained, to have substituted lions for tigers; in either of which cases the group would have been just as spirited, and the teaching would have been true instead of false.

Another group represents a fight between a bison and a jaguar, the former animal being represented as crushing its antagonist against a tree. Now the jaguar is an inhabitant of South America, and is essentially arboreal in its habits, whereas the bison inhabits North America, and is essentially a creature of the plains, where not a tree is to be seen. Here again a false impression is created, when it would have been just as easy to create a right one by substituting wolves for jaguars.

There are many other blunders quite as flagrant as those which I have mentioned, but our space is too limited for enumerating them; even in Ward's fine hunting group the taxidermist has represented a scene which never could occur in real life. I believe that there is no instance known of a tiger attacking an elephant unless the latter were trained to tiger-hunting and ridden by sportsmen. But this elephant is unriden, and is not even guided by a mahout. It would not have cost much additional trouble to have put a howdah, or even a pad, carrying a couple of armed sportsmen on the elephant's back, and a mahout on the animal's neck.

Then, as a rule, stuffed snakes are absurdly wrong, the taxidermists, being ignorant of the peculiar manner in

which the skeleton is constructed, twisting and coiling them in any direction as if they were mere ropes, without any vertebrae inside them. I have even seen snakes represented as undulating like the letter *z*, in happy defiance of anatomy. Again, the snakes are almost invariably furnished with birds' eyes, having circular pupils, instead of narrow slits like those of a cat's eye at midday. I have actually seen pink eyes inserted into a snake's head, the taxidermist evidently thinking that he was imparting an aspect of peculiar ferocity to the reptile.

There are just as absurd mistakes in the ethnological groups in the same building. The figures, etc., are admirable, but the clothes and weapons seem to have been distributed at random. Women, for example, are represented as carrying weapons instead of burdens, as is the invariable custom among all uncivilized people. Tribes from various parts of the world, even such essentially different races as Abyssinians, Dyaks, Botocudos, etc., are alike armed with Zulu assegais. The crowning absurdity, however, is attained in the group of North American Indian warriors in council, where the speaker is wearing on his breast the bead head-dress of a Bechuana woman. As to minor details, the feelings of an ethnologist are somewhat wounded by finding a group of Bosjesmans painted black as if they were negroes, and doubly hurt by seeing the great toes bent inward as if they had been distorted by wearing tight boots.

Had I the good fortune to live in Utopia, I would construct a museum especially adapted to the despised Tom, Dick, and Harry, which should amuse them, should be of such a nature as to compel them to take an interest in the subject, and perchance to transform them into the Thomas H. Huxleys, Richard Owens, and P. Henry Gosses

of the next generation. Men of science are not born ready made, or, if we wish to be classical, do not spring into the world fully armed, like Pallas from the head of Zeus. It is true that naturalists are, like poets, born, and not made, but both naturalists and poets might have lived all their days without discovering their real vocation, had it not been revealed to them by accidentally meeting with some natural object or some piece of poetry to which their souls at once responded.

Museums occupy so vast a range, that I can only treat of those which illustrate the science of zoology. In the first place, such museums should be pre-eminently attractive. They should essentially deal with zoology in its true sense—*i.e.*, the science of life—and not with necrology, or the science of death, as is too often the case.

For this purpose, four requisites are necessary. There must be plenty of space, plenty of money, time, and intimate knowledge of the subjects. I suggest then, on behalf of Tom, Dick, and Harry, that their museum of zoology should consist not of isolated animals, but of groups, some large and some small, but all representing actual episodes in the life history of the animals exhibited. Neither scenery, trees, nor herbage should be conventional or evolved out of the inner consciousness of the maker. They should be truthfully copied from the many photographs or trustworthy sketches which are at our command. As far as possible, each group should be the reproduction of some scene which has actually been witnessed and described by travelers. Let us, for example, take a few African scenes as described by hunters such as Gordon Cumming, Anderson, Baldwin, and others.

Nothing could give a more vivid idea of animal life in South Africa, and of

the country, than the mixed herds so often seen and admired by sportsmen. There would be giraffes, zebras, or quaggas, ostriches, and gnus, all mingled together, the gnus performing the extraordinary prancings, gyrations, and tail-whirlings wherewith they are accustomed to beguile the time. Some of the ostriches would be feeding, others resting in the quaint attitude common to all their kind, while others would be represented as running at full speed, with outstretched wings.

Care should be taken that each attitude should be studied from the living bird in actual action, as nothing is more common than for taxidermists to set up animals in attitudes which they could not possibly assume in life. There should be mimosa trees, on the leaves of which one of the giraffes should be browsing, coiling its long and flexible tongue round the twigs, and drawing them downward within reach of its mouth. On the branches of the mimosa might be one of the enormous nests of the social grosbeak, together with specimens of the birds, some on the wing, others entering and leaving their nests, and others again bringing strips of grass wherewith to add to the compound nest. Some skulls of springboks and gnus should be lying about the ground, as actually seen by travelers, thus giving a good idea of the wealth of animal life produced by the country.

In all the large groups there should be a background representing faithfully a local landscape, actual objects being merged gradually into the pictorial representations in the way which has of late years proved so effectual in the various panoramas representing the siege of Paris, the battle of Tel el Kebir, and similar scenes. In the present case a landscape should be selected which includes the Table

Mountains, which are so characteristic a feature in South Africa.

Another scene might be composed from Baldwin and Anderson's graphic descriptions of the water side at dusk, with the lions and other wild beasts at the water, some lying down and drinking, and others beginning to move off, having taken alarm at the approach of elephants.

Among the smaller groups, which would require no background, might be given the death scene of the lion and gemsbok. More than once the skeletons of the two animals have been found lying together, the long, sharp, and nearly straight horns of the gemsbok having entered the breast of the lion. How the animals came by their death is easy to understand. The lion had sprung on the gemsbok, which instinctively lowered its head so as to present its horns at its adversary. The latter, not being able to check itself after making its spring, was impaled on the horns of the gemsbok, whose neck was of course broken by the shock. There might be two groups of this episode, one showing the lion making its spring, and the gemsbok lowering its head in defence; while the other would give the two skeletons as they were found.

Another attractive and picturesque group could be composed from Baines' graphic descriptions and sketches of the hippopotamus in the Nile. This would introduce the animal as swimming, as feeding ashore, as carrying its young on its back when in the water, and so forth. The papyrus thickets of the Nile could form a characteristic element in this group, and would not only be attractive to the spectator, but would convey a vivid idea of the hippopotamus at home. The effect would be heightened by the introduction of a crocodile or two, and some of the aquatic birds of the country. The

6. A tongue of ice, hanging from the roof of a cavern, was pressing against a loose bowlder, that a man could have moved. In place of pushing the stone, or moving around it, the tongue of ice, of about a cubic yard, was being held suspended by a sheet of ice bent backward, nearly at right angles, in a graceful curve.

7. Scratched stones were rarely seen among those falling out of the bottoms of glaciers, and in many places the rocks were scarcely, if at all, scratched. Although occasionally highly polished, the subjacent rocks, even where scratched, showed generally surfaces roughened by weathering, or with only the angles removed.

8. The upper layers of ice were seen to bend and flow over the lower, wherever low barriers were met with, in place of the lower strata being pushed up by an oblique thrust.

9. A glacier was advancing into a morainic lake, and, in part, against the terminal barrier. In place of ploughing up the obstruction, the strata of ice were forced up into an anticlinal, along whose axis there was a fracture and fault. Thus domes of ice covered with sand were produced. The sand had been deposited upon the surface of glaciers by the waters of the lake. The conformability of the sand and the strata of uplifted ice was undisturbed, except along the line of fault. As the domes melt, cones of sand with cores of ice are left. By the lifting process the morainic barrier is covered with clayey sand, as if subjacent strata had been ploughed up by the glacier, of which there was no evidence.

10. At several places where glaciers are advancing over moraines, they are leveling them, and not ploughing them out. This leveling process is by the dripping of the water from the whole under surface. In fact, even the loose stones upon the water-soaked

moraines were sufficient resistance to cause the bottom of the ice to be grooved.

11. The fall of a great ice-avalanche from a high snow-field, down a precipice of a thousand feet, to the top of a *glacier rémanié* was seen. These falling masses of ice bring down the frost-loosened stones from the sides of the mountains upon the glacier, which is charged with *detritus*. It is this material which furnishes mud to the sub-glacial streams, and not the rocky bed of the valley worn down by glacial erosion.

12. One does not find that the glaciers *per se* are producing hummocks. These are the result of atmospheric and aqueous erosion, although perhaps beneath a glacier, which sweeps over them, and to some extent scratches and polishes them. The effects of glaciation in removing angles and in polishing surfaces are small compared with atmospheric erosion upon the same rocks.

13. The transporting power of glaciers is limited to the *débris*, which falls upon its surface from over-hanging or adjacent cliffs, and afterward works through the mass or comes to be deposited at its end. J. W. SPENCER, University of Missouri, in *Science*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

EDUCATION IN EGYPT.—Mr. R. Arrowsmith writes in *Science*.—

"The report of the minister of public instruction for 1875 shows a total of 4,817 schools in Egypt, with 6,045 teachers and 140,977 students. Of these 4,685 schools and 3 so-called universities having, in all, 5,307 teachers and 127,138 students, were purely Arabic; 93 schools, with 416 teachers and 8,961 pupils, were sustained by the various foreign colonies and religious communities; the remainder being under governmental control. The native education consists in mere memorizing, the other faculties being entirely

neglected. At almost every street-corner in the cities is a native school, presided over by a sheikh, who instructs from ten to one hundred boys in committing the Koran to memory. In 1875 these schools were attended by 112,000 children. The instruction consists in repeating over and over again a single verse, until the pupil has learned it. The droning of the children is always accompanied with a swinging motion of the body, which is supposed to facilitate the mental effort. The university course is much the same as that of the elementary schools, the Koran being the center and end of all instruction. At Cairo is the University El Azhar, the most celebrated stronghold of Mohammedan doctrine. Its students number seven or eight thousand, and come from all Mohammedan countries. The studies are the memorizing of the Koran and of the commentaries, grammar, language, and law (but only so far as they are interwoven with the faith), and a smattering of Aristotelian philosophy. No time is devoted to mathematics; history and geography are despised, and every foreign language is rigorously excluded as dangerous to the religion of the faithful. Students sometimes spend a number of years at the school, and at the end of the time are fitted for nothing more than to become caliphs or teachers of Arabic in foreign schools, at a salary of one or two pounds a month. The schools managed by foreigners, especially those of the American and English missions, are European in organization, and are accomplishing some excellent results. In them much time is devoted to the study of English and French, a knowledge of which is of increasing value and importance in Egypt. These schools are attended by pupils of all nationalities and religions, and many of them are open to both sexes."

THE SILVER DOLLAR.—Vice-Chancellor Henry MacCracken, of the University of the City of New York, gives in *The Independent* the following statement of what will be the probable condition of our coinage, at the opening of the next Congress in December:—

"The question as to the condition of the coinage by next December is, as respects the silver dollar, one of simple arithmetic. Up to December 1, 1886 there had been coined of legal-tender dollars \$246,873,386. The secretary bought last year silver which cost him \$24,323,521.66, which he manufactured into dollars to the amount of \$31,423,836, each dollar costing seventy-seven cents, decimals omitted. The first half of the year the average cost was greater, being about seventy-nine cents. The second half the metal was cheaper

and the cost was only seventy-five cents. He is obliged to spend twenty-four millions of dollars for silver the present year. If this will make as many dollars as were made last year we shall have, by simple addition, \$278,097,272 in legal-tender silver next December. But the Treasury will be ordered also to accept every mutilated trade dollar that may be presented within six months from the passage of the law on this subject, paying a standard dollar therefor, and to make out of the metal so received legal-tender dollars. Each trade dollar containing 420 grains will make one legal-tender dollar and nearly two cents over. Mr. Morrison said February 13, 1887, that over twenty millions of trade dollars might be presented for redemption out of the total coinage of nearly thirty-six millions. The Director of the Mint estimated that only seven millions would be presented. If the former estimate prove correct and there be twenty-two millions presented, then our silver dollars by next December will be quite three hundred millions. It is hardly probable that they will be short of two hundred and ninety millions. Add to this our smaller silver coinage of seventy million dollars and we shall have of silver in all three hundred and sixty millions."

ENGLISH BUDS OF ROYALTY.—Mr. James Payn, not unknown as an English novelist, writes, rather disrespectfully, in the *Independent*:—

"A sense of humor in high places is not I suppose to be looked for; otherwise the complaints from Osborne that the firing of guns at Spithead interferes with the comfort of the Court would be cherished by the royal circle as one of the best jokes on record. Of course the representation has been attended to; it has been proved that 'the wind was within the prescribed points of the compass' (though, indeed, if it had not one hardly sees how one would have remedied it), and that 'the charge of powder was not greater than that ordinarily used in practice.' The fault seems to lie with the fog 'during which sounds travel more rapidly' (with the view no doubt of getting out of it), and instructions have been issued to prevent the possibility of further annoyance to the royal ears under similar circumstances. But the anomaly of such a complaint proceeding from such a source is surely beyond measure charming. Why, I suppose once a fortnight at the very least every part of this metropolis adjacent to St. James's Park is shaken to its foundations because some baby or another is born, allied to the reigning family. Thomas Hood compares the cry of a female infant of large property to the roar

of a 50,000 pounder. 'It shook the next heir,' he says, 'In his library chair, and made him cry Confound her!' But when anybody of royal blood, however remote, is born, the cannon does actually announce it, and those in its neighborhood are apt to wish that this new cousin of our gracious Queen's was a little further 'removed,' so as to make such homage unnecessary. For majesty to express objections to firing guns is as though a leather merchant should object to the creaking of boots; but, since it is so, I hope that more consideration will now be felt for the loyal citizens of London (where there is a good deal of fog) and that royal salutes (which, after all, are a wasteful and barbarous custom) will be discontinued."

SALMON IN ALASKA.—Mr. T. H. Streets, surgeon of the U. S. survey steamer *C. P. Patterson*, in his report relating to operations in Alaska, says:—

"To illustrate how immense are the schools of salmon, I will relate what I saw at Naha, where they crowded into a stream of fresh water in such numbers as to materially impede the progress of our canoe. Bruised, lacerated, and killed in attempting to surmount the falls that obstructed their course, suffocated in the jam below, where the water was awork with them, with backs and dorsal fins protruding, their dead bodies lay two and three deep along the shores of the stream, and for fifteen to twenty yards from the water's edge, where they had been left by the receding water. The mouth of the stream was obstructed by a wire trap held to the banks by a wire fence. The trap, at the time of our visit, was raised to allow the fish to enter the stream. The wire fence was broken down by the weight of the mass of dead fish drifting against it, and many must have been carried to sea by the tides and currents. The air was offensive with the odor of the decaying carcasses. Flocks of ravens and gulls fed upon the dead, and the bears fattened upon the living; yet sufficient numbers overcome the high falls yearly to provide for the annual return of the swarms. A large fishery is located there, which also does its part to reduce their numbers. It is a blind instinct which leads migratory fishes to return to the streams where they were hatched; and nature is prodigal with her forces in carrying out her plans."

ST. PAUL THE WRITER OF MOST OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—The Rev. H. H. Evans, B. A., seems to have written largely upon

the authorship of the various books of the New Testament, although we must confess that none of his books have come under our eye. Of his latest production we read in the *Westminster Review*, which seems to be poking fun at the reverend author:—

"Mr. Evans appears to have set himself to show that the New Testament was written by St. Paul. He has already 'irrefragably demonstrated' that that apostle wrote the Thirld Gospel and the Acts; in the latest installment of his work. He now proceeds to claim for his favorite apostle the last twelve verses of Mark's Gospel. He is more convinced than ever that an 'apparent discrepancy between two documents does not by any means necessarily involve a diversity of authorship—especially when the author concerned is St. Paul.'"

SOCRATES AND PLATO.—The *Westminster Review* for January, 1887, has an elaborate paper upon "Plato's Moral Mission," in which the relations of Plato to Socrates are discussed. The writer says:—

"How far Socrates was the inspirer of Plato will probably forever remain the subject of doubt. For five-and-twenty years, however, the former was a remarkable figure in all the public resorts of Athens, and gathered round him a school of distinguished followers, who seem to have accepted all he taught as indispensable. Though he indirectly confessed his belief that he possessed a divine mission to propagate truth, his teaching surpasses all philosophy, whether ancient or modern, in its eminently mundane and practical character. His doctrine, in point of fact, was that 'the proper study of mankind is man'—a doctrine which the Delphic Oracle had in substance enjoined when it enunciated the *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*. When Cicero affirmed that Socrates brought philosophy down from the heavens to the earth, he ought perhaps to have said that he supplanted religion by philosophy, and superstition by reason. The belief of Socrates in a tutelary demon of his own, does not appear to have been accepted by Plato, whose conception of the supernatural is of a more abstract spiritual character. With Socrates there seems to have been a certain personality associated with the idea of a divine guardian dwelling within the body. It was a doctrine which certainly made no way, as it was not embraced by any of the subsequent schools, though in the Roman Republican period fervent thinkers, like Brutus, seem to have believed at least in an evil genius."

THE OLD TESTAMENT: AN- CIENT MONUMENTS AND MODERN CRITICS.

In seeking truth we ought to be ready to give up every cherished illusion and every dead tradition if so be that we may thereby see her better. But before we accept the new light it is quite as important that we should feel certain that it is better than the old, for the new is not true because it is new, but only when it is found to rest more firmly on fact. This no doubt applies to the study of the Bible as much as to any other branch of research, and when we are asked to accept the results of exegesis and of free criticism, we are bound to make sure that the methods are such as to lead to the finding of truth, and the results such as accord with undisputed facts. We first want to be assured that our modern teachers have thoroughly mastered their subject; and the cautious attitude of the majority in face of the critical teaching is not of necessity due either to prejudice or to indifference, for it may spring from want of confidence in the teachers themselves.

Now it will be admitted that, among the chief requisites for a thorough understanding of the Bible, it is important that the critic, in addition to linguistic and literary knowledge, should possess a deep acquaintance with Eastern antiquities and a sympathetic appreciation of Eastern manners and thought. It is equally important that his results should be founded on accurate study of his literature, and free from assertions resting only on his own speculations. If he discredits the authority of the Old Testament writers, he must rest on some other authority, and this cannot be allowed to be his own. It must be the authority of documents or monuments which cannot be discredited.

In order to judge how far the modern critical schools fulfill such requirements, it is necessary to select a leading example. The name of Julius Wellhausen at once occurs to us, for, as Professor Robertson Smith tells us, he, perhaps, more than any other critic, has by his writings revived an interest in the scientific study of the Old Testament literature. His results, with perhaps one exception, are not indeed new, nor does he claim that they are. The views of the German exegetical writers were long ago presented to the English public by Colenso, and, save with regard to part of the narrative in Genesis, it is rather in the method of treatment than in the outcome that Wellhausen differs from his predecessors.

But, before speaking of the reliability of those results, we may be excused for attempting to examine in detail how far the assertions of Wellhausen agree with the facts of Oriental antiquity, and how far he has succeeded in imbuing himself with a thoroughly sympathetic understanding of the Oriental genius. Purely literary study of the Hebrew Scriptures is a very narrow line of research, and it may be that the critic has formed views from such study which do not accord with the results of the study of monuments and of manners in the East.

And first, as regards the purely antiquarian assertions of Wellhausen's work on the history of Israel, the following notes suggest themselves in reading. To begin with a very important question—namely, the origin of the sacred name of Jehovah, and the diffusion of His worship—our critic informs us that "Jehovah is to be regarded as the family or tribal God of the family to which Moses belonged, or of the tribe of Joseph;" and in another passage we gather that His name was confined to Palestine alone. It is true that the Bible says otherwise: it

tells us that Balaam, from Pethor on the Euphrates, adored Jehovah; that Uriah the Hittite had a name suggesting his worship of the same God; nay, in one of the latest prophets we have a striking passage to the same effect as it stands in the Revised Version. "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every shrine incense is offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith Jehovah Sabaoth" (*Mal. i. 11*).

But then we may not quote the Bible against Wellhausen. We may, however, be allowed to ask how he explains the recent discovery of Mr. Pinches, that the Holy Name appears on the cuneiform inscriptions as early as 900 B.C.? how he accounts for its forming part of the royal names of Kings of Hamath before the captivity of Israel? why it so frequently appears on Phœnician gems, not only in Syria or in Cyprus, but even in Malta and other Mediterranean islands? The testimony of the monuments accords with the words of Malachi, and shows us that almost as early as the days of Solomon the name of Jehovah was adored by Semitic peoples from Nineveh to Sidon, and from Pethor to Jerusalem. Surely it is difficult to believe that the tribal God of a small Israelite family could so rapidly have become sacred to the various races of Western Asia, and it is easier to reconcile what is now a proved archaeological fact with the words of Genesis (iv. 26), which accord a high antiquity to the Holy Name. When Wellhausen tells us that Amos was the first in history to raise his voice against popular superstition, we can only surmise that he is unacquainted with the majestic language of Egyptian hymns, as old at least as the fourteenth century B.C., in which "The One," who manifests Himself in every God, is

hailed as having neither temple nor image. When, on the other hand, we find the critic convinced that the worship of Jehovah began only in the days of Josiah to be corrupted by the practice of human sacrifice as an "innovation," we must recall the fact that at least in 1500 B.C. the sacrifice of the firstborn was a recognized rite in Assyria. In fact, Wellhausen does not seem to recognize that gross superstition and exalted religious thought are certainly known to have existed side by side in Asia from a period even earlier than the days of Moses. It is a question of class, just as it is in the East in our own times, and the Prophet of Jehovah stood high above the benighted peasant who feared Moloch, just as the worshiper of the One God stands high above the fellow who sets an offering for the *Jân* beside the spring or the tree.

The critical school of Graf do not believe that any tabernacle (*Ohel*) existed in the wilderness. Here also the monuments give us hints not to be neglected. In Phœnician inscriptions the word *Ohel* occasionally occurs, and among the spoils taken by Thothmes III. at Megiddo were "seven poles of the pavilion of the enemy plated with silver." Thus we know for certain that not only were arks and altars borne both in Assyria and in Egypt, before the army, but that tents with plated pillars, not unlike the *Ohel* of the Pentateuch, were used in the field as early as the time of Moses. When again Wellhausen regards the use of incense, and the table of shewbread, as evidences of a late period of writing, we must remember that incense was brought by the Syrians to Thothmes III., and that censers, and a table piled with loaves like the shewbread, are shown on very early Egyptian pictures.

Wellhausen's speculations as to the Hebrew year also need to be controlled by monumental evidence. He regards

the old Hebrew year apparently as solar, and the observation of the moon as an innovation during the captivity. Monumental evidence shows us, however, that the Phœnician year was lunar, and there is no trace of any solar year among the older Semitic peoples. His theory finally lands him in the assertion that the year used, in the times of the kings, to begin in autumn on the "tenth day of the seventh month"—a palpable absurdity, which a study of the *Mishnah* (*Roshhash-Shannah*) would have enabled him to avoid, while the meaning of the names of the old Hebrew and Phœnician (as distinguished from the Assyrian) months shows us that Abib must always have been a spring month; and it is generally acknowledged that the lunar-year in Western Asia always began at the Vernal Equinox, when once this year had been made roughly to agree with the solar seasons by the use of an intercalary month, which was very early adopted, at all events at Nineveh.

Again, as regards money, Wellhausen seems to suppose that the Hebrews had a coinage before the Captivity. It is, however, one of the striking points of Old Testament criticism, that coins are not mentioned till the time of Ezra: thus the expression "to fill the hand," used with regard to the priests (*II. Chron.* xiii. 9), does not refer to money, nor is coinage noticed at all in another passage (*Deut.* xviii. 8) to which the critic refers, and where its mention would be very significant. Weights and rings were used as currency as early as the time of Moses, but the earliest known coins do not appear before about the sixth century B.C., and the *daric* was used in Babylon apparently only a short time before the conquest by Cyrus.

When Wellhausen complains that Pul and Tiglath Pileser are "hardly distinguished" by the book of Chron-

icles, we see that he is unaware of the recent discovery of a long-suspected fact—namely, that Pul and Tiglath Pileser were the same person; yet this is now made certain by Assyriology. Wellhausen seems to hold the discoveries of cuneiform research in light esteem; he says that Assyriologists have quite failed to explain the alliance of Judah and Syria against Assyria, and that the Izdubar tablets have little value for purposes of comparison with Genesis; yet, surely, when endeavoring to construct a scheme of chronology, the critic might have found it useful to compare the dates derived from cuneiform records, to which he does not refer, preferring simply to assert that certain numbers are "impossible."

In another passage we note the survival of an old error as regards the worship of Baal. Jezebel is said, indeed, to have persecuted the prophets of Jehovah, but she cannot have been the first to propagate Baal-worship in Israel, for we know that the name of Baal was in use before the time of Moses, throughout Syria to the very south. It occurs in the town names of the Karnak lists; and even in Egypt Baal was adored in the time of the Hyksos kings. It is an error to suppose that Baal was a purely Phœnician deity, for he was worshiped from a remote antiquity by all the Semitic peoples from Assyria to Egypt. Again, the derivation of the word "cherub" as connected with the Greek *gryps* shows us that Wellhausen is far behind his age. "Kirub" in Assyria has been shown to be the name of the great man-bulls of Nineveh; and in Greece it appears in the name *Korymbas*, which has nothing in common with *gryps*, apparently an Aryan word.

The question of the antiquity of the Genesis narratives is, however, more important than the preceding details. Wellhausen assumes generally that,

when a Hebrew narrative or expression recalls Assyria or Babylon, it is to be referred to the period of the Babylonian domination. He cannot apparently believe that such similarities may arise because indigenous belief or custom had an ancient common origin with the customs and beliefs of Babylonia; he regards all such as being "imported," and makes Genesis the echo of teachings which he supposes the Hebrews to have received from their tyrants in Babylon or in Jerusalem. "The Hebrews probably derived the legend in the last instance from Babylon," he affirms, and supposes that in its very earliest form it cannot "have been imported before the time of Solomon." The conclusions of an antiquarian would be perhaps just the opposite. There is a close connection between the early story of Genesis and the Izdubar legend, but there is no identity. Had there been any direct borrowing, the student of traditions is well aware that the resemblances would have been much more exact. The names of Noah and Adam do not occur in the Assyrian, Akkadian, Babylonian or Phœnician versions of the narratives; the actors and the actions alike are often very different from those of the early chapters of Genesis. These differences are clear evidence (to the comparative student) that there was no such "borrowing" as Wellhausen supposes, but that the Hebrew narrative is rather to be considered an indigenous product, and the Phœnician and Assyrian stories to be regarded as parallel but distinct growths from an originally common tradition.

Another curious point concerns the notice of *Ur* in Genesis. Wellhausen sees in this name a later tradition of Hebrew migration. He supposes the earlier belief to have been that the Hebrews came from a certain *Haran* in Syria. While, however, the Bible certainly places Haran east of the Eu-

phrates, it is worthy of notice that *Ur* is probably an Akkadian or Turanian word, and its occurrence in Genesis might be considered a mark of antiquity. "*Ur*" means "the city," and is perhaps to be identified with *Ur-uk*, "the great city," once a seaport on the Euphrates. A little later on Wellhausen is obliged to account as best he can for the Biblical statements which represent Israel as closely akin to the Aramæans. No explanation is, however, really needed: language shows us beyond dispute that the Semitic immigrants in Syria were, at a remote period, of the same original stock with those who spread over Mesopotamia. It is only because the critic refuses to place confidence in the account of Abraham's migration from *Ur*, and neglects to trace the Hebrews any further than from the lands east of the Jordan, that any difficulty arises.

In the same way, modern critics have declined, for no very clear reason, to believe that the Phœnicians came also from the Persian Gulf. There is nothing known which tends to show that the original seat of the Semitic race was on the shores of the Mediterranean, and there, are indeed, indications that it is rather to be sought (as far as history and language can carry us back) in Arabia. But if in Arabia, then only by the path which Abraham is said in the Bible to have followed could Israel ever have reached Western Palestine. To cross the Syrian desert has always been impossible for all races. It is a most insurmountable natural barrier, and, save from the west shores of Arabia, Syria has always been reached by following the river Euphrates far north to the point where the Syrian desert narrows and finally ends.

The linguistic arguments of Wellhausen are not among his strongest. He makes no allusion to the archaic forms which have been observed in Genesis, or to the Egyptian words and names in

Exodus, which are indications at least worth a passing reference; nor does he notice the labors of F. Delitzsch, which establish a new connection between Hebrew and the language of Mesopotamia, and thus serve to show us that so-called Aramaisms are not of necessity marks of late date—as, indeed, the critic himself half allows. There is, indeed, much yet to be learned concerning the connection between Hebrew, Phœnician, and Assyrian; and the grammatical views founded on a study of the later Aramaic, Syriac, and Arabic will probably have to undergo a considerable revision in face of the new knowledge derived from Phœnician and Assyrian inscriptions; while derivations, even from the old non-Semitic Akkadian, are beginning to establish themselves, which serve to show the use in Hebrew of words which may have been learned by the family of Abraham while dwelling in the midst of Akkadian populations.

In fact Wellhausen's theory of a "Hebrew Group," including Hebrews, Edomites, Moabites, and Ammonites, rests neither on the Bible nor on modern science. In Genesis we find many other tribes said to have had a common origin with Israel, such as the sons of Ishmael and those of Keturah. To say that the Hebrews "adopted the language of the Canaanites" is also to adhere to ideas now becoming obsolete. Wellhausen must explain what he means by the word Canaanite, which is not an ethnical, but purely a geographical term. The Phœnicians were Canaanites, but yet Semitic; they dwelt in the "Canaau" or low plain country. The Hittites are called Canaanites in the Bible, but they were not a Semitic people. Presumably, Wellhausen means that the language of the Semitic agriculturists of Palestine differed from that of the original nomadic Hebrews, and was adopted by them; but this is by no means clear, either from the

Bible or from science. Hebrew, Phœnician, and Moabite, when first we know them monumentally, differ only as dialects from each other; but we only know these dialects from monuments about 900 or 700 B.C., and, as far as the names of towns in Syria can teach us, it would appear that the Semitic Canaanites, before their conquest by Joshua's host, spoke a language very closely resembling Hebrew. We have, however, no real information as to the peculiarities of the dialects spoken by the Hebrews in the time of Abraham, although we may gather from Genesis that it was not the same as Aramaic. The common origin, however, of all these tongues is beyond dispute, and the expression "language of Canaan" (*Isaiah* xix. 18) evidently means a West Semitic tongue in general as distinguished from the Egyptian language. The use of the word Canaanite by Wellhausen is incorrect, for Canaan was inhabited by more than one race. In this connection it may also be noted that the difficulties raised by Socin and other writers as to the notice of the Hittites in Genesis are purely creations of their own fancy, because, although the Hittites—a non-Semitic people—only appear on the monuments in Northern Syria, and not in Hebron, we have yet no monuments as old as the supposed date of Abraham, and we have, on the other hand, town names in Southern Palestine which seem to be derived from the name Heth, and tend to prove that the Hittite tribes once extended even to the borders of Egypt. It would seem that when in the Bible the word Canaanite is used ethnically it is to the non-Semitic tribes that it applies, and it is certain that in this sense the Hebrews never adopted the "language of the Canaanites."

Wellhausen allows himself to take various liberties with the Hebrew tribes.

In one passage he speaks of twelve, but only enumerates eleven, omitting Levi, which, according to another enumeration, he inserts. In the second case, however, he leaves out Gad, without any reference to the fact that the "men of Gad" are mentioned about 900 B.C. on the Moabite stone. It is astonishing also to learn that the Moabites were monotheists, in any sense, because they worshiped Chemosh, since it appears from the Moabite Stone that they also adored Ashtoreth; but the critic's views as to the idolatry of Palestine are throughout very peculiar, for he speaks of Baal ("the master") as representing "the female principle!" Another instance connected with ethnical questions may also be noted, in which he refuses to credit the Bible account of the Syrian terror of the Hittites, supposing that we should read Assyrians instead, whereas monumental history shows us that the Hittites were exactly the people of whom the Syrians of Damascus were very likely at this period to have most afraid. The gratuitous assertion that the "archers" in the Blessing of Jacob must needs, on account of their weapons, be Assyrians, is also disproved, not only by other Bible passages, but also by the pictures which show the early use of the bow among the tribes of Canaan.

Another favorite statement concerning Hebrew religion is repeated by Wellhausen, who says that it "dispensed with conceptions of Heaven and Hell." If this were so then the Hebrews differed indeed from their contemporaries, for it is proved by Assyrian research that from an early time—long before the days of Moses—the Semitic peoples believed in future reward and punishment—in an Elysium, where the just rested in peace "under a silver sky," and in a place of torment, where the wicked mourned and despaired. It is true that the idea of a future return to

a happy existence on the earth does not find expression in ancient Hebrew literature, but it is not true that the Hebrews expected no future reward or punishment; and the idea of a Hell for the wicked is traced in the very earliest records of Assyria and of Egypt alike.

The assertion, on another page of Wellhausen's work, that the Pharisees first invented the idea of future reward, is in direct contradiction with the results of modern research, which show us that the *Rephaim*, or shades of the dead, were held to expiate the deeds or to enjoy the fruits of the conduct of their mortal life. What the Pharisees did teach that was new was the theory of a glorified earthly existence in the future; but this even they did not probably invent, for we can trace back such a belief in Persia almost to the time of Cyrus, and there can be no real doubt that the Day of Judgment is noticed by Joel (iii. 2) long before the Pharisaic dogma was elaborated in Judea.

A few details of archæological import may be added. The assertion that Jehovah was "associated with a queen of heaven" in the time of Manasseh shows an imperfect knowledge of the old Semitic Pantheon. The Queen of Heaven was the consort of Baal Shemim, "the lord of heaven," and the name was one of the titles of Ashtoreth. It was no new creation of the fancy of Manasseh, but a well-known title of the goddess of Syria and of Palestine, nor have we any monument, or gem, or tablet in existence, on which the name of Jehovah has as yet been found connected with that of a goddess.

When Wellhausen makes use of the word Chaldean, it may be in deference to the popular ignorance on the subject. He knows, of course, that the word so rendered does not occur in the Hebrew, where the term *Casdim*

or "conquerors" has been so rendered by translators. Of the Caldei, or Chaldeans, we know little, and they appear on monuments in the early days of Mesopotamian anarchy. Yet even this term as used by Wellhausen seems to suggest imperfect conceptions as to Mesopotamian history.

It is remarkable again that he should fix on the Sabbath and on circumcision as distinctive of Judaism after the Captivity. The Sabbath was very early observed in Mesopotamia, while circumcision was not by any means distinctive of the Jews, since it was a custom common to the Phœnicians, the Arabs, the Egyptians, and to certain tribes of Asia Minor, as well as to the Kaffirs and Hottentots. On their return to Jerusalem, the Jews certainly found circumcision customary among the "people of the land," and the rite is probably traceable to remote antiquity. The Greeks and Romans were the "uncircumcised" races of the later Jewish period. In passing, it may be finally noted that the word Karaite is found in writings older than the eighth century; that the Cabbala did not originate among the Jews of Palestine, but is traceable to the Akkadians; and that the account which Wellhausen gives of the Jewish dispersion might be materially improved by a reference to their inscriptions in Russia and in Italy, etc.

The preceding considerations may, perhaps, suffice to show that many of the results at which Wellhausen arrives by his exegesis are not supported by the discoveries due to modern research. In some cases they are, indeed, directly opposite to the most certain facts of archæology, and in many others they are at least doubtful. The critic has, in short, much yet to learn before he can teach, and this is equally clear when we turn to questions of Oriental life and thought.

In ancient Israel, Wellhausen tells us, polygamy was rare, monogamy the rule. The assertion is surprising, and the truth is probably to be sought in a study of existing conditions. Polygamy is still rare in the East, because the poor can only afford to maintain one wife. It is hardly, however, correct to make so general a statement, since from the days of Jacob downward a plurality of wives has been the rule among the higher classes in Semitic countries.

It is equally irreconcilable with Oriental custom to speak of "large estates" and "small peasant proprietors" in the day of Solomon. The land laws contemplated in the Bible are of a very different character. In primitive Oriental society property in land has always been on the village or communal system, which still survives in Palestine, in Russia, in India, and among the Kaffir races. Individual property is confined to houses, gardens, and similar holdings. Agricultural lands are the common property of the village, and so also are the pastures. The picture which Wellhausen draws savors of modern European politics rather than of ancient Hebrew life. The best sources of information—the agreements, for instance, of the Egibi family deciphered by the Assyriologists—are not noticed at all by our critic in discussing the Hebrew land laws.

Frequent allusions to a "religious tone" as marking lateness of date in a narrative occur throughout the work of which we are speaking. This, also, seems to argue a want of sympathy with Oriental life and literature. Where, indeed, can we find in the East any history from which such a tone is absent? *Rameses* speaks of his victories as due to the favor of *Ra*. *Mesha* thanks *Chemosh* for the deliverance of *Moab*. *Sennacherib* and *Nebuchadnezzar* boast of the graciousness of

Asshur and of Bel. Passages might be quoted from the monuments to prove the pious and reverent spirit in which—often with great beauty—men used to speak of the Divine guidance; and the same tone is found both in Moslem literature and in the common conversation of modern Orientals. To regard such a “religious tone” as showing a *tendency* in Old Testament writings, and as evidence of late sacerdotal authorship, is to evince a very imperfect acquaintance with Oriental antiquity and character.

Another forced contrast is that which Wellhausen draws between the *Nebi*, or “prophet,” and the *Roëh*, or “seer.” In Samuel the two words are said to be synonymous, *Roëh* being an archaic term. In Deuteronomy the prophet is described as resembling in character the seer Samuel, a “dreamer of dreams,” in communion with Jehovah. The fact is that the character of a prophet and his position with respect both to the priest and to the king are only very imperfectly understood by the critic. It is, perhaps, only after long residence in the East, where the dervish, supposed to be divinely inspired, still holds a social position not unlike that of the seers of old, that it becomes possible to appreciate how such an influence can be allowed to mingle with the ordinary current of administrative government and with the ordinary ritual of the national religion. Yet in the case of the Soudanese Mahdi, of the dervishes who surround the Sultan, and of those to whom Arabi Pasha used to defer, we have seen such an influence in recent times playing a part even in European politics.

Still more curious is the distinction between priests, scribes, and Pharisees, and between the written and unwritten *Torah*, on which Wellhausen insists. He appears to think that when once

the law had been put “in black and white,” as he calls it, the people became independent of the oral teaching of the priests; and, like his predecessors, he makes of the scribes a body distinct from the priests, and politically opposed to their influence. These assumptions also savor of the West rather than of the East, as a moment’s reflection will show. Dr. Robertson Smith once suggested that Isaiah’s prophecies first appeared as “broadsheets” distributed among the people. Now, in England, where nearly every man can read his Bible, and can decipher the tract, religious or political, placed in his hands, such independence of oral teaching is possible; but when one has lived in the East and seen how few, save the commercial class in the cities and the religious class in the mosques, are able even to write their names, it becomes certain that the *Torah* can never have been in circulation among the masses. Whatever was the literature of the Hebrews, it is certain that it was stored in the Temple, and in a late age in the synagogues; and at no time in their history as a people can the populace have become independent of the teachings of their priests. This is indeed one reason for the great power of the dervish, because he appeals to an unlettered folk, not through books or on the authority of the priesthood, but as a direct representative of the spoken will of God.

When, again, Wellhausen sees difficulties and contradictions in the various accounts of rebellions, and of constantly changing relations between the Syrian States, he seems rather to found his views on the stability of Western institutions as contrasted with the precarious tenure of authority in the East. When Oriental monarchs subjugate a country they can never expect that their authority will be acknowledged without intermission.

The King's writ only runs where it is enforced, the Sultan or the Emir only collects taxes by aid of an expedition. The various rebellions mentioned in the chronicles of the Hebrews are illustrated both from Egyptian and from Assyrian history by the records of annual expeditions made by the kings to re-assert their authority throughout their dominions.

Another critical axiom, generally accepted, yet open to grave suspicion, is that which regards repetitions in a narrative as evidence of plurality of authorship. In Oriental narrative this argument has very little force. It would be possible for the critic to take to pieces on this ground the narratives of Assyrian tablets, and to argue an editor when in reality the repetition is but part of the Oriental style; and indeed in all ancient narratives—as, for instance, in the Aryan folk tales—this tendency to repetition is found. The axiom has therefore no such force in Hebrew literature as it would possess in modern European writings.

The question of "interpolation" is one of primary importance. In one place we read of a "worthless anachronistic anecdote," in another of an "interpolation in an interpolation," and again of a "gloss," or that a passage is "not genuine." The words "King's weight" are said to be a gloss, because referring, says Wellhausen, to the King of Assyria, though no reason is given why the King of Israel should not also have a royal standard of weight. Any mention of the *Ohel Mo'ed* before the Captivity is an interpolation, because other terms are more usually employed. A passage in Samuel is "hopelessly corrupt" because it mentions the Levites; and again, Wellhausen says generally, with respect to favorable notices of David and of Judah in Hosea and Amos: "I consider all such references to be interpola-

tions." In hardly a single case is there any reference to the authority of versions, while any argument from context will generally be found on reading the passage to be inadmissible. The question is then, are we to be content that the critic should first formulate a theory and should then answer all objections to his theory by supposing the text to be corrupt? It is of course well known that variations and omissions occur in the ancient versions, which are worthy of the closest study. The Samaritans did not scruple to tone down the Pentateuch in accordance with their own opinions, where the alteration of a word, or a letter, or even of a phrase would serve their purpose; but such alteration cannot be allowed in the nineteenth century merely on the *ipse dixit* of the critic. He is bound to show cause why the passage is to be suspected beyond the requirements of his critical theory. If the Bible will not square with the theory, so much the worse for the latter.

Equally arbitrary appears to be Wellhausen's supposition that the early chapters of Joshua and of Judges represent independent accounts of the Hebrew conquest of Palestine. The narrative in Judges professes to refer to the deeds of the second generation, and it is quite possible that the towns destroyed by Joshua may have risen from their ashes and have again defied Israel in the times of Othniel and his contemporaries. The Canaanite population was never quite rooted out, and the position of the Israelites among the settled agricultural population long continued to resemble that of Omar's tribesmen in face of the Græco-Syrian populations—a caste of dominant conquerors who had not yet entirely abandoned the nomadic life of the desert, and who ruled a populace more civilized in some respects, though less warlike, than themselves. When, again, Well-

hausen supposes the attack of Levi and Simeon on Shechem to be a reminiscence of some incident of the conquest, we may be permitted to protest against his thus mixing up in hopeless confusion the story of Jacob and that of the later conquest. If such transferences are allowed the early history of Israel is made impossible. The story must stand as it is recorded, or else must be altogether abandoned.

With a stroke of the pen the critic transfers all the Psalms to a period subsequent to the Captivity; but any student who has considered the archaic imagery of some of these Hebrew hymns, and who has compared them with the sacred songs of Egypt and of Assyria, cannot fail to regard this view as a very hasty and uncritical estimate, although few would now argue that Psalms which clearly refer to the Babylonian captivity are likely to have been written by David. The whole of that exegetical labor which divides the Elohist and Jehovistic Psalms is swept away by Wellhausen in this passing reference.

The fact is that exegetical study is an extremely narrow basis on which to found a scientific estimate of Hebrew antiquity. To Wellhausen Graf is more important than Sennacherib, and the views of Vatke more instructive than the researches of Layard. The school to which he belongs takes to pieces the Bible and builds up a new puzzle of its own from the fragments. The pieces do not always fit into the new plan, so they are broken off and inserted into the gaps. This somewhat rickety structure is presented to us as a firm basis on which to build, and the authority of the critic is very often the only foundation on which we are asked to rely.

In addition to this, there is throughout an attribution of tendency and motive to the ancient writers, which is

very foreign to the real spirit of early human literature. We are asked to start with the assumption that these writings are not honest or genuine expressions of their authors' beliefs, but crafty representations of facts due to religious or political motives. Those who know the simplicity and the piety of Eastern thought will always find it hard to believe that the vivid and graphic narratives of the Bible are to be regarded as cunningly colored political essays.

What we want, indeed, is not a new theory as to the Elohist, or a new refutation of the errors of some obscure critic, but a new spirit of comparative study and an independent comparison of the Bible with monumental history. We want, in fact, to take our critic out of his study, and to set him on a camel in the wilderness, to surround him with human beings in all their primitive conditions of society and of thought, to humanize and to Orientalize the student, and to show him what men think and do in lands where they still swear by the "Living God" and still say in their daily life "It is from the Lord." We are not ungrateful to the students of the Old Testament for all their manifold labors. They have destroyed the errors of the older ignorant exegesis, and have cleared away many difficulties due to unintelligent Bible criticism. But their method reacts on itself; it has begun to devour its own children: and, just as the conclusions of the Tübingen school of New Testament criticism have resulted of late in a general retreat, so also the conclusions deemed most certain half a century ago are called in question by Wellhausen, with the result that the general reader must become convinced that the arguments used have not the force which they were once held to possess.

The Law and the Prophets have been

superseded in the critic's eye by the documents *E., J., O. S., D., and L. L.*, and these again are made to give place to *D., J. E., and Q.*, and any one who fails to believe that the main narrative of Genesis was written in or about the days of Ezra, that Deuteronomy was falsely imposed as a forgery on the subjects of Josiah, that the story of the Flood was imported from Babylon shortly before the Captivity, that Moses's blessing is "an independent document of the Northern Kingdom," is to be regarded as a person ignorant of the scientific progress of the age. If, however, the reader will carefully summarize the arguments whereby Wellhausen strives to prove his views as to the Elohist document, he can hardly fail to conclude that they are extremely weak; and our knowledge of the civilization of Palestine in the days of the Hebrew kingdoms shows us that there is no archaeological improbability in the plain statement of the Book of Kings that an ancient *Torah* or teaching—a scroll forgotten during the troublous times preceding Josiah's reign—was found stored in the Temple archives, and brought forth to be read to the King. In such an age the statement is far more probable than is the assertion of the critics, that this discovery was no discovery, but a political plot imposing a newly written forgery on the nation as the sacred volume of the days of their forefathers.

It may, however, be objected by the critics that, in thus treating of details and endeavoring to undermine their position on particular points, we are really avoiding the main question as to whether their general results are reliable. It is therefore necessary in conclusion to offer a few suggestions as to the credibility of their theory of "documents" which lies at the bottom of their whole system.

According to the ordinary documen-

tary theory it is supposed that independent narratives have been combined together by an editor; that his work was subjected to revision by a later editor; and that in the original form the narratives existed as separate documents. It is true that this process is supposed by Wellhausen to be much more complex than the earliest analysts believed, and the logical pursuit of the process by which he makes even the Jehovistic document to consist of many elements would lead us in the end to consider every statement, and almost every verse, as standing alone, and as giving no evidence of the date of any other verse. This theory in fact supposes that the Book of Genesis, as we now have it, resembled the scissors-and-paste production of a modern bookmaker, who, by cutting off a heading here and adding a few words there, welds together his borrowed materials, and connects them by a thread of narrative which he himself supplies, as Wellhausen believes the latest editor to have supplied the continuous narrative of Genesis.

Now, it is not too much to say that if the Book of Genesis were constructed by such a process it is a phenomenon without parallel in Oriental literature. We know by what methods the great collections of the Egyptian ritual, of the Zendavesta, the Vedas, the Talmud, the Targums, the Samaritan chronicles were composed. We know how carefully the tablets in the royal libraries of Nineveh and Babylon were catalogued and copied. We can show with what reverence ancient documents were preserved, not only by Jews or Hebrews, but by other ancient nations of the East as well; but we have no instance in which arbitrary editing has occurred; for the pious scribe, while ready to expand his text by a commentary of his own, seems never to have dared to alter or suppress more than a word or a phrase here and there. The priestly

chronicle of the Samaritans has long been continued by each high priest in succession, recording the most striking events of his tenure of power; and in the Talmud the Gemara is still printed round the original text of the Mishnah in a manner which shows how it must originally have come into existence in the form of notes on the broad margins of a scroll, although in one instance at least the commentary of the older Jerusalem Talmud has been included in the Mishnah or text of the later Babylonian edition.

This same process of commentary and addition of cognate statements is traceable also in the *Zend*, or Commentary on the old Avesta or Median Law, and the *Pazend* or additional explanation forms a third element in some cases when even the *Zend* had become too ancient to be commonly understood. But the oldest example of the growth of an archaic literature is to be found in the Egyptian ritual, which has received such careful study from the hands of Le Page Renouf. The text of this most ancient work is very corrupt, and different readings are found in different copies. In some cases alternative readings are introduced with the words "otherwise said" in explanation, and rubrics from the margin have slipped into the text. The order of the chapters differs in different copies; and some variations are of immense antiquity, dating back to the eleventh dynasty, and due to the difficulty experienced by later scribes in understanding the meaning of the original; but, in spite of all these confusions, and in spite of the continual addition of chapters in the later copies, there is evidence throughout of the reverence with which the copyists treated their authority, and of the desire to preserve every letter of the older text to the best of their ability.

Now, in Hebrew literature, it is clear from the evidence of the versions that much greater pains have been bestowed, even from an early period, in preserving the original than was the case in Egypt. The survival of archaic grammatical forms in Genesis is evidence that later copyists did not tamper with the spelling of their original; and although there are differences of order and variations and omissions in the oldest versions which are worthy of the closest attention, there is yet a general accord which shows us how great must have been the reverential care bestowed on the preservation of the sacred books. To edit, and in arbitrary fashion to curtail, summarize, or mutilate older documents, was not only never the practice of the ancient scribes, but it would have appeared in their eyes to have been little short of sacrilege, in dealing with works which were probably regarded with the same awe which makes the modern Samaritan shrink from allowing Gentile eyes even to rest on the ancient scroll of the synagogue. It is by the light of a knowledge of such custom and of such a method of growth that we must study the gradual development of the Hebrew sacred literature, from the first roll preserved in the Temple down to the full collection of the various books received in the Herodian age. Any light which can be thrown on the subject by critical comparison of the versions, and of the oldest unpointed Hebrew MSS., is of the greatest value and importance, but the arbitrary rearrangement, whereby, with the help of hypothetical interpolations, the critic claims to restore the text, cannot be regarded as representing the final conclusions of modern science; and it seems probable that in the end students will agree that the Jehovistic passages in Genesis can never have existed, as a distinct work,

apart from the main thread of Elohist narrative with which they are interwoven.

In taking leave of our critic, a word may be ventured on the subject of style. It is true that difficult questions of detail may require a lengthy exposition; but a clear, concise, and simple style is always thought to show a clear understanding and a thorough mastery of subject. Absurd and ignorant as was much of Voltaire's criticism, we yet sadly miss in the pages of Wellhausen the terse, epigrammatic language which is one of the sure marks of genius. The use of Greek terms, the absence of Oriental color, the "-isms" and the "-ocracies," the technical words and phrases, which abound on every page, must greatly discourage and confuse the ordinary reader. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom:" that is a statement we may hope to understand, but it is more difficult to grasp the meaning of such a phrase as that which occurs on the last page of Wellhausen's *Prolegomena to the History of Israel*, where we are informed that "in the Mosaic theocracy the cultus became a pedagogic instrument of discipline"—words which could never have issued from Hebrew lips, and which convey ideas entirely foreign to the Hebrew genius.—CAPT. C. R. CONDER, in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE CANADIAN FISHERIES DISPUTE.

Nothing can be more painful and annoying than a dispute between friends. The annoyance becomes doubly unpleasant when any accusation is made by either side of conduct unbecoming a neighbor, a brother, and a Christian. Yet this is in some measure

the charge brought against the Canadians by the good people of Gloucester, Massachusetts. From this thriving and energetic little city sail the swarm of white-winged schooners which, splendidly equipped and manned by seamen, who are often British born, and are always of British stock, make havoc among the mackerel and cod, menhaden, herring, and capeling, around the north-eastern shores of the American continent. Is the accusation made by these pushing fishermen just? It has been made before when similar circumstance arose, and when privileges, to which the men had been admitted for the sake of other concessions made by themselves and their inland fellow-citizens, had been withdrawn, not by the action of Canadians, but by the desire of their own representatives. They have now placed an almost prohibitive duty on all the fruit of Canadian fisheries, that is on all fish caught by Canadian vessels, while they themselves are left in possession of much that in Europe would go to swell their neighbor's wealth in inshore fishery. Perhaps it may be thought that such a high tariff placed on all things Canadian is hardly the sign we should like to see of perfect amity, for it is a wealthy people which imposes this on a weaker and poorer ally. Yet no Canadian has felt tempted to ask that State embassies be sent because he cannot introduce himself to the oyster-beds of Maryland. His own fisheries represent his "one ewe lamb." It is all that he has in material wealth, now that the forests are largely cut down; and unless he keep a hold on what he has left, he is at the mercy of the first bold bargainer who comes along. And there are some very bold bargainers with whom he has to deal. Said an energetic French Canadian:

"How many times had not our men been molested? Had it not happened that they

had been excluded from their own banks of Notamquan, because American fishing vessels happened to be there first, filling the harbor? Have not the Canadian banks been covered with large numbers of their fishing vessels which injured very materially the operations of our fishermen? How many times have numbers of them anchored in our harbors, inside the moorings of our men, and prevented the setting of nets which were going to provide them with bait for the morrow's work, and how often have they in running out during the night torn and destroyed many of those nets, worth from twenty to forty dollars, by catching them with their vessels. I do not speak of the number of times in which we have suffered depredations, trespasses, etc., etc."

The American public has over and over again given an example to the nations of the Old World in holding aloft that torch of liberty which consists in the assertion of the soundness of contract—the obligation of treaty—the principle that a nation's word is a nation's bond. From that holy alliance with international right and moral duty they will never swerve. And this feeling is reciprocated by their northern brothers. When a few years ago complaints were made that raids were feared from the great Sioux chief who had taken refuge in Canada, assurance was made doubly sure, and he was so guarded and warned, and finally starved, that he crossed the line and surrendered to the American frontier forces. When, again, it was urged that on the great lakes salvage for vessels in danger was not sufficiently secured, Canada, disregarding the belief that no case had occurred to warrant the views of the citizens interested in such salvage work on the south shore, increased her vessels of succor, and sent a circular to all her customs officials that the widest interpretation was to be given to their instructions, that in no case of danger being apparent was any vessel, coming from no matter where, to be debarred from rendering assistance.

Now as to this horrible charge of

unfriendliness, etc., on the present occasion. The state of affairs under which it is made is this: Greatly desiring a continuance of the reciprocal arrangement which lasted for twelve years until 1885, whereby there was free fishing for all fishermen, and free entry for the fish into the New England markets, Canada was disappointed in her desire, and the party in power at Washington said, "No, the fishery is not worth our concessions of free entry for your fish and oil and raw materials, and we shall not renew it. The condition of things existent before the arrangement is sufficient for us." What was this? It was the condition made by the treaty of 1818, which had been modified only during the two terms during which the Americans allowed the reciprocity treaties to endure. It is, then, simply and solely to the treaty of 1818 that we must look. And the respective rights were sharply enough defined by that document. A long stretch of the shore of the north of the St. Lawrence, from opposite Anticosti eastward, the whole of the western and a great part of the southern shore of Newfoundland, together with the Magdalen Islands, lying in the heart of some of the best fishing districts, were left for the free use of foreign fishermen. The only exception made was in case of settlement, and settlement has been so sparse that this exception has not entered as a factor into the question. There is thus a great territorial shore always open by treaty. This was a concession of magnitude, but it was not to serve as a wedge for the splitting of the Canadian right to their own fisheries. Such rights are nowhere so well understood as in America. Each State may make its own regulations with regard to its fisheries, so long as the free use of the waters for purposes of navigation and commercial intercourse be not inter-

rupted. The Federal United States Government has again and again exercised its rights in regard to the whole coast, by giving and withdrawing permission to fish within the three-mile limit of the shore. Maryland's armed cruisers have more than once used force to protect her valuable oyster-beds, visiting all trespassers with fine and forfeit. Each European power has done the same, and it was essential to the independence of Canada that such rights should be hers, in regard to her shore, as were her neighbors' rights in regard to theirs.

Yet so anxious has the Dominion been to show consideration, kindness, forbearance, and good-will, that for a whole half-year during 1885, after the lapse of the treaty, this right was not exercised, and American vessels were allowed to fish when, how, and where they chose. Nor did the fact that the Canadians were during this time excluded from the American shores make them alter. In other years they had shown the same forbearance. Unwilling to exercise their prohibitory rights, if any other scheme would serve, they had tried if it were not possible to get the Americans to take out licenses, charging a moderate license fee in each case. It was found that the more numerous the guests became, the smaller grew the revenue of the Hotel! The good-will was frustrated because few of the visitors would take out the license. The concession was abused, and it became impossible any longer to continue it. But these experiences did not hinder the exercise of consideration. While determined to accept only the treatment solemnly accorded to her by treaty, a right never rescinded or modified in one iota by any commercial arrangement made by Great Britain, the Dominion has shown in the most signal manner her desire to bear as gently as possible on

the peccant piscators. Each coasting vessel has only to call at customs ports, where she may trade, transfer cargo, and do as she pleases, which includes the purchase of bait for her fishing consorts at sea. But fishing boats are specially provided for also; they must also call at customs ports. They can repair, get water and wood and shelter, but cannot get bait. If nets be more used than bait for deep-sea fishing at present, there is no warranty that this will last.

To the United States her fishing industry is as nothing. There is such abundance and variety of industry there that the number of fishermen is small. But Canada, out of her small population has about 50,000 men engaged in this industry. The people largely live by it, and they believe that they follow their pursuit with the systems and in the manner best calculated to preserve the riches of the sea. In this they are probably quite right. Conclusions drawn from our experience of the deeper waters on this side of the Atlantic are wholly inapplicable to the shallower seas and vast banks of New England, Canada, and Newfoundland. The Americans by a too indiscriminate and wholesale use of their rivers have destroyed them. There is hardly a salmon to be seen in rivers where, within the memory of man, they were abundant. Just as in Scotland the servants were said to make a stipulation that they should not always have salmon to eat, so in the neighborhood of the Connecticut the apprentice was wroth if he got that dish more than twice a week. In his report of 1880, Dr. Baird says that salmon "were found even to the Housatonic, though there is no evidence that they occurred in the Hudson or further to the south. The shad was found in every stream of this coast from Georgia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and although still

ascending most of these waters during the spring, has been sadly reduced in abundance."

Again, the question of bait is inextricably mixed up in the fishing question, and the means of preventing a disappearance of bait-fish, such as has happened on many portions of the American shore, must also be considered. A commission composed of men of science could do this adequately. They could go round the coasts together taking evidence, sifting it, rejecting what is doubtful, and probably agreeing in many points where evidence was concurrent and good. The right to sell bait and obtain it is an indefeasible right belonging to each nation which owns the shore. It is a right which has been guarded and recognized in every treaty. Shell-fish were always expressly mentioned as reserved. Clams, etc., were considered the best bait, but all were to be kept, of whatever sort; and the rights every people keep in regard to the three-mile line, within which their jurisdiction extends off shore, protect not only the shallows where the fish chiefly lie, but especially preserve the bait grounds, without which sea fishery cannot easily be carried on. Much has been conceded, as already said, on this point, when Newfoundland, the Magdalen Islands, and the Labrador coast were allowed to be used by all for bait or fish. To concede any more without compensation in reciprocal friendliness in tariff arrangements would be for one party to the bargain to "give himself away." That it is admitted to the full that the possession of the bait grounds and the protection of the bait (as in the treaty of 1818) is an unquestioned right, may be gathered from the fact that the United States Commissioners during previous negotiations desired to have the privilege of taking bait included with other advantages required by

them. This the British representatives declined during the negotiations of 1818. Further, when again Great Britain claimed compensation when the privilege of buying bait was allowed, the United States declined to entertain the idea on the expressly stated ground that the purchase of the coveted article was an *accidental privilege* that could at any time be withdrawn. This was in 1878. So far the right is indisputable, and it is equally indisputable that the property in bait is a most valuable one, for which concessions of equal value should be given if a bargain is to be struck. If the 1st article of the treaty of 1818 be not written on the winds, there can be no dispute on this point.

Besides clams (a shell-fish) and fresh and frozen herring, squid are used, and fresh and salt menhaden, the capelin and alewives—all fish found in abundance on the sea-banks. Clams are used principally during the summer months, and at other times when bait is scarce. They occur in numbers along the muddy flats of the shore between tide-marks, being small and scattered near the line of high water, but gradually increasing in size and number toward the low-water line. An energetic worker can dig from seven to nine bushels at a single tide, making two-thirds of a barrel of bait; but near Gloucester the flats have been dug over so frequently that the clams are becoming scarce, and the fishermen are often obliged to buy their supply at other places, at an average price of four to five dollars per barrel.

The sporting (young herring) average six inches in length. The supply comes now wholly from Ipswich Bay. They are taken at night within a short distance of the shore. A torch is placed in the bow of the boat, and two men row it rapidly through the water. The third secures the fish as they

gather in front of the boat attracted by the light. A good dipper will often catch half a bucket at a single dip. This bait does not last, and a fresh supply must be obtained each day. The herring appear in the Cape Anne markets in December, from which time they are used as bait till April, when the weather becomes so warm that they cannot be obtained. The supply comes largely from the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where the fish are abundant during the greater part of the winter. Many of the larger Cape Anne vessels engage in the frozen herring trade, visiting those points where the herring chance to be most abundant, and bringing large takes to the principal New England markets. Formerly they supplied themselves with nets, but of late they have found it cheaper to buy the fish of the natives. The herring are first frozen on the shore, then thrown with a little straw into the hold. A vessel thus loaded carries from three to four hundred thousand fish. The price used to vary from twenty-five cents to one dollar per hundred. After the season for frozen herring is over there is often great difficulty in procuring bait of any kind. In the spring of 1879 shore fishing was almost wholly suspended for several weeks on this account. Though that season was exceptional owing to the absence of menhaden from the Gulf of Maine, yet the question of the bait supply has for years been growing more serious, and the difficulty of obtaining it has been constantly increasing. The expense has also been proportionately increased, until it now seriously reduces the profits of the business.

This shows how important a property bait has become. The bait obtainable from the United States was of no advantage to Canadians. Menhaden were, it was alleged, of value, and it is true as stated that the menhaden are

only to be found in United States waters. But menhaden are by no means indispensable for mackerel fishing; other fish baits plentiful in British waters are as good, especially those small fishes caught chiefly with seines inshore. British fishermen can find quite enough at home.

Can any one after reading this doubt that there is an overwhelming temptation to follow where such a prize as that offered in squid, capeling, and herring can be procured? Further, can it be doubted that, once the bait is procured, it would be a matter of the utmost difficulty to keep the three-mile-from-shore limit intact? Not only the British navy, but the armed police of half a dozen of the naval powers would not be sufficient to guard adequately such an extent of waters. The harm done to the southern fisheries and bait grounds is undoubted. Does not all this again point to the wisdom of ascertaining by what means—whether by restriction in the use of certain engines, or by time restrictions—the “harvests of the sea” had best be preserved? Were any points agreed upon on such subjects it might hereafter be possible to allow the general obtaining of bait, or that bait should be sold at certain ports to all. It should always be remembered that there is no restriction now existing against authorized traders calling at ports where there are certain houses for the purchase of bait. But they must in Canada, as elsewhere, be prepared to prove they are not transgressing the laws. Any American vessel of the trading class can call at present, and can take to the fishing vessels on the banks at sea all they need.

And this brings us to the customs regulations complained of. It has always been held that a fishing vessel is not a trader, and that they by the treaty of 1818 can call at ports only to

procure shelter, wood, and water, or for repairs. There is no inhumanity here, but a simple arrangement made and agreed upon, in order that trespass on grounds sacred by treaty rights shall be prevented. Such necessary prohibitions are not confined to the one continent, but *mutatis mutandis* are in force here to guard English shore fisheries and to prevent violations of customs law. Under European treaties the home "headlands" definition is, that bays are inviolate when the headlands are ten miles apart. But a special treaty covers the Canadian ground, leaving certain shores free and reserving others. It will be observed that shell-fish have always been strictly excepted from any privileges granted.

We must glance at the treaty of 1818, which is now in force on the cessation of the salutary twelve years' arrangement for the joint use of the fisheries, which was unhappily discontinued at the desire of the American Government in 1885. It will be as well also to give very briefly the facts since the separation between England and her American colonies, and we will shortly cite subsequent events. England after the war at first denied the right of those who had formed a separate government to fish in British waters, but afterward allowed their fishermen to do so where the shores were not settled, but nowhere if settled. In 1783 the rights accorded were not so large as those enjoyed before the war, for it was not permitted to land in order to dry and cure fish in Newfoundland, and elsewhere, but only where no settlement had been made, so that it was provided that as British subjects spread along the shores they should have exclusive rights. After the war of 1812 it was agreed by the British representatives at Ghent that the claims of the Americans to use the fisheries as though they were still Brit-

ish subjects could not be sustained. Orders were, however, sent out to the Governor of the British North American Colonies, in order to prevent collisions, not to interfere with citizens of the United States engaged in fishing off Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or on the high seas, but to prevent them from using the British territory for purposes connected with the fishery, and to exclude their fishing vessels from harbors, bays, etc. Several captures of fishing vessels resulted, and in 1818 Article 1 of this convention said:

"It is agreed that the United States shall have forever, in common with British subjects, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Ramean Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland from Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the Magdalen Islands, on all coasts of Labrador from Mount Joly through Bellefleur and northward. Also that American fishermen shall have liberty forever to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays of South Newfoundland and of Labrador; but so soon as these are settled, or any part of them, it shall not be lawful to dry or cure fish without previous agreement. The United States renounce forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors not included in the above limits. Provided that American fishermen be allowed to enter such bays and harbors for the purpose of shelter, of repairing damages therein, of buying wood, of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as shall be necessary to prevent them taking, drying, and curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the principles hereby reserved to them."

The high authority of Webster is always justly cited in support of our claim. Here again the amiable desire to keep on good terms with America has been signally shown. Over and over again have these rights been waived, and strongly and legally as

they are at the present moment held, I do not know that they have of late been enforced. It is probable that in some cases fishing within such limits might be allowed without detriment, and that in others it should be prevented. Where a tideway is strong, the action of boats throwing out the offal and refuse of the fish they catch need not harm the banks. On the other hand, where such refuse can float about in the same place, and is not carried rapidly away by the action of currents, the fishing would probably be rapidly destroyed. If, for instance, in parts of the Bay of Chaleurs such action were allowed, the mercantile houses of Jersey might put on mourning with their Canadian friends who dwell along the bright shores where the red rocks are honeycombed into fantastic shapes, from New Carlisle to the strange island arches of Percé. Few fish would be seen, and the Lenten fasters of Portugal, and Spain, and Italy, would deplore the rise in the cost of the splendid dried cod now sent to them by Jean Baptiste.

Here again is a reason for a scientific commission which can prejudice no cause and compromise no position, while it may serve as the basis for some agreement founded on common-sense and international comity and interest. Ample evidence of an accommodating spirit has been given by Canada, but this must not and cannot prejudice her right to use her shores for her own benefit. It will be much to be regretted if courtesy and kindness be found to bring forth crops of new demands. No restriction in commercial intercourse is intended or exercised. Any such contention, if now put forward, would be a totally new line of argument advanced as heavy artillery to cover the rush of skirmishers. It would be an attack, not the exercise of friendly rivalry in industry. Let facts

be first ascertained by a scientific commission as to the best common use of these sea harvests, and then it will be time to see whether natural products cannot again pass the boundary lines under some provision made for the good of both peoples. Meantime Dr. Baird and Sir W. Dawson may do much to help both, if they be allowed, and if the politician does not sit down upon the lamp of science and leave us all to darkness and recrimination.—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE AND FINGERS.

From long experience and acquaintance with workmen of all classes, I have always found that the most skillful owed their industrial productiveness to the possession of the faculty of quick observation combined with the power of rapidly transmitting their will through their fingers, and embodying it in visible forms. Such men acquire an amount of decision and unhesitating exactness that not only causes their work to advance toward completion with correctness, but also with remarkable rapidity. In this respect their progress is in strong contrast with that observable in the same class of work when in the hands of one who is not naturally possessed of the aforesaid advantages in regard to correctness of eye and natural facility with his fingers. In this latter case, when the workman is most careful and really anxious to produce sound and accurate work, he has frequently to test its exactness by reference to "the square," "straight edge," "compasses," and "calipers." During these processes of what I may term "work criticism," *the actual progress of the work in hand is at a*

standstill, and the employer's money, in respect to the wages he has to pay for such unproductive time, goes for nothing.

In facilitating correct and rapid execution in every branch of workmanship, and also in the practice of all departments of fine art, correctness of eye is an essential and valuable acquirement. By this term I mean the faculty of accurately and rapidly estimating the relations and proportions of parts of objects by unaided vision. My father, who had much experience in the education of artists, used as his first lesson a most simple and effective means for testing and exercising his pupils in this respect. He would make two dots or marks with his pencil on a sheet of paper, and then require the pupil by his unaided vision, or "eye," to make a third as nearly as nearly as possible in the middle, and in straight line with the two marks previously made. Simple and apparently trivial as such an exercise of "eye judgment" is, the result of frequent practice in marking the exact middle between more or less distant points was soon perceived in the rapidly acquired power of correct drawing in all branches; for it elicited and cultivated that faculty of rapidly and accurately judging the relative proportions between parts of objects which forms the true basis of correct drawing, and is equally useful and applicable to the execution of every branch of manipulative and fine art.

If the authorities in our schools would recognize and encourage all such games as aim at educating the eyes and fingers of their pupils in the precise and delicate handling of materials, truly important results would issue from such a course, not only in their various future employments, but in their homes. There, unhappily, for want of due attention to the education

of the fingers in the handling of fragile and delicate articles of household decoration and furniture generally, losses of property frequently occur that, considering the means of the parents, may be of serious amount, to say nothing of the loss of tempers and home comfort. Indeed, all householders know to their cost the irritating fractures and mutilations to which they are but too frequently subjected by rough and careless handling of china, glass and ornamental objects.

Unfortunately many of the games in which robust and healthy children delight, have a large element of rough and boisterous energy of action in them. These games are no doubt the result of that instinctive impulse to activity of motion of all the limbs that forms a very important agent in their development. When not unduly indulged in, it has many very important physical advantages; but valuable as such exercises of the limbs undoubtedly are, they should be mingled as much as possible with lessons, if I may so term them, in "gentleness of action" whenever appropriate and desirable, so as to keep redundant activity under due control. All "slamming" and "banging" of doors should be made penal in the domestic code; and, as before said, all instances of careless and rough movement of delicate objects corrected; and gentleness of action in this respect carefully and constantly enforced. Toward the attainment of so desirable a kind of education, I would have a tray of cups, saucers, and plates of earthenware introduced into our schools; and the pupils trained to practice gentle and *noiseless* handling of them by being required to transpose each separate article from the one tray to another at some moderate distance, and to set down each article without the slightest "clink" or sound being heard. Were such a simple experiment

introduced in order to give a lesson in treating fragile things carefully, the result of frequently repeated attempts would be to instill a delicacy of manipulation invaluable for the great majority of occupations wherein the pupils of both sexes will have to earn their living.

I would recommend a very simple means for attaining the important object in view. Procure a quire of letter-paper in the neat condition as it comes from the stationer or paper manufacturer; set it before the pupil and require him to lift and transfer the sheets, one at a time, to another table at some little distance, until the last sheet in the quire has been removed. It should be in some respects made penal for any of the sheets of paper to be so carelessly touched or "thumbed" as to show folds or creases. This lesson may appear to some too trivial to set pupils to learn, but the results of such a mode of teaching "the art" of careful treatment of delicate objects would "tell" in a multitude of ways in after life in any business or domestic duty they had to perform.

In my early days a favorite pastime among children was the piling up of old playing-cards into a form that we termed "Chinese pagodas." This was effected by placing, on edge, six cards in successive stages, until the entire back, or more, was so arranged as to form a very fair representation of a Chinese pagoda. The most delicate manipulation of the cards constituting the successive stages of the structure, was absolutely requisite, since any want of care was sure to cause the entire ruin of the pagoda, so far erected, and the blundering builder had in consequence to give way to the next competitor in turn. I am not aware whether such a pastime is still practiced by young folks; but I feel sure that it is one that serves to teach the art of

dexterity and, careful handling of delicate and fragile objects; while in the successful cultivation of all branches of fine art, as well as in a vast variety of technical processes, delicate and careful workmanship is essential. Success in the game called "spellikins" also demands great nicety of touch.—JAMES NASMYTH, in *Murray's Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—George W. Washburn, D. D., President of Roberts College, Constantinople, writes in *The Independent*:—

"It is undoubtedly the most critical moment that Europe has seen since 1815. It is not simply the fate of Empires or the liberty of the Balkan Peninsula which is involved, but the civilization of the world. It is the crisis of that struggle to which Napoleon looked forward when he predicted that Europe would one day be either Cossack or Republican. Russia to-day makes no secret of her determination to overthrow 'the rotten civilization of Western Europe' and to replace it by a new civilization of her own. The editor of the paper which proclaims this most loudly is Katkoff, the most influential adviser of the Czar. If his dream can be realized, if he can make Russia supreme at Constantinople and as far as the Adriatic—taking in all the Southern Slavs, the Czar will certainly be in a position to dominate all Europe and to crush out all liberalism in his own Empire. For the sake of Russia as well as of Europe, it is to be hoped that this scheme of conquest may never be realized.

"It is not a new one. It has been attempted many times, and as often it has failed. Now a new barrier stands in the way of Russia. In all her former attempts she has had the sympathy of the Christian population of Turkey, but she has this no longer. Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia have tasted the sweets of liberty, and their submission to Russia would be a return to slavery—a more hopeless bondage than that from which they have escaped. They understand this perfectly. They would be glad to have Russia for a friend. They have strong sympathy with the Russian people, who are of their own race and religion, and are quite ready to pray for the Czar; but they have no desire to be devoured by the Russian bear. So long

as there is any fear of this, they would rather dispense with his friendship. I believe that this new barrier more than compensates for the increasing weakness of Turkey, and that Russia is as far off as ever from the conquest of Constantinople. This hostility of the Christians of the East to Russia is comparatively a new thing and arises from their growing conviction that she is the only Power which they have reason to fear. Their one desire is to be let alone, that they may work out their own destiny in their own way. Bulgarian, Greek, and Armenian alike are ready now to say to Russia, 'We want neither your honey nor your sting.' It is not ingratitude on their part. They would gladly have been the good friends and allies of Russia, but she herself, by her agents and by her press, has made them understand that she wants not friends but subjects. To them the impending war seems a matter of life and death."

A CHINESE COLOSSAL IMAGE.—Mr. Robert K. Douglas, of King's College, London, writes to the *Athenæum*:—

"The Chinese Buddhist pilgrim Fa-hien gives, in the sixth chapter of his narrative, a description of an image of Maitreya Buddha, which he tells us was executed in wood by a clever artificer of the kingdom of T'o-leih, who was thrice taken up to the Tushita heaven to observe the height, complexion, and appearance of the Buddha. The passage in which the dimensions of this image are indicated has been variously rendered by the translators of the text as follows:

"Prof. Beal, 'Its length is 80 ft., and its upturned foot 8 ft.' Mr. Giles [The image is] '80 ft. in length, the foot of which is 8 ft. long.' And he adds in a note 'Of *fu*, which usually means to sit cross-legged,' we can give no satisfactory explanation. Mr. Watters: The image was 'in length 80 ft., and in cross-legs 8 ft.' Prof. Legge: [The image was] '80 cubits in height, and 8 cubits at the base from knee to knee of the crossed legs.'"

"Turning to the text, we are there told that the image was *Ch'ang pah chang tsuh fu pah ch'ih*, that is, that it was long 80 ft., [and] the upper part of the foot 8 ft. There is not a word here which necessarily implies that the figures was seated at all. The mistake into which Mr. Watters and Prof. Legge have fallen arises from the use by Fa-hien of a character for the word *fu* which, though rightly to be interpreted 'to sit' in the expression *kia fu*, 'to sit cross-legged,' is ordinarily

as K'ang-hi tells us in his dictionary identical in meaning with another character bearing the same sound and signifying 'the top of the foot' (*tsuh shang yay*), the meaning to be attributed to it here.

"A moment's reflection is enough to show that the measurements given by Fa-hien would be out of all proportion if the interpretation of Messrs. Watters and Legge were the correct one. A cross-legged seated figure which was ten times as high as the space between the points of the knees would be a monstrosity. I have measured a seated cross-legged Buddha at the British Museum, and I find that it is 1 ft. 2 in. from knee to knee, and 1 ft. 9 in. in height. On the other hand, acting on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, I measured the upper part of the foot of a standing Buddhist figure from the point where the leg and foot join to the end of the toes, and found it to be 11 centimetres. I then measured the height, and found it to be 110 centimetres, exactly the proportion given by Fa-hien. I also measured in the same way the upper part of the foot of a beautifully modeled Greek statue, with the result that the foot proved to be 2½ in. long, and the height of the figure 27 in.—again as nearly as possible the same ratio."

MR. RUSKIN FREES HIS MIND.—Under date of March 14th, Mr. Ruskin writes to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"I have been watching with great interest, as you may suppose, though not feeling it my business to intermeddle—all you've been saying lately, and getting said, on Academies and Universities—and Literature, and the like infinities of subject; and I merely write to-day to relieve my mind a little, feeling more than usually lazy, by observing that I entirely dissent from everything you've been saying, and everything that everybody has said, particularly your Plebiscite—and that the University's business in any country in Europe, is to teach its youths as much Latin, Greek, mathematics, and astronomy, as they can quietly learn in the time they're at it—and nothing else:—that if they don't learn their own language at home, they can't learn it at a University—that if they want to learn Chinese, they should go to China—and if they want to learn Dutch, to Amsterdam:—and after they've learned all they want, learn wholesomely to hold their tongues, except on extreme occasions, in all languages whatsoever."

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF TURKEY.

There is perhaps no subject which has led so many consecutive generations of mankind to indulge in the luxury of prophecy as the decline of the Turkish Empire. "It cannot last," is a dismal vaticination reiterated so often, and with such complete conviction, that it has passed into the tritest of commonplaces, only to be answered by an inevitable "of course." To declare any scepticism on the subject would require that great boldness or courage which fears not the charge of stupidity, or ignorance, or both. But prophecy concerning Turkey can no more be dogmatized upon than any other prophecy in this inquiring age; I am therefore venturesome enough to hope that if I do not at once accept these utterances with the usual ready concurrence, and if my sceptical spirit leads me to think that there are grounds which will at least admit of a different conclusion being formed, I may not be charged with anything worse than an inquiring mind, and a judgment with a possible twist of optimism. I do not say that because past prophecy has failed, therefore modern seers must necessarily be in the wrong. I merely feel refreshed and encouraged, better able to suppose that there may be some possibility of error now, as there has been certainly in the past.

I am aware that I shall here be met, from an intelligent and influential body of my countrymen, with two flat and positive statements: 1st, Turkey is certain to fall; 2d, It does not matter a pin to England whether she falls or not. For the sake of space, the second opinion must be reserved for future consideration. The first is certainly not confined to Englishmen only. I was struck, when not long ago in the bazaars of Constantinople, by a speech

delivered to me by an intelligent young merchant during a respite from the fatigue of bargaining. "Effendim," said he, in answer to a trite remark as to Albanian turbulence called forth by the sight of an Albanian pistol, "you need no longer talk of the wildness of Albanians. Under Austria, there will be no more wildness." "Oh!" I replied, "Albania falls to Austria, does it?" "Yes," he said; "Austria is to take Salonica and a great part of Albania; France will enter Syria; England will remain in Egypt; Italy will seize Tripoli, and Russia will take the rest. That at least is the opinion here in the bazaars." "And what," I asked, "will become of you Turks?" He looked at me long and gravely, and at last gave his shoulders a prodigious shrug—"God knows!" said he. These are cheap politics, to be sure, a kind of mash of the opinions, old and new, of European newspaper correspondents, which has filtered its way into bazaar gossip; but no cheaper than those of many who, by brilliant rhetoric or pleasant style of composition, impart a pinch-beck freshness to their opinions, while the manner in which the Turkish factor is quietly put on one side as if not worthy of consideration, is curiously shared by all writers and speakers on the subject with whose utterances I have been able to acquaint myself. The fact is, that they all fall into the common error of judging Turkey and the Turks by Constantinople.

The light in which war is regarded by the Turk would again be a revelation to those who have been taught to look upon him as a fierce, warlike, bloodthirsty fanatic, more wild beast than man. "We don't want war," sighed many a peasant whom I met during a long tour I once took through many parts of France. "We neither want war nor revenge: If our rulers

want revenge, let them go and fight themselves—in God's name, let us be left alone in peace!" In the East, and in the West, the longing prayer is the same. There is no wish for anything but peace—and no wonder. It is not an extraordinary thing in Asia Minor to find what were comparatively flourishing villages of one hundred or one hundred and twenty houses, reduced to a tumble-down collection of hovels numbering perhaps fifty or sixty. Such villages had lost all they had of youth and strength from Russian bullets—nothing was left to hold them together save old age, and babyhood, and broken hearts of women. Some villages disappeared altogether and exist no longer, having bled all their vitality away and died. From a small village near Güzé sixty men were taken, three returned? Of the Broussa battalion, eight hundred strong, fifty or sixty men found their way back home. What is the good of multiplying instances? The curse of war has fallen heavily upon these poor people, and they dread it; it saddens the heart to see how eagerly they inquire for the happy news of peace assured—in their own picturesque phrase, "may God not show them war!"

It might here naturally be observed that these facts and this disposition must surely point to rapidly, almost alarmingly, increasing weakness; a population diminished in numbers, and, in a country where the central government has no very firm hold to enforce its authority, disinclined for war, is surely a most uncertain source on which to rely for the supplies of force necessary to defend the Empire. The deductions, I think, are wrong; I believe Turkey to be stronger now than when she entered upon the last war, and her fighting strength to be rather increasing than otherwise. I look upon the effective Turkish Empire as

essentially composed of the Vilayet of Constantinople, or let us say Constantinople and what in modern phrase is called Thrace, and Asia Minor. It was chiefly through the European provinces that the strength of Turkey ebbed away, the provinces that remain to her in Europe are still, and will continue to be, her principal source of weakness. She treated the alien populations, not cruelly, but unwisely—not wisely, but in a certain sense, too well. She never took the trouble to assimilate their institutions to her own—or to force her institutions upon them, hardly even to govern them. She simply collected taxes from them, and for the rest treated them with contemptuous neglect.

If Turkey were to give up the whole of Macedonia to-morrow, she would almost double her defensive power; it has already been greatly increased by the past losses of Greece, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. The ideal of a Turkish statesman should be Asia Minor, Constantinople, and modern Thrace for Turkey, and the realization of the scheme of a Balkanic Confederation, with Turkey at its head.

Now as to the population of Asia Minor there are no reliable statistics, and have been none for centuries. I will unhesitatingly defy any man to prove that it has either increased or decreased during, say, the last fifty years, still less during the last ten. He can only state his belief. Seeing the continual immigration into Asia Minor of the Turkish population from those States which have regained their independence, amounting by this time to many hundred thousand souls, the probability is—and this is the statement of my belief—that the losses by war have been about counterbalanced, and that the population has remained stationary. This emigration from

Europe into Asia is a steady, unceasing stream, it has continued for years, it is going on still. The emigrants go to fill up the gaps made by the war. They do not for the most part settle in villages already formed, or swell the population of existing towns. The Sultan has granted them various Tchiftliks and valleys, and new villages have sprung, and are still springing up. It is as if communities were transplanted bodily from Europe into Asia; thither they bring with them their own peculiar habits and customs, and start afresh together. But the effect is that, leaving what have become strange lands, they cling to the rule of their Padischah, and being a loyal, brave and generally quiet population, they do not come to be a burden to the country, but to add to its strength—there is room and to spare in Asia Minor for five hundred times their number.

What, then, with this immigration, and the fact of a younger generation having grown up to fighting age, the military power of Turkey, so far as numbers are concerned, has not diminished. On the contrary, it has increased. During the last war not more than between 300,000 and 400,000 men ever came into the fighting line. I am now informed by the most competent German military authorities in Constantinople, among whom is to be found one of Germany's ablest staff officers, that Turkey could put nearly 500,000 men into the field. By the action of a new recruiting law lately promulgated, the same authorities compute that this number will be raised in two years' time by three hundred thousand more. And in spite of all the acute longing for peace, it will be seen that disinclination to fight does not by any means carry with it refusal to fight. . . .

All this, it will be objected, sounds very well and may be very true, but a

state cannot exist by numbers of fighting men only: the government of Turkey is vile, cruel, and corrupt, and it must go. For the moment I will pass by the question, important though it be, of how it is to be ousted and who is to be its executioner, and venture to consider another—Is it incapable of reform? To call a government vile is effective, rhetorical, and useless. The term is too general to admit of either refutation or satisfactory support. To call it cruel and oppressive is better—that is a specific accusation. But I have no hesitation in affirming that, generally speaking, the Turkish Government is not cruel and oppressive; to hold that it is so, is a pious belief, which, like some other pious beliefs, rests on insufficient or imaginary grounds. For cruel and oppressive, substitute neglectful and corrupt, and you will have stated the most accurate truth.

The population of Turkey, it is frequently imagined, is calling aloud for reforms. That is quite a misconception. It is an utterly ignorant, extremely poor population; but it knows of no other life; and in tilling the ground for its immediate needs, and scraping together just sufficient money to pay its taxes and purchase its clothing, it is contented and fairly happy. And such it will remain—ignorant, pauper, and possessed of no better aspirations until light can break in from the outside. Now light can break in chiefly in two ways. First, by means of foreign agents sent expressly for the purpose of sowing and fostering discontent, in which case the people will side with the enemies of its rulers, in order, by their help, to obtain better conditions. With what disastrous success this lever can be used against Turkey, Russia has proved to demonstration. Secondly—however trite, this is the truest truth—by connecting the people with the outside

world, by giving them facilities of rapid and convenient communication—railways, roads, canals; as soon as they comprehend the change in their surroundings there will arise a natural feeling of need for better things, a spontaneous discontent and clamor for reform will be raised which, without necessarily producing disloyalty, must be satisfied under pain of downfall of the Empire.

In order to construct public works capital is required. Turkey has no capital in the sense of money—it must be procured from abroad. It is here that corruption bars the way. If a foreign capitalist comes forward, however good his scheme may be, and however considerable the profit he may prove that it would ultimately bring to the Government, he must, in order to get it within a reasonable distance of acceptance, first purchase the aid of two or three ministers, of two or three chamberlains and Imperial secretaries, and of two separate bands of smaller officials—one at the Palace, the other at the Porte. But even then he is not safe. Some one may not have been bribed enough, some one may have been inadvertently left out, and a hostile word whispered in an all-potent but over-suspicious ear will be sufficient to upset the whole scheme. The disastrous result of such a state of affairs, the utter distaste and repugnance of honest European capitalists to consenting to take part in any enterprise in Turkey at such risks and under such conditions, are too mournfully self-evident. At the same time, consent to bad schemes may be purchased; what is honored by the name of justice may, as a rule, be purchased; many things may be purchased which should be utterly beyond the reach of any purse, however long. Those who think this state of things irremediable may well despair. But there are certain signs which—except to those whose eyes

refuse to see anything but evil—give hope for a better time to come. An intelligent, honest, and courageous minister, if sufficiently supported by the Sultan against the intrigues of the numerous enemies he would be sure to make, would rapidly purify the air, provided always that he were able to substitute a system of regular and sufficient payment of Government officials for the lamentable custom now in vogue of leaving them unpaid during several months in the year. This is a task of great difficulty, but not of impossibility—and I think there are men at hand capable of performing it.

I say that there are signs of good portent, welcome to those interested in the welfare of the Turkish Empire. Burning indignation is poured forth upon Turkey for her sluggishness in effecting reforms. Have we moved one finger to help her usefully? We have swamped her in oceans of good advice, tired her with official remonstrances, and diplomatic notes, and special ambassadors. There was a time, after the Crimean war, when we might very well and very usefully have advised her; but while she rushed hideously, ignorantly, purposelessly into debt, we sat by with a pleasant smile, and sang pastorals about reforms. Are we in earnest now about reforms? Then a truce to the endless volumes of advice! Turks will write you as pretty an essay on the necessity of reform as the best Foreign Secretary in Europe of them all. Press her, help her, assist her to the means to build railways, and the reforms will come of themselves. Let us play no longer the part of those who say, "be ye warmed and filled" without giving any help to obtain the things which are needful.

But although, undeniably, reforms are sadly needed, the present internal condition of Turkey is not such as to greatly favor the supposition that her

dissolution is inevitably close at hand, or would be an easy task to effect. Take a glance at her case, in 1778, when Volney wrote. Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Epirus, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Moldavia and Wallachia were in a state of more or less active revolt; the Pashas of many of the provinces were practically independent rulers, utterly defying the Sultan's authority; the feudatory chiefs, with whom the Empire abounded, were equally rebellious; and all these small powers within power were continually at strife with one another. Every department of civil administration was utterly disorganized; the army had become an undisciplined rabble; and while this anarchy was rampant, Turkey was waging war against two great military Powers. Yet she disappointed the dismal prophecy uttered.

At the present day—Arabia, Macedonia, and parts of Armenia apart—the mass of the Empire is at peace with itself; and the authority of the Sultan reigns supreme. A great deal is heard about Syrian affection for France; but unless France declares war and takes Syria by force, it may safely be predicted that that province will quietly remain Turkish. The Valis no longer openly, or secretly, defy their monarch. If I am told that Djemil Pasha of Aleppo recently laughed the authority of the Porte to scorn, I will reply that a word from the Sultan subdued him and sent him to the Hedjaz—a place of exile for all but a fanatic, which he is not.

Before concluding, since the possibility of the Turkish Empire successfully maintaining itself is the chief subject-matter of this article, it is essential to take a brief glance at the relation of Turkey with foreign Powers. In the forefront of the landscape looms the gigantic threatening form of Russia. A serious fault has recently been found

with Turkey for turning her back on her best friends, and for executing dances to Russian tunes. Are Turkish statesmen so ignorant and blind, it is angrily asked, that they do not grasp the fact that Russia is their deadliest foe, that all Russian friendship is a mask, and that all Russian advice is directed toward the weakening and ultimate downfall of the Ottoman Empire? Certainly they are not. They are as acutely alive to these facts as the most eloquent writer of leading articles can desire.

But let us try for an instant to put ourselves into Turkish shoes, and examine the situation from a Turkish standpoint. On the one hand there is a Power of enormous strength, traditionally and relentlessly hostile beyond all possibility of doubt; that is a fact which can never be left out of sight for a moment. On the other hand there are self-styled friends who cannot be relied on at all, except in the matter of their unfailing alacrity to bestow advice. But advice does not make Russia weaker or Turkey stronger by a single man or cartridge. Some of these friends are interested in the very highest degree in the maintenance of Turkey, but Turkey being naturally, they consider, more interested in her own maintenance than they can be, they endeavor to let the brunt of the struggle fall upon her, to play the part of monkey to Turkey's cat in the matter of chestnuts in Russian fires. All their advice tends to that. Not one of them has made a frank promise of active support; so far as they are concerned Turkey has to deal with probabilities, extreme probabilities if you will, so extreme as to be certainties, yet certainties resting on no definite assurance actually given. Turkey, taking the safe side, chooses to consider them as probabilities only. She is strengthening herself as fast as she can,

and until she feels herself prepared she endeavors to keep well with her adversary while she is in the way with him.

Let us take one or two instances. Prince Alexander having been hustled off the Bulgarian throne, a successor is required—who is he to be? Prince Waldemar, say the Bulgarians. Not at all, says Russia, the Prince of Mingrelia. With immense politeness and consideration the other Powers look toward Turkey, the Suzerain State, a capital scapegoat upon whom to thrust the onus of refusing the Russian candidate. But Turkey, in no way anxious to increase Russian hostility, takes a hurried glance round, rightly judges the situation, and submits the candidature to Europe; thus not only shifting the load of responsibility from her own to much more powerful shoulders, but having the appearance of friendship toward Russia. Again, M. de Nelidoff, astute diplomatist that he is, expresses a strong wish that the Porte should consult M. Zankoff. The utmost harm that consent to this course could do would be to ruffle the feelings of weak-kneed friends, preferable at any rate to irritating a powerful enemy. So the Porte invites M. Zankoff to come and talk, as did the spider courteously invite the fly to taste of his hospitality. Let one of Turkey's great and powerful advisers give a plain definite declaration that he is willing fully to share the consequences of her advice being carried out, and our eyes will be no longer annoyed by Turkey posturing in Russian dress. But to suppose that on these accounts Turkey is really playing a Russian game seems to me to prove quite a remarkable superficiality and shallowness of observation.

That Turkey is distrustful of possible yet undeclared allies, is I think, natural; but, looking to extreme probabilities, how do matters stand?

Nothing can be, at any rate according to present appearances, less likely than that Turkey, in a future war with Russia, will be found fighting in Europe alone. Austria will be found on her side, and quite probably Italy, fearful of the establishment of a gigantic power in the East of the Mediterranean; Roumania, Bulgaria, and probably Servia, would be in the advanced guard. Turkey would practically form the right wing of a formidable coalition, and three or four army corps would be all that would be required of her. The real point of danger for her would be Asia Minor. But if she is sensible and uses her time well, she would have nothing to fear there. Nearly the whole of her forces would be left free for the defence of her North-eastern frontier, and counting the numbers of soldiers available for service in Asia Minor, she would enormously outnumber any force the Russians could put into the field on that side. It is a question of the time in which she could concentrate her troops; under existing conditions she would have to contend against enormous difficulties. To solve that question satisfactorily, the same remedy again is required, railways. With a few lines of railway Turkey could afford to laugh at Russia in the face. Let all advice to Turkey be limited to this—build railways.

I often wonder whether the lesson read by the last war was ever taken to heart in England as it was in Germany. After dealing for two successive years with formidable revolts in her European provinces, Turkey found herself embarked on a war with one of the greatest military Powers in the world; and had it not been for the mad jealousy of the commanders of her armies in Europe, which the nervous weakness of the Sultan rather encouraged than suppressed, the war would, in the

opinion of the best German military authorities, have assumed a totally different complexion. Does that look like a Power so hopelessly decrepit that all its strength is gone, and itself so lost as to be past praying for? The policy of "abandonment of Turkey" is sung by many English writers and politicians of note to every kind of tune in every kind of key; she is bound to fall, they say. Well—abandon her! I doubt whether the abandonment would not recoil upon England quite as much as it would harm Turkey. There is a Germany, an Austria, an Italy, in the world, it is not all British Empire—yet. If England abandons her, Turkey may find as strong and perhaps more reliable friends. But in the dim future can be foreseen a struggle further East when England may gladly welcome an ally whose hand she can now afford to spurn.—*Murray's Magazine.*

STATE EDUCATION IN AMERICA.*

The insular self-sufficiency of England in all matters outside of commerce, her unwillingness to receive instruction from other nations, has always been a barrier to her progress. There seem now to be some signs of a breakdown of this national reserve, at all events in certain directions, and of a growing desire to welcome impressions from without. Especially is this change perceptible in regard to education. We have lately woken to a recognition of two facts. The first is that, whereas

*In this article from the *Westminster Review*, we have omitted the data (mostly from official documents) upon which the writer has based his conclusions. We have also omitted many parts of the article of comparatively little importance for the American reader.—ED. LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

our national education is in a state of crude empiricism, other nations are making rapid strides in the application of scientific method. The second is that in other civilized countries the duty of the State with respect to education is recognized as having a much wider meaning than in our own country. In our study of foreign methods it is natural that our eyes should turn not only to those neighboring European nations whose rapid intellectual growth has brought with it the development of public education on a wider and more elaborate scale than was known in any former age, but also upon that nation, more distant in space, which is so near akin to us in blood, language, manners, and institutions on the other side of the Atlantic.

If it is true, that community of race is the true bond of union between nations, that in transmitting English blood we transmit English institutions and habits, not only as they exist, but as they shall exist, that we transmit English potentialities, there can be no nation from whom we can hope to learn so much as from America. We are far from saying that in this matter of public education the United States stands ahead of the chief civilized countries of Europe, for that is certainly not true, or even that she is superior to England in that part of the work which both alike have undertaken. What we do mean is this, that the successes and the failures of America in her system of education are and must be more to us in the way of example or of warning than the successes and failures of other nations; for an example is effective just in proportion as the conditions are alike, and by far the most important condition in social development is blood relationship. This is the reason why it is likely that we can learn less that is of value from the educational systems of

Germany, Switzerland, or France, excellent as these may be, than from the less highly developed and less successful system of the United States. We may admire the admirable organization and discipline of the Prussian schools, the intense earnestness which inspires teacher and scholar, the power of application and thirst for knowledge which make it easy for the German to become a student; we may admire the vivacity and perspicuity of the French mode of teaching, the ingenuity of their school arrangements, their readiness to appreciate and adopt reforms; but after all we must attribute this largely to what we call the German character, the French character, and we must own that it is not the English character. But in regarding the American system there can be no such feeling, notwithstanding the different external conditions of a new world, with various climatic influences and a history of its own. We see the solid substratum of the English character, a character so strong that it has survived, with a force little impaired, the deluge of foreign blood which has poured in during the last century from nations all over the globe. Americans are essentially English, and that is why we can learn so much from American institutions. Indeed, there seems some reason to believe that in the political institutions of the United States we see, at any rate in outline, our own future as a democracy.

There is, strictly speaking, no national system of education in the United States. The work of providing instruction for its youth is undertaken by each State for itself, and managed without the least interference from the Central Government. The Bureau of Education in Washington has no other task save that of collecting from the various States such information respecting education as may enable it to elab-

orate statistics and publish circulars of instruction. Thus we have not one but many systems to examine if we would form a correct estimate of the condition of American education: these systems, it is true, possess important features in common, but they also possess a sufficient number of differences to give a degree of individuality to each. It is obviously not within the scope of the present article to deal separately with each of these systems. We shall content ourselves with tracing distinctly those main features common to each system, filling in the outlines by examples selected with a view of showing the general mode of working.

The chief distinguishing feature of public education in the United States is that it is free. Tuition in all public schools, whether elementary or high, is entirely gratuitous. In other countries, such as Switzerland, Sweden, and recently in France, elementary education is substantially free; but in no other country has it been so clearly recognized that it is the duty of the State to provide free instruction for all the children of its people. The only expense which falls immediately on the parent is that of providing textbooks and stationery. This absolute gratuity of instruction is the more noticeable, inasmuch as it is due to the separate action of each State, and thus illustrates a common development of democratic sentiment.

The current expenses of the State public schools are defrayed almost entirely by State and local taxes. To take California for an example, we learn that there "The public schools are sustained by a State poll-tax of Section 2 on each male inhabitant over twenty-one and under sixty years of age, except paupers, etc., to be used for paying teachers; a county tax, not to exceed fifty cents on 100 dollars; and a district tax, not to exceed seventy

cents on 100 dollars for building, or thirty cents on 100 dollars for other school purposes." In other States a fixed portion of the entire State revenue is devoted to education, in addition to local taxes. In some few States there are endowments, but in no case does the income derived from these latter form an important element in the total revenue. The public schools of the United States are supported almost entirely from direct taxation.

The American school system is founded on the idea of local competency in the management of education. Everything depends on the character of the School Board. As one would expect, the most competent men are by no means always elected on these Boards. There are in fact few Boards which do not contain some persons unqualified for the post. "The office is not unfrequently used by aspiring politicians as a stepping-stone to coveted places." It is difficult to conceive that the most satisfactory results can be obtained by a system which places so much power in the hands of persons elected by so wide a suffrage for so short a term of office. In some of the largest cities the evils arising from this system became so serious that the election by popular suffrage has had to be abandoned. Nevertheless election by popular suffrage is the rule, and, though there may be occasionally abuses of power, the undoubted success of the city schools in America must be in large measure placed to the credit of these bodies.

The City Schools of America have many excellences, and much thought and energy have been devoted to the elaboration of a system by which much has been achieved already, and which affords bright hopes for the future. The same cannot be said of the condition of Rural Schools throughout the

States. The following account of the ordinary country school appears in a circular printed by the Bureau of Education at the close of 1884:—

"The type is familiar to us all, a school composed of scholars of both sexes, ranging in study anywhere from the primer to Euclid, housed in a school-house of but one room and provided with one teacher, upon whom devolves all the instruction and discipline. Possibly the teacher changes every term; probably no systematic record of studies, classes or progress is kept, and each teacher takes up the work as if nothing had gone before, and ends as if nothing were to follow. The teacher may be a person of excellent education, wise, conscientious, firm, loving and versatile—many such there are, and 'their works do praise them;' but a school may be favored in this respect one term, and the next pass into the charge of a callow youth, a crude girl, or a man or woman of inferior mind and harsh, unsympathetic nature, who, for a consideration, makes a confusion worse confused in juvenile intellects. Of supervision there is little, of inspection less, and of standards of scholarship and tests of work none but those the teachers have not enough to supply."

Perhaps the worst feature in the working of Rural Schools is the insufficient qualifications of the teachers. This difficulty is felt to some extent in the smaller cities, but is a most serious barrier to progress in the country districts. Limited education is in itself a somewhat vague term, but when we learn the requirements of the Board of Examiners for the State of Michigan we shall see that the condition of affairs is really unsatisfactory. The requirements of the Board are that the teachers shall pass an examination in spelling, reading, writing, grammar, geography, arithmetic, theory and art of teaching, and the history of the United States and civil government. We learn that it was not easy to obtain candidates possessed even of these qualifications, low as they are compared with those required in most European countries, or even under the English

Board School system. The immediate cause of this insufficient supply of competent teachers is the fact that though nearly all the States have recognized their obligation to make provisions for the training of teachers by establishing Normal Schools, the number of these institutions falls far short of the requirements of the people. Until the people in their public capacity decide to make adequate provision for the training of teachers, but little improvement can be expected.

In giving here a short review of what has been done in the direction of industrial education in the States, it may be well to premise by defining the term, which is somewhat loosely used. By industrial education is meant such technical education as aims at imparting the knowledge and skill requisite for success in the departments of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The introduction of multifarious machinery and the attendant growth of production upon a large scale, the consequent decay of the practice of apprenticeship, presses upon the society necessity of providing some means of preparing the youth for the work they are afterward to undertake beyond supplying them with the common elements of general education. The recognition of this necessity has led in various countries, especially in Austria, Germany and France, and to a less extent in England, to the establishment of industrial schools. As yet no great progress has been made in this direction in the States, but the subject is attracting increased interest every day, and such experiments as have been made justify great expectation for the future. Industrial education has taken two forms. The first consists in the attachment of the workshop to the ordinary school, elementary or high, as a special department. The second consists in the establishment of separate

technical schools for apprentices, consisting of the requisite shops, with means of imparting theoretical instruction applicable to the trade taught.

At first sight it may seem strange that in a country which has taken such great strides in educational reform as the United States there should be any difficulty in getting men and women with a good general education for the post of teacher in the public schools. But upon closer examination this surprise will disappear. The reason is that the profession of teacher has one decided disadvantage attached to it which renders it far from a desirable one to embrace as a life work, and that is precariousness of tenure. The teachers in City Schools are almost universally subject to the ordeal of an annual election. Thus they are regarded as possessing no property or interest in their position. "They are not only liable to removal at the end of each year by a failure to be re-elected, but they are liable to summary dismissal at any time by the action of the Local Boards, without notice, without the right of a hearing, and without the right of appeal to a superior authority, and such dismissal is final and absolute."

This instability of position is of course a common feature of all official life in America. Every five years a vast disturbance takes place; men who have just succeeded in gathering the experience which fits them for the place they hold are jostled out of it, and new men without experience are put to do their work; and society is the loser. This is bad enough in other offices; in the profession of teaching it is fatal. If there is one position in life where stability is essential, and where no ability can compensate for experience, it is the profession of teacher in a school. This liability to loss of position at any time, therefore, strikes at the root of success, and precludes

the possibility of the establishment of a strong profession. No strong, able man or woman will undertake as a life occupation work subject to such a condition. This plan of appointing teachers dates back to the first establishment of the common school system. The result is what might be expected. The condition of affairs has been well expressed in a Report on American Education by a French Commission:—

"The profession of teacher would appear to be a sort of stage, where the girl waits for an establishment suited to her taste and the young man a more lucrative position. For many young persons this temporary profession is the means of procuring the funds for continuing their studies. Few masters count more than four or five years of service, and if instructresses remain longer in the profession it must be remembered that marriage is ordinarily the end of their desires; and once married they always withdraw from the profession."

Thus the fact is plain, there is no permanent profession of teaching in the United States. Whatever may be the other excellences of the system of public education, it is clear that this fact precludes such progress as can enable the American schools to compare in real efficiency with those of the more enlightened European countries. For in schools everything depends on the earnestness and efficiency of the teacher; this earnestness cannot exist when the work of teaching is but a stopgap, nor can this efficiency be acquired except by many years of experience. It may be supposed by some that an annual election like the one above mentioned is a mere form, and that a teacher never loses his place except for inefficiency or some other good reason. On this important point we will quote the words of the Official Circular of Information for 1885:—

"The actual summary dismissals without just cause are not numerous, but even in the best managed city systems they occur with

sufficient frequency to inspire too many of the teachers who are spared with a sense of humiliation and insecurity. . . . It is no uncommon thing for the best of masters to be elected by a small vote, for which no possible reason could be assigned except that they had some individual opinions with regard to educational matters."

This condition of insecurity is to some extent compensated by the rate of salary. In fact the United States system has relied mainly upon money compensation as the means of securing desirable teachers. It will be easy to see that merely from economical considerations the method pursued is a foolish one. The rate of salary offered is much larger than that for which the life work of able teachers in Germany is obtained. For instance, we find that the average remuneration of male teachers in the public school is, in the State of California, at the rate of £192 per annum, in Massachusetts £240 per annum; the rate for female teachers is in most States considerably lower, but in California it averages £156 per annum, in Massachusetts it sinks to £84. The average rate throughout the State seems to be for males about £144, for females £110. When we compare these figures with the salaries in the French primary schools, where the masters' salaries vary from £36 in the lowest class to £48 in the highest, or with the Prussian schools, where the average salary is ascertained to be £51 12s. per annum, we shall perceive what an expensive system that of the United States is. Of course, in considering these figures it is necessary to bear in mind that money wages of all labor in the United States are considerably higher than elsewhere (a dollar a day is the ordinary laborer's wage), and that there are greater inducements to young men to enter trade or agriculture than in the older civilized countries of Europe. There is, however, little doubt that, if permanency

of tenure were once attached to the teacher's office, the salaries given would soon render the profession an attractive one to a large number of persons, whose character and tastes were averse from the excitements of business life and the roughness of agriculture. Educationalists in America are perfectly alive to the defects in their system, and unhesitatingly point to two reforms as necessary to give efficiency to public education. Those are, first, permanency of office, second, ample means of professional training.

The practical instruction in childhood of the fundamental fact of democracy, that every one is equal in the eyes of the State, is of incalculable value; for it not only imparts a certain dignity to the meanest child, to feel that he or she is a source of public solicitude, but it inspires a reverence for government itself which is the surest guarantee of order. It is not of course maintained that children in the public schools are to a large extent conscious of the working of these valuable influences, but nevertheless these do instill themselves into the education of the public schools, secretly but surely in forming the character. As far as social equality can be attained, it is attained in the American High School. An official circular published last year contains the following instructive remark:—

"Nothing is more common than to see pupils representing the extremes in the social scale, sitting side by side in the High School classes. I have seen the son of a cultured and wealthy merchant, and the son of a poor immigrant going together from the same class in the Grammar School to the same class in the High School; the former expending his pocket money to buy the requisite outfit of clothes and books for the latter. I have seen young ladies coming from families of the first rank, not only in respect of culture and wealth, but also in respect to ancestral pretensions, passing the three years' course in the Girls' High School, side by side with the

daughter of the laborer, and of the washer-woman. In a suburban town I have seen the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer procuring by subscription the funds to enable a schoolmate, the worthy son of a poor Irish farmer, to obtain the clothing needful to make it practicable for him to perform the post assigned him on graduating day."

The free City High School is perhaps the part of the American system which is most opposed to average English sentiments. Most people (though by no means all) are now reconciled to the elementary education of the State schools, whereby our children are furnished with the meager equipment of the three R's to assist them in the battle of life; but public feeling is by no means ripe for an institution where real intellectual pabulum should be provided at the public expense. Yet this is done in all the centers of population in the United States, and there are few who grudge the expense. Of course, among the lower orders, it is only the selected few whose hopes can encourage them to spend in further instruction those years in which most begin to earn their livelihood. Still the fact remains that every one has the opportunity of receiving higher education, and of receiving it gratis from the State. When we remember that in Germany, Austria, France, and Switzerland, secondary education depends largely upon State assistance, we shall recognize a growing prevalence of that tendency which to most English people seems dangerous and almost revolutionary.

Much more attention is given to female education in the United States than is the case among us. Not only are the Girls' High Schools more largely used than the Boys' High Schools throughout the cities in the States, but there are not less than 230 institutions for the superior instruction of women, in addition to the State and other Universities, of the advantages of which in most cases women have at

least an equal share. There can be no doubt that the demand for higher education among the women of the United States is much greater than in England. The principle is recognized that so far as public education is concerned there shall be perfectly free competition between the sexes. As a consequence of this course, there is no country where the relative aptitude of the sexes for various kinds of employment has such a chance of being fairly tested as in the United States. In connection with this higher education of women, however, a serious evil is recognized in the United States system, which may serve (not too early) as a warning to us in England, where Girls' High Schools and Female Colleges are growing with a rapidity which is alarming to many. This evil is the injury of health inflicted chiefly by excessive study both in High Schools and Universities. It may be well, however, to enumerate the different causes that are ascribed:—

“Injudicious application of the marking system; injudicious system of examinations; too many studies; too many home lessons; an injudicious method of teaching, which confounds thoroughness with exhaustiveness; too much pressure to secure punctuality and regularity of attendance; rolls of honor printed in annual reports; competition for honors and medals; too long abstinence from substantial foods and nourishing drinks; bad air; cold draughts; too many flights of stairs.”

Respecting one of the bugbears of our School Board education, the religious question, we hear nothing in America. State education is entirely secular; the teaching of religious dogmas is considered no part of the duty of the State, and is therefore delegated to the parent and the clergyman. Thus one cause of constant irritation and wrangling, which has done so much in England to damage and discredit our public education since its beginning, is entirely avoided. Indeed,

the idea of religion as a part of the programme of the public school can never have suggested itself in a country where there is no State Church, and no sect whose adherents command an absolute majority either in the nation or in any particular State. A religious teaching which should avoid the points of difference would be felt to be a practical impossibility, and the selection of a particular sect or sects for preference would militate against that spirit of equal competition between the different churches which exist throughout the country.—*Westminster Review*.

VALUES AND PRICES.

Material wealth is, for each country, the gross annual income which that country earns or produces. In the case of Great Britain, it is estimated at about thirteen hundred millions a year. It is needless to say that these millions are not bank-notes or sovereigns, but a multitude of desirable things of which money is merely the measure. These desirable things are, for the most part, goods or commodities, and though they include certain other things besides, these goods or commodities are all we need at present consider. When a civilized nation, like ours, produces such vast wealth annually, to what primarily is its great production due? It is due to the division of labor; and whatever share by and by we may have to put down to machinery, machinery has at all events this result—it increases and perpetuates such a division. It does so not only in the case of the artisans and operatives, but of the capitalists and manufacturers also; and it is to these last that I now wish to refer.

When we inquire as to what the

wealth of a modern wealthy man comes from, we find that it comes usually from the production of some single kind of commodity, such as cotton, paper, sugar, beer, safety-matches, or books; that is to say, his wealth usually consists of a great store of one or other of these. These, as they stand, however, are of no use whatever to him. He might, for instance, possess a million barrels of beer, or a million exquisite copies of Shakespeare's plays or the Bible; but let him be never so fond of beer, or never so fond of reading, his vast possessions would, in themselves, not prevent his being a destitute and helpless beggar. It is thus a special characteristic of wealth, as possessed by the modern wealthy man, that it is utterly useless to himself individually, and so long as there are any 'wealthy men at all, it must, unless the whole world is to grow poorer again, retain this characteristic, or even come to show it still more strongly.

It is evident, then, that the magical power of wealth, which makes its possessors the objects of so much envy and heart-burning, resides, so far as its possessors are concerned, not in what it is but in what they can get in exchange for it. Some small fraction, indeed, they may use or enjoy themselves—a maker of tooth-brushes, for instance, will, we hope, use at least one tooth-brush—but the fraction in any case is practically infinitesimal; and we may say broadly, without troubling ourselves with this exception, that this wealth is wealth only in virtue of its exchangeable value, and that in the case of any given commodities its exchangeable value is the measure of how much wealth resides in it.

And this brings us to the all-important question, What is it that regulates its exchangeable value? We have two sets of pictures before us.

On the one side we have a set of concrete incomes—a pyramid of beer barrels, an obelisk of soap, or so many wagon-loads of Bibles. On the other, we have what these incomes buy—corresponding lots, composed variously of carriages, yachts, furniture, jewelry, libraries, gorgeous dresses, and champagne. We want to know what regulates the proportion between these two sets of objects—why so much soap will exchange for a three-masted schooner, and so many barrels of beer for an old Persian prayer-carpet, or so many Bibles for so much secular literature. The proportion is regulated by one or other of two distinct things, according to the character of the special commodities in question; for with a certain exception, which we need not deal with now, all commodities, all material objects of desire, all these things which the wealthy man purchases, belong to one or other of two distinct classes. They are either capable of being produced in indefinite quantities, or else they are not; and if they belong to the former class their value will depend upon one thing; if they belong to the latter class, it will depend upon another. A few familiar examples will enable us to realize this vividly.

A wealthy man, we will suppose, is furnishing a new house in London, and he sets out one morning to make certain purchases. He is fond of rare books and he is fond of good literature; he is fond of pretty things and also fond of curiosities. He first goes to his bookseller's, and his eye is at once caught by a splendid fac-simile of the first folio of Shakespeare. The price is £10. Next to this is a fac-simile equally perfect of an early edition of Ford; the price of this is £15. Now Ford is a worse dramatist than Shakespeare, and his book is a smaller book; yet still the price of it—that is to say, its exchangeable value—is greater. The reason is,

as the bookseller tells his customer, that they could count on a sale for the Shakespeare of at least a thousand copies, but in the case of the Ford, of not more than a hundred and fifty. Thus, since in the production of a printed book the average labor embodied in each copy is evidently less in proportion as the copies are numerous, and greater in proportion as they are few, each copy of Ford took to produce it half as much labor again as each copy of Shakespeare. Hence the smaller and worse of the two sets of plays has half as much value again as the larger and incomparably better set. The customer, however, wants both for his library, and so he buys both.

Leaving his bookseller, he starts off for Maple's, and there is shown an exquisite French dressing-table. He asks the price; he is told it is £100, and that it is copied exactly from one made for Madame du Barry, which is for sale by auction that very day at Christie's. He declares it is very dear, and is at once told in return that it was made to order, and would have cost £150 had the firm not seen their way to disposing of nine others, and been thus enabled to produce each one of the ten at £100. "Of course," the attendant adds, "were there a larger sale for them, we could produce them for less still—perhaps for so little as £60;" The customer says, as so many customers do, "that he will think about it."

Leaving Maple's, he finds that the mention of Christie's has excited his imagination, and he resolves to pay a visit to King Street. He walks, and his way takes him by Leicester Square. Somewhere in this neighborhood he sees fluttering at a door an auctioneer's catalogue, headed "Rare and Valuable Books," and a line or two below come the words, *First Folio of Shakespeare*. He enters; he presently finds himself in the auction-room. There is a throng

of people and an odd look pervading them. He at once perceives that there is something about to happen. A moment, and the voice of the auctioneer is audible. "First folio of Shakespeare, one of the finest copies known, bought in 1870 for £650. The last bid is £410. Is there positively no advance upon £410? Going—going—" and there is a murmur of several voices, "Quaritch has got it!" as the hammer hovers uplifted. Before it has time to fall a voice arrests it—"£420." It is the voice of the new arrival. The hammer falls; he has purchased the precious volume.

Arriving at Christie's his experience is in one way similar, in another way provokingly different. The historical dressing-table is not yet sold. His eyes fix at once on it, and in a few minutes he is fascinated. The copy at Maple's was just as well made, and in some ways in far better condition, but the very blemishes in the original constitute half its charm for him. There is a date scratched by a diamond across one corner of the looking-glass, whereby hangs a tale; and one of the drawers has the disfiguring mark of a penknife, made by Madame du Barry in moments of agitation or petulance. The result is, that whereas for the copy he could not bring himself to offer £100, for the original he eagerly runs the bidding up to £1,000, and he is just congratulating himself on having acquired it at that figure, when a dealer acting for some potentate of *La France Juive* steps in at the last and irresistibly carries it away from him.

Here is a series of perfectly simple incidents, each one of which as it happened would seem natural and intelligible to anybody. Let us just take the trouble to draw from them their general economic meaning. We have had to do with five different articles: two reprints of two rare old books, and one

reproduction of a unique piece of furniture; an original copy of one of the old books, and the unique piece of furniture itself. It is evident at a glance that the first three articles and the last two must depend for their value on totally different things. Let us think of the last two first. At the moment when the person we imagined entered upon the scene of the book-sale the value of the rare folio was £410. Had he not happened to enter, it would, for the time at least, have been nothing higher than that. His entrance raised it at once to £420. So too at Christie's, the value of the dressing-table would have been £1,000, unless the agent of the continental financier had raised it, we will say, to £1,200. This much then at once is evident: of these two articles, the dressing-table and the first folio of Shakespeare, the value depends on the pleasure they afford to the purchasers. This pleasure depends solely on the purchaser's shifting tastes; and the articles themselves remaining totally unchanged, their value is constantly fluctuating, and may fluctuate with astonishing rapidity. A book which a farmer's great-grand-aunt bought for 10s. 6d., and has for generations supported the tea-caddy, the farmer may discover by some lucky accident, to be equal in value now to three whole years of his rental. The reason of this is simply that articles of this kind are either unique or rare, and no more of them can be made. Could more of them be made, then in the twinkling of an eye their value would be placed on a wholly different footing. A wealthy collector with a taste for first folios or historical dressing-tables would not at an auction regulate his bids by his desire for the sacred pages or the tantalizing buhl or lacquer-work. Instead of weighing with himself how great pleasure these things gave him, he would calculate how much it would

cost to have others equal to them made for him. Thus if Maple's copy of the dressing-table, and the reprint of the Shakespeare folio, had all the associations and all the history of the originals, the value of the originals would of necessity fall to the value of the fac-similes, and depend not on the extent to which they tickle the fancy of the buyer, but on the circumstances under which at the time the fac-similes could be made. In other words, the use, the attractiveness, the beauty, or the charm of an article is the measure of its value only if the article cannot be made to order—in other words, only if it is a rarity.

But this class of articles, as its very name implies, is small and unimportant when compared to a nation's wealth as a whole; and its value and importance grows constantly less and less in proportion as that wealth is more equally distributed. That such is the case we shall see more clearly hereafter; but it is sufficiently clear even now that the great bulk of a nation's wealth consists of commodities which are essentially not rarities, but can be multiplied in proportion to the demand for them. Such commodities we have exemplified in the reprints of Ford and Shakespeare, and the modern pieces of furniture at Maple's. Let us now consider what is the measure of the value of these.

In a general way we most of us know already; and to arrive at an accurate and scientific explanation of the matter, we need merely look carefully at what our commonest common-sense tells us. In the case of the two reprints which we supposed just now, any one could see the reason why the inferior volume should, in point of value, be far greater than the superior; and what we supposed to have happened at Maple's with regard to the dressing-table will have struck the reader as

equally natural and intelligible. The dressing-table which would have cost £150 had only one been made, costs actually £100 as there had been orders for ten, because it takes less labor per table to make ten tables than one; and Ford's plays cost £15 whereas Shakespeare's cost only £10, because it takes more labor per copy to print a hundred and fifty copies than a thousand. The same thing holds good of nearly all manufactured commodities. The larger the numbers in which they are made, the less labor suffices to make each one individually: each one becomes cheaper. But the number made of any given kind of commodity is large or small in proportion as it is generally useful—in proportion to the number of people to whom it gives help or pleasure; and thus we arrive at the following broad fact, which at once partakes of the nature of a truism and a paradox: that of manufactured commodities, especially those manufactured by machinery, the most generally useful are the least valuable. By-and-by we may perhaps see that utility affects value in a way somewhat different to what some people suppose; but however that may be, it is at least abundantly plain that the utility of a commodity is not the measure of its value, and that, in fact, they are two quite distinct things—that they can move and do move in exactly opposite directions. I think any one, no matter how little accustomed to economic reasoning, will be able to realize this, from the examples given, as one of the most practical and homeliest facts of life. The value of commodities will be detached in his mind from their utility, or their beauty, or any of the feelings of appreciation which they excite in him personally.

The idea of value being thus effectually isolated, we shall readily see the general force and application of what,

as I said just now, our common-sense tells us. It tells us that the value of a commodity depends *on the work there is in it*. The economists say, *the labor requisite to produce it*; but the colloquial phrase means just the same, and will show us how science and common-sense coincide. We have taken several examples already, but let us take one more, and a simpler one. We give a carpenter some mahogany and tell him to make a box for us. To make it he takes a day, and, putting the material out of the question, the value of the box is the cost of that one day's work. To polish the box will take another day; and the value of the box, if polished, is thus doubled. If the making and polishing took only one day, not two, the value of the polished box would, as is evident, be halved. Let us suppose further—again putting the material out of the question—that we set the carpenter to make us a mahogany chair. To make this takes three days, to polish it one. Thus the value of the polished chair is the cost of four days' work, or—it is in this way that I desire to put the case—it is of the same value as two polished boxes, or four boxes unpolished.

But our illustration as yet is not quite complete. Let us make one supposition more. Let us suppose invented some new set of tools, which become a part of a carpenter's recognized necessities, and that by their means box-making is twice as quick a process as formerly, while the process of chair-making remains unchanged. What is the state of the case now? The cost of a polished box is the cost of but one day's work; that of an unpolished box is the cost of a half day's; while a chair, which in making still takes four days, is worth four polished boxes instead of two, and eight unpolished boxes instead of four. Our illustration is complete at last, or rather it will be

when we have qualified it as follows. First, it is essential that the new set of tools we have supposed be tools in common use among carpenters generally; else, were our carpenter the only person possessed of them the value of his boxes would be not measured by his own diminished labor, but by the labor, wholly unchanged in quantity, that would be expended in making them by any other carpenter we could apply to. Secondly, we should possibly be not strictly correct in our estimate that the tools, in doubling the carpenter's efficiency, halved the value of his boxes; for the tools, we may suppose, cost more than those they replaced, and if so their cost will affect the question, not much, indeed, but somewhat. The carpenter working with his old tools, and making with them one box a day, charged for his day—or, in other words, for his box—5s.; but his new tools cost £1 more than the old ones, and they are worn out in making two hundred and forty boxes. Thus, a pennyworth of tools, as it were, is embodied in each box, and adds to the value of the box 1d., making it 2s. 7d. instead of 2s. 6d.

The value, then, of commodities depends on the labor embodied in them, a small class only, which we have called rarities, being excepted. Whenever this fact is stated common-sense apprehends it, and though certain economists have endeavored to explain it away by various theories which we need not discuss here, all authorities now are practically agreed as to the truth of it. I have particular reasons for quoting two of the most celebrated. "To convince ourselves," says Ricardo, as quoted with approval by Mill, "that this [labor] is the real foundation of exchangeable value, let us suppose any improvement to be made in the means of abridging labor in any one of the various processes through which raw

cotton must pass before manufactured stockings come into the market to be exchanged for other things. . . . The stockings would inevitably fall in value, and command less of other things. They would fall because a less quantity of labor was necessary to their production and would therefore exchange for a smaller quantity of other things in which no such abridgment of labor had been made." Here is another passage. "Nature, by the aid of machinery, adds to utilities by making society richer; but the assistance which it affords *adds nothing to value, but always makes the latter fall.*" Let us now listen to Mill: "The natural value of some things is a scarcity value; but most things naturally exchange for one another in the ratio of their cost of production. . . . The principal of them [*i.e.*, elements of cost of production], and so much so as to be *nearly the sole, are found to be labor.*"

Does the readers think all this discussion dry? Perhaps some readers will think so. Others will think it not so much dry as unnecessary. "Why repeat it?" they will say; "we have known it since our school-days." And I myself should think it dry and unnecessary both, if it were not for one thing. This doctrine of value is not merely the respectable doctrine of those orthodox economists whom the propertied classes swear by; it is the doctrine also of those very men whose one aim, and the end of all whose reasoning, is to make these very classes cease altogether out of existence. It is the doctrine of the Socialists themselves.

But in saying this, I have not said enough. It is not only one of their doctrines out of many, it is not merely something they acquiesce in, or do not dispute. They insist on it, they dwell on it; they point to it as their primary truth—the sacred corner-stone of the new economic edifice; and Ricardo, the

writer who first formulated it, they regard as the Newton or Bacon of modern social science, and as the real, though wholly unconscious father of the prophesied revolution which is to change our life so utterly. For this reason, what I have just said about value should be dry to nobody who has not realized it before; while those to whom it has at one time been familiar, will do well, with a quickened and practical interest, to think it over very carefully again. It is the one egg out of which, all over the world, revolution, or the spirit of revolution, is hatching.—W. H. MALLOCK, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

In a thousand ways, indeed, the joy of living presses itself upon our observer, even through the dreary autumn and winter. He knows that autumn is not, as most of the world vainly imagines, the time of universal death and decay: it is rather the time of active preparation for the busy spring-tide, the period of universal growth and development. In November, we all get the garden done up, and set out the bulbs for the spring display of crocuses and tulips. In November, Nature does the self-same thing on a larger scale in her vast garden; she sets her borders everywhere in order, and drills out the bulbs of her orchids and her celandines. Her annuals, even, she sows early: our optimist looks in the hedgerows throughout the autumn months, and sees the seedlings of cleavers and wild geraniums struggling upward manfully against the frosts of evening. The snow falls upon them and covers them close; the hoar-frost nips them off and kills them down; the rain beats them dragged against the soil; but on the whole, they battle somehow through

the hard times, and reappear again in the spring months as fresh and green and sturdy as ever. Nobody, save himself, ever deigns to notice these struggles for life on the part of our poor small vegetable friends: but our optimist sees them and follows them with intensest sympathy, and rejoices with his mute brethren at last in their final victory over their stern impassive enemies.

Through the winter months, life is still ever present beside him. As soon as the swallows and the flycatchers go south to their fashionable winter-quarters on the Nile or in Algeria, he observes that the green plover has come back to England for the Christmas season; the snipe reappears on the wet moorlands and the bill of fare at the London clubs; and the monastic chaffinches congregate sadly for their winter *ménage* in celibate bands of cocks or hens, each to the utter exclusion of the opposite sex from their austere communities. As soon as the last rose of summer and the last chrysanthemum have finished blooming, the earliest wallflowers burgeon in full bud on the mouldering church tower. By mid-December the mezereon has opened its pinky blossom; before Christmas Day, the yellow jasmine mantles with its naked leafless bloom the cottage porch, the winter aconite has lifted its golden bells through the frozen soil, and the Christmas roses or white hellebores have spread their milk-white petals, somewhat dragged by rain, to the winter winds. He gathers the snowdrop before December dies: he sees an earnest of the coming spring in the hyacinths that show their stout green heads above the ground on the last morning of the old year. The wheat that was sown in October now rears its blades well above the furrow: our optimist reads in their sturdy culms the sure and certain hope of a sunshiny April and a golden July.

Old friends, too, comfort him through the gloomy season. The daisy never goes out of fashion: its period for blossoming may be succinctly stated as from the 1st of January to the 31st of December in any given year of the Calendar. The purple dead-nettle knows no wintry pause: the chickweed flowers in every month of the year: the shepherd's-purse is full of its tiny round seeds, like fairy coins, as long as the shepherd has need of its services. On his walks abroad through the wintry fields, our anonymous hero notices with joy these manifold signs of life everywhere around him: he watches the groundsel spreading its wee yellow tassels to the chilly breeze; he sees the stray beetles of January busying themselves with burly hum around the scented trusses of the winter heliotrope in the garden walks; he observes how the barren shoots of stonecrop and saxifrage grow lustily outward through the cold weather, and lay by the material in their long sprays for the tall heads of summer flowers. Every step he takes fortifies him with the thought that winter is only preparation for spring. All creation groans and travails together, and of its labor, in due season, will be born the beautiful luscious April.

By and by, the spring itself approaches: not that late spring that most men think of, but that earlier season when Nature first awakes, and the signs of her quickening press thick and fast upon us. The arum pushes up, mayhap, its tender green leaves in the first few weeks of the young year. On New Year's Day itself, peradventure, our Scholar Gipsy hears at times the robin singing the nuptial song that heralds the advent of the annual nesting. Earlier still, before the old year dies, the rooks have resought their clamorous rookeries, and at first approach of warmer weather set to work, like hotel

servants, at their noisy labor of repairing and renovating throughout the bridal chambers for the honeymoon season. In the gardens behind, he sees the polyanthus come into straggling bloom and the crocuses push up their papery sheaths, from the first birththroes of the shivering young January. Soon, the red threads of the female flower clusters spring in rich tufts on the branches of the hazel bushes; and on that self-same day that the hedge-sparrow begins to sing, the very rathest of rathe primroses flowers boldly under shelter of the naked blackthorns on the common. The thrush follows, that thrush in February, whose full song George Meredith has set to poet's music: and then the insects swarm under sunny hedges, and the gray slug creeps out once more from his short hibernation to bask in the rays of the returning sunlight. By a thousand signs our optimist knows in truth that spring is creeping on apace, that the gnats will soon be dancing in the narrow lanes, and that the daffodils and snowdrops will ere long be courting their insect lovers.

With the advent of the earliest brimstone butterfly, on the morning when the blackbird first whistles from the copse, the spring seems to be really upon us. Then the botanist knows it is time to look out for the blossoming of the celandine. To Peter Bell a yellow primrose by the river's brim was but a yellow primrose in spite of everything: to Peter Bell's creator at Rydal Mount, as to the botanist also, the lesser celandine was, and is, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It may be rude, indeed, to call it "the meanest flower that blows;" but when you add next instant that it brings you "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," you immediately apologize to it with ample reparation for your momentary rudeness. Moreover it has its

● philosophy too. The celandine is the first of the buttercups to blossom in spring, because it possesses a number of tiny tubers upon its thread-like roots which lay by from last year the stored-up material for the spring flowers, and because it nestles low among the cropped grass, without wasting anything on a tall and expensive but useless stalk. 'Thrift and economy are the secrets of its success, a simple Philistine moral which Wordsworth, if he had only known it, would have thrown with enormous delight into very choice Wordsworthian English. The bulbous buttercup, to be sure, runs it hard, for it too lays by over winter against the pressing demands of early spring; but being somewhat less richly stored with food-stuffs in its bulb, it blossoms later; and living in moist meadows, where the grass grows high even in budding spring-time, it has to waste its substance recklessly on a tall and expensive advertising stalk. Otherwise, its blossom would never be seen of flitting insects, and so would doubtless escape the needful fertilization.

Do you think all this is not matter for joy to the observant heart of the botanist? Do you think he does not feel the genuine thrill of an intense plot-interest as he watches the cuckoo-pint backing its judgment against the warping winds of March, or the colts-foot venturing to pronounce its verdict for open war against the hoar-frost of February? Do you think it is no small pleasure to him on one particular Sunday in spring to note in his yearly calendar of the seasons how to-day the first flower was seen on the yew; how to-day the field-cricket opened their tunnels in the meadows by the river; how to-day the ring-snake lay basking beside the pond; how to-day the bees buzzed busy among the scented spurs of the wild violets? His science, believe me, is not all technicalities and

crabbed latinisms: part of it is the actual and veritable joy of living. Think-est thou because thou art blind, there shall be no more primroses and cowslips? Aye, marry, and the song of the lark shall be sweet in the ears too. The world wags on in its own quaint way, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, by every copse and moor and hedgerow, whether you are there to chronicle it or not. And if you are there, and see the endless drama all unfolding itself ever fresh before you, then like the wedding guest, you cannot choose but hear, and cannot fain but be gladdened by that strange life-music.—GRANT ALLEN, in *Murray's Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

MAXIM'S MACHINE GUN.—Hiram S. Maxim is a native of Maine, born some six-and-forty years ago. He is one of the foremost inventors of this or any other age; many of his numerous patents relating to the matter of electric lighting. About six years ago he went to England upon business connected with these patents. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "his latest invention is a machine gun which, by utilizing the recoil, fires about six hundred shots per minute. . . . Maxim will soon be a name as familiar and as significant as those of Krupp and Armstrong." The *Gazette* gives an account of an interview with Mr. Maxim at his residence at Dulwich, "where he occupies an old-fashioned house, once the residence of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, standing in the midst of a three-acre inclosure, beautifully shaded in summer by fine forest trees." The interviewer asked Mr. Maxim how he happened to come into the machine gun business. Mr. Maxim answered:

"When I was only twelve years of age, my father had the idea that he could make a machine gun. Young as I was I often made drawings of such a gun for him, and when I was only sixteen I constructed a wooden model; but we could never raise sufficient money to make it in steel. My father's gun was similar in device to the machine guns which held the field prior to the appearance of

my own Maxim gun. Twenty years ago I said to my father that I believed I could make a machine gun which could be worked automatically; but he expressed a fear that I would find the obstacles very great, if not insurmountable, and for the time I dropped the notion. In truth, being kept busy with engineering engagements, I never had the opportunity of carrying out the idea until I found myself in London with two years of idle time upon my hands. I had come to Europe upon a four years' engagement as an examiner of patents on behalf of the United States Electric Light Company, and was luckily able to complete my work within two years. When I considered how I should spend the time, my thoughts instinctively turned to my machine gun idea, which had been in my mind for so many years. Having sold my electric light patents, I began upon the work in June, 1883. The first result of my study and labor was the gun, which was illustrated in the *Pall Mall Gazette* just two years ago. That gun, as you will have observed, differs considerably, in construction at least, from the gun which you saw Stanley fire. There is in the latest gun only a sixth part of the machinery there was in the original gun." "Did you think that you had attained perfection in your idea when you produced your original gun, Mr. Maxim?" "There was never a man yet that got out a machine gun," replied the inventor, "that did not show it too early. If Gatling had waited for five years longer it would have been greatly to his advantage pecuniarily. My friends urged me to demonstrate my success, and one visitor brought another, and so the gun got to be widely talked about. I don't know that I expected it to answer completely then. As it was, this early exhibition of the gun was an advantage to pirates. There are people who are trying to get round my patents now."

THE "GREAT EASTERN."—Mr. James Payn, writing to *The Independent*, thus moralizes upon the final fate of this enormous vessel, which, we understand, is to be broken up, and so utilized for old iron.

"That white elephant, the *Great Eastern*, having cost about a million of money to build, has at last been sold for £26,000. Only half of us remember her launching, which was as unlucky as the rest of her career. She was first called the *Leviathan*, which was objected to by the religious world as savoring of profanity. Then she stuck on the stocks and refused to take water. 'There go the ships, and there is that *Leviathan*,' was an observation I heard from the greatest wit

that Cambridge has ever produced, as we passed her in a Greenwich steamer. She has had explosions on board and executions from the sheriff. She has stuck on rocks. She has been seized by her own seamen for wages. She is nearly 706 feet long and weighs, without lading, 12,000 tons. I wonder that she has not broken her own back as well as that of every one who has to do with her. Only two harbors in England can hold her. I once asked one of her captains how he felt in command of so magnificent a vessel. 'Deuced uncomfortable,' was his reply; 'she is too big; it is impossible for any one man to tell what is amiss with her.' The one thing she has proved good at, and even remunerative, is laying Atlantic cables; but such an opportunity does not occur every day; it is like that of making glasses for eclipses—very intermittent. Still she is a noble vessel, and I should like to have her to entertain my friends on board for a week or so, and finally to sell to an enemy."

DUTIES OF AMERICAN MINISTERS ABROAD.

—Mr. G. W. Smalley, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* says—and we suppose that no one will have any difficulty in supplying the name of the Minister referred to:—

"I once heard a criticism made on an American Minister who had served abroad with distinction to himself, and credit to his Government. A certain measure of undeserved unpopularity was his reward at home, and when I asked the reason the answer was, that he had sought to cultivate the good-will of the people among whom he lived rather than of his own. In vain I asked whether this was not one of the objects for which we sent envoys into foreign parts. The inexorable patriot with whom I was conversing replied sternly that the first duty of a public servant was to be acceptable to the public whom he served. I did not pursue the controversy, but I may say here that I do not think this is a true account of the matter. The American public knows very well that the first condition of efficiency in a Foreign Minister is ability to get on with the officials and the people among whom his lot is cast. Nor is our diplomatic service arranged on a principle likely to expose a Minister for too long a period to the corrupting influences, if such there be, of life in European capitals. We have, however, not yet come to the point of electing our diplomats by popular suffrage, nor are their relations to the community quite the same as those of an alderman to his constituents."

BYZANTINISM AND HELLENISM.

Nowadays, it necessitates a certain amount of culture and demands a certain mental effort, to enable an inhabitant of Western Europe to realize the state of society in which the Byzantine Empire was compelled to play a part. At present the question is no longer how Christendom is to be defended against Asiatic hordes, but how England and Russia are to partition between them the work of subjecting Asia. European civilization has no longer to face any enemy from without; the danger to her life is one which she has bred in her own vitals—that spirit of revolution which is as a worm that dieth not within the frame of modern society itself. Hence the difficulty, to those reared amid such a state of things, of bringing home to themselves what was meant by the invasions of barbarians. The very rumor of their approach spread like an earthquake of terror. "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." Wherever they settled, prosperity and peace were replaced by barbarism. This is the picture which must be realized before it is possible to realize also with what the Byzantine Empire was called upon to contend.

Moreover, there is no use in denying, with regard to the Empire itself, that whatever may have been the advantages which it sometimes gained in the struggle, the very contact with such adversaries was beyond all doubt harmful. It was impossible that a state of everlasting contention against foreign enemies destitute of any element of civilization, or sometimes even of any capacity for it, should prove a means for developing among the subjects of the Empire those political virtues for the want of which Western writers are

so fond of condemning them. If we are to judge the subjects of the Byzantine Empire, not indulgently but justly, either by a political or a moral standard, it is necessary to keep in view what were the causes which produced their faults. Above all, it is necessary to view them side by side with their own contemporaries in other countries. It is not fair to compare them with that glorious antiquity after which they came, or to contrast them with whatever we may admire most in the political or moral development of the European world of to-day, which they preceded, and the foundations of which were so largely their work. The very name of "the Lower Empire," in the Western mind, is invested with an idea of certain despicable characteristics.

The fact is, that the blame for creating this popular idea of the Byzantine Empire must rest in great measure upon two eminent writers, both of whom were inspired by the philosophy of the last century, and both of whom did a great deal to call the attention of modern Europe to the history of the Greek Empire. The two writers are Montesquieu and Gibbon. It would be an impertinence on my part to arraign the work of these great authors, were it not for three facts. These are, firstly, the admitted truth that history is like every other science, in this respect, that she moves toward perfection by progressive development; secondly, that it has only been within this century that the true science of historical criticism has even begun to be applied to history in general; and, lastly, that the Byzantine era is precisely one of the least known and most obscure of the fields of historical study. And so it is that at the present day Montesquieu and Gibbon mould the judgment formed upon the Byzantine world by a great many people, who know nothing about Mediæval Greece from any other source.

Montesquieu's treatment of the history of the Byzantine Empire is both superficial and prejudiced. He informs us generally that

"from the period of Phocas onward, the history of the Greek Empire is a mere tissue of rebellion, conspiracy, and treachery . . . One revolution begot another, until the effect became itself the cause. The Greeks had seen so many different families mounting the throne one after another that at last they became indifferent to them all, and fortune had found Emperors in men of so many divers sorts and conditions that no origin was too vile and no deserts too slight to suffice to cut off all hope. . . . The Emperors were led by the nose by the monks and-priests, who became all-powerful after their triumph over the Iconoclasts. . . . And if any one will compare the Greek clergy with the Latin clergy, and the conduct of the Popes with that of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, he will see on the one side men as wise as those on the other were silly."

These quotations are in themselves quite enough. As for the reasons by which Montesquieu proposes to explain the fact that the Byzantine Empire lasted for more than a millennium, they are simply self-contradictory. The principal seems to him to be the chemical invention used especially in naval warfare, and commonly known as the "Greek fire," and the second is maritime and commercial supremacy. But if the Greek sailors and soldiers had been cowards and fools, of what use would the Greek fire have been in their hands? Who won and kept the supremacy of the seas? And would commerce have flourished in the absence of the elements of power, of order, and of enlightened administration? The truth is, that it has only been by enveloping the shallowness of his historical judgments upon Christian and Imperial Constantinople in the glittering phantasmagoria of a witty style and an audacious dogmatism that Montesquieu has succeeded so largely in inducing posterity to swallow his aphorisms.

No such reproach can be cast at Gibbon. That great writer, with much skill and—making all due allowance for the peculiarities of his style—with manly and incisive eloquence, has drawn the history of the Byzantine Empire, in that monumental work, whose dimensions are yet all too cramped for the extent and variety of his matter. The value of this celebrated book, however, is injuriously affected by his partiality and the manner in which he has allowed his judgment to be biased by his prejudices.

Gibbon indeed may be said to have written the history of the Eastern Empire with the express aim and object of propounding and supporting his own preconceived ideas. The fundamental principle of his theory of history is that Christianity was the cause alike of the ruin of ancient civilization, of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and of all the misery and darkness of the Middle Ages. In fact, in the last pages of his work, he says formally and in so many words:—"I have described the triumph of barbarism and religion." The conjunction which couples the two last substantives is a sufficient demonstration of what his theory of history was. He viewed the Christian and Hellenized polity which occupied the throne of the Caesars at New Rome as chiefly responsible for the result he bewailed, and consequently he never loses an opportunity of decrying the Mediæval Greek world.

However, Gibbon's theory of history, where it appears biased by admiration for success and worship of mere strength, is but one instance of a feature only too characteristic of the English mind. Not only the way in which Gibbon has written of us, but many a phase of the sentiment and action of the English people toward us, can be explained by the same trait. I shall not take upon myself to describe it. One of them-

selves, even a prophet of their own, has said what it is, to my hand. Gibbon is not alone in supplying an exhibition of it in his treatment of Greece. Carlyle and Froude have applied it to Poland and to Ireland; and here is what a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1873, says about it, in discussing Mr. Froude's *English in Ireland*:—

"The dominant principle that Mr. Froude carries into the consideration of our relations with Ireland for the last seven centuries, is what is known as the Imperial idea—that is, that a strong, bold, courageous race has a sort of natural right to invade the territory, of weak, semi-civilized, distracted races, and undertake the task of governing them in the best way possible, without any consideration for their rights or feelings. The conception is akin to the passion of the hour for men of blood and iron. We are taught that vigor and fortitude are to compensate always and in all circumstances for rapacity and faithlessness; that force of character must cover a multitude of sins; that the feeble are as bad as the false; and our admiration is claimed for the deeds of an Attila or a Tamerlane rather than for those of a Wilberforce or a Howard. This is the familiar philosophy of Mr. Carlyle, who glorifies force and justifies all its crimes. Mr. Froude is evidently one of his most ardent disciples. . . . It is not many years since the former likened Ireland to a rat and England to an elephant whose business 'it was to squelch the rat on occasion.' In his life of Frederic, Carlyle tells us that just as when a man has filled the measure of his crimes, we 'hang him and finish him to the general satisfaction,' so a nation like Poland, fallen into the depths of decay, must be disposed of by some similar process. The misfortune is, however, that though you can finish a man on the gallows, it is impossible to finish a nation in the same way. We shall presently trace the fruits of this teaching in the work of Mr. Froude. If we are to accept the historic guidance of either, we must submit to have evil turned into good at the bidding of genius, and the verdicts of history wantonly reversed, while the faculty of discerning the true from the false will be everywhere sensibly weakened. The doctrine of force is profoundly immoral, and opposed to every principle of English freedom, and to every generous impulse of sympathy with the oppressed."

This witness is true.

But, besides all this, I do not believe that Gibbon was superior to that traditional antipathy which began to make itself manifest as soon as the natives of Greece and of Italy came face to face, an antipathy which the religious differences of the two Romes ultimately brought to a climax, and the conduct of the Crusaders has rendered lasting up to the present hour. As Gibbon himself says, speaking even of the Fourth Century:—

"The natives of Italy affected to despise the servile and effeminate Greeks of Byzantium, who presumed to imitate the dress, and to usurp the dignity, of Roman Senators: and the Greeks had not yet forgotten the sentiments of hatred and contempt, which their polished ancestors had so long entertained for the rude inhabitants of the West."

From that time forth appeared the first indications which threatened religious division. These differences were fostered as much by antipathies of race as by the claims to supremacy made by the Popes of Rome. The separation occasioned by the struggle between Ignatius and Photius was indeed healed, but the rent caused by the excommunication of Michael Kerularios has proved to be one which time has hitherto failed to close for any enduring period.

I am not going to undertake an examination of the question of the schism. I only mention the subject because it is one of the causes of the mutual hatred which has existed between the East and the West. The abuse which we first find in Latin writers, and which Old and New Rome continued throughout the whole of the Middle Ages to exchange with fresh additions and renewed violence, does no credit to either side. Supposing that some philosopher belonging to some newly-created and altogether alien race, and absolutely free from prejudice one way or the

other, could ever be called on to form a perfectly unbiased historical judgment upon the controversy between the Greeks and the Latins, upon no evidence except the contemporary monuments of each side, he would probably find it hard to decide which of them best deserved the abuse of the other. It is the misfortune of the Greek party that no such ideal historian has ever arisen to make an examination of the real facts. If Western Christendom had fallen during the Middle Ages, and Eastern Christendom had survived, so as to have had the telling of the story all her own way, and the world had been unable to learn anything about it except what it could obtain from Byzantine sources, traditions, and points of view, it is the reputation of the Latins instead of that of the Greeks which would have suffered. But the fact has been the other way. The East fell four hundred years ago, and was thereby silenced. The West survived; and has had all the talk its own way ever since.

After all, we must not forget such parallel cases as the rivalries of race which have divided and do still divide the other European nations among themselves, such as the ancient enmity between England and France, and the hatred between the French and Germans. We must remember that sentiments of exclusiveness and jealousy of foreigners are the characteristics of what we have been taught to call the civilized world. We can only hope for an increase of knowledge and a spread of civilization in the best sense of the word, and that, as means of inter-communication are multiplied, the contact of nations one with another may gradually efface the result of traditions begotten in ignorance and in barbarism. As far as we are ourselves concerned, we may well welcome as a forecast of such a transformation the

impartial judgment which we now begin sometimes to find in the more learned and critical of the Western writers, when discussing Byzantine Hellenism.

But here we may well ask the question, How far is Hellenism responsible for the faults of Byzantinism?

I do not propose to call in question here the measure of solidarity which united Hellenism with Byzantinism. But I wish to call particular attention to a fact of which we must not lose sight, viz., that during the Byzantine period Hellenism was subject to a remarkable modification.

The conquests of Philip and Alexander the Great, and the consequences which had followed them, had had the effect of widely extending the sphere of Hellenism in the East. This extension received a new and much wider impulse from the unity of government which the Roman Empire was able to impose upon what was then reckoned the whole civilized world. Then came Christianity, which borrowed from Hellenism its language, and so much else besides, and again most powerfully contributed to spread the influence of Greek letters and culture far beyond the limits which geography would have naturally assigned to them. In the end, the Greek language was spoken as far as the Danube on the North, and Armenia and the Euphrates on the East, and all these Greek-speaking countries were gradually united into a sort of mixed world, which constituted the Byzantine Empire. This diffusion of Hellenism, however, was accomplished at a cost to the pure Hellenic element somewhat similar to that suffered by a glass of undiluted wine when poured into a pitcher of water. The pitcher contains, indeed, a larger amount of liquid, and of a liquid in which are clearly perceptible the color and taste of wine; but the color is pale

and the taste insipid. It has needed the chemistry of ages, it has cost the distillation of centuries of grief and suffering, to eliminate again from the feeble dilution of the Empire the pure Hellenic element as it is once more this day, freed from Byzantine adulteration, strong and sound.

What is certain is, that it was only after the decline of the Byzantine Empire had begun, that the Byzantine people began to call themselves Hellenes and their monarchs Emperors of the Hellenes. Until then, the autocrats were termed *Augusti* and *Emperors of Rome*, and their subjects were styled *Romans*. This custom has proved so deep-rooted that it not only still survives as the universal usage of the East, but even in such writers as Byron we find the Hellenic language termed *Roman* ("Romaic"). At the same time, the inhabitants of Hellas proper were not called Hellenes, but *Helladikoi* and the ancient and glorious word *Hellen* was employed (by a usage possibly imitated from the New Testament) in a depreciatory sense, to indicate an *idolater*. Moreover, it was the East which was, as it were, the body-constituent of the Empire, and, although some few of the Emperors married Athenian women, they were themselves by origin all either Thracians, or Armenians, or Isaurians, or Cappadocians; here was not a single Athenian or Spartan among them, or one sprung from any other purely Hellenic stock.

But while the true Hellas, properly so-called, was thus thrust into the background, the use of her language preserved and propagated the spirit of Hellenism. Of this new Hellenism Constantinople was the capital, as she became also the center where the ancient traditions were preserved. The learned, who there studied the masterpieces of the classical intellect and endeavored in vain to imitate them, were the true

heirs of Greek antiquity, imperfect as might be the ties of race which joined them to Pericles or Philopoimen. Those who, when Constantinople fell, fled from the ruin, bearing with them the treasures of the wisdom of their ancient forefathers, well deserved the name of Hellenes by which they styled themselves. It was likewise no violation of historical continuity, while it was a proof of the solidarity which Byzantinism had effected with Hellenism, that during the slow ages of slavery, the longing of the Hellenes gathered round the Church of the Eternal Wisdom.

But it is time now to look at this solidarity, which undoubtedly united Byzantinism and Hellenism, and to examine it in the light of scientific history. It is time to draw the line between the two elements, and to assign to each what portion of the whole is its due. If such an examination be made with both knowledge and justice, the result will be to show that it was not its Hellenic element which was responsible for the shortcomings of the Byzantine Empire. The truth was, that the Roman Empire was dying out, when it had the good fortune to be absorbed in the life of Greece, and derived from that union a renewed energy, which gave it another millennium of existence. The protraction of the Roman Empire for that additional period was a blessing to civilization and to mankind. On the other hand, Hellas indeed for a while regenerated the worn-out frame of the Italian autocracy by thus sharing with it the blood of her own strong vitality, but the transfusion cost her an epoch of exhaustion and prostration from the effects of which she has not yet completely recovered. And this exhaustion meant, in her case, the repression, for a while, of some of her most precious characteristics.

The principal fault which has been found with the Empire of which New Rome was the capital, has been that there was no *people*. It is said that the political edifice rested upon only two foundations, viz., the Imperial Court and the Patriarchal Court; an Emperor waited upon by a gang of eunuchs on the one side, and a Hierarchy supported by an army of monks upon the other; nothing between the two—no patriotism, no nation, no people. Now, it is quite true that the constituent elements of the Byzantine Empire were very different from those which had formed the strength either of the old Greek States or of the old Roman Commonwealth. The State was no longer composed, as in them, of a body of free citizens. These had been no more free citizens since the day when Rome, finding herself mistress of the world, had been pleased to commit her power to the hands of one Imperator, and her victorious eagles darkened with the shadow of their wings the surface of what was then considered the whole civilized world. It is quite true that the theory of the Imperial Monarchy at Constantinople was, from the very beginning, a compound of the traditions of the Elder Rome on the one hand, and of the ideas of an Oriental despotism upon the other. But it ought not to be forgotten that this Imperial Monarchy, although it was absolute, was not unlimited.

"The authority exercised by the Senate," attests Finlay, "the powers possessed by Synods and General Councils of the Church, and the importance often attached by the Emperors to the ratification of their laws by *silentia* and popular assemblies, mark a change in the Byzantine Empire, in strong contrast with the earlier military Empire of the Romans. The highest power in the State had been transferred from the army to the laws of the Empire—no inconsiderable step in the progress of political civilization. The influence of those feelings of humanity which resulted from this change, are visible in the

mild treatment of many unsuccessful usurpers and dethroned Emperors."

As a matter of fact, the Church, the Senate, and the prevailing respect for Law, were always able to oppose a barrier, which was usually insurmountable, to the individual vagaries of autocracy upon the part of the Emperors. And more than this. Any one who studies the history of the dynastic intrigues and internal dissensions of the Empire, will observe that the mass of the people did not always stand aloof from politics, that they never abdicated altogether their rights in the direction of public affairs, but took an active part in nearly all these changes, and, moreover, that the cause espoused by them was generally the rightful one. Thus it came to pass that many of the worst Emperors were deposed by the popular indignation, and that most of those who were raised to the supreme dignity by the voice of the popular choice were among the best princes who did honor to the throne of Constantine. I may cite as an instance of the one sort, the first dethronement of the insane savage Justinian II.; and of the other, the elevation of Anastasius II.

The popular voice made itself especially heard in the Hippodrome, where it was all the more powerful on account of the guilds into which the people were divided. It was there, to use the language of Rambaud, that—

"the Byzantine people made and unmade Emperors; there that justice was administered and the guilty punished, and that triumphs were celebrated over barbarians and rebels, there that the masses gazed upon the wonders of art and of nature; there, in short, that their superstitious and their religious feelings, their love of glory and their love of the beautiful, found free scope."

When the populace found themselves gathered in the Hippodrome and there realized their own power, they forgot the sports, and proclaimed their own will, with the frequent result of obtain-

ing it. Their will was not always wise or right, and such a form for manifesting it cannot be taken as a model. We look in vain in the Hippodrome of Constantinople for any representative of the Pnyx or of the Roman Senate. But if Gibbon had had as wide an experience as history has afforded since his day, of what popular and social movements may become, he would not have selected the Byzantine people of Constantinople as peculiarly open to the reproach of being "devoid of any rational principles of freedom." The true question is, whether they displayed that indifference to the fate of their country which is too often imputed to them; and which, when it really exists, is the last symptom of a nation's decadence.

But it is said that the Byzantine people had no patriotism. The high and intense feeling of the ancient patriotism which the Greeks of this century again so nobly displayed during the War of Independence, was not and could not be the sentiment of the subjects of the Empire. They were the inhabitants of divers and distant countries, although all alike were more or less Hellenized. They looked to Constantinople as a center, and on religion as the chief bond of unity. For them the idea of Fatherland was concentrated in the Imperial Labaron and in the Cross with its Greek inscription — "*ἐν τῷ νίκῃ*" — "Herein is victory." The Labaron and the Cross were the double standard, for which they were ready to die in the field, and on which they centered their national feeling. In such a sense as this, there was certainly patriotism at Byzantium. It was the love of that second Fatherland of which M. Thiers spoke when he said, on May 4, 1873—"There are two Fatherlands. One is the soil. The other is the moral and public order, the great political and social

truths. These form a Fatherland not less important than the material earth on which we have been born."

I am not going to attempt to justify or even to defend the excessive place occupied by theological questions in the life of Byzantine society. Never-ceasing disputes, now about a word and now about a syllable, have not added to the glory of the Empire, nor did the importance of the part assumed by monks contribute little to its decline. Perhaps these controversies assumed a position of greater comparative importance at Constantinople because a people confessedly so intellectual and so cultured found in them a field for the exercise of mental activity which was not opened to them by printing or newspapers, or telegrams from all parts of the globe, or General Elections, or Parliamentary Debates. Probably, however, this had little to do with the matter. In the midst of all these distractions, we do not find that religion ceases to be an object of public interest.

And yet, the question of truth in religion, which touches the life of every individual citizen not only in things temporal but also in things eternal, and which profoundly touches the State as the agglomeration of individuals, touched the Byzantine State and the worldly life of the Byzantine subject far more deeply than it touches most States and most individuals. They had to make the Church strong. Her unity was universally regarded as forming, along with the unity of the States, the very foundation upon which rested the prosperity and even the preservation of the latter. The Latins were not the first adversaries against whom the Church had to contend. The classical paganism itself still existed till the latter part of the Ninth Century, when the Mass at last embraced Christianity in the reign of

Basil I. (the Macedonian). Next came the heresies, which were not less menacing to the civil and ecclesiastical unity, even where they did not, as in the blackest cases, threaten the existence of Christianity itself. Lastly, arose a new and implacable adversary in the shape of Papal Rome, which gave a semi-religious character to every attack which was made by the West. The intimate union of ecclesiastical questions with those of both domestic and foreign policy was a fact to which it was impossible for the public to remain blind or the government indifferent. While, however, this national or political element was certainly a feature in the religious questions which agitated Byzantine society, it is impossible from a purely religious point of view to deny the services rendered by that society to the cause of the Christian religion, or to dispute that the action taken in such questions was generally dictated by the very highest motives, and that the faith and love which found their center in the New Rome have to-day their wide and their abiding results in the existing condition of the Christian world.

The unity of the Church was saved by the Councils. These assemblies protected her from the heresies, defined her doctrine, and ratified her organization. The territory of the Byzantine Empire was the scene in which the Councils met. Their conduct was animated from first to last by the keenness of the Greek intellect, which, now clothed in its Byzantine phase, here offered to the service of the Gospel the same natural and national gifts which had once produced all that was best in the thought of the old Hellenic world. Nor was the confutation of heresy the sole consequence of the Councils. "It was by them," says Chateaubriand, "that there were first

developed the idea and presented the example of One Universal Society, whose members exist in all countries, consist of all races, and are loyally subject to all lawful governments, but which is itself independent of all civil governments—a society which is of all peoples, and of no people, which sends delegates from any part of the planet to meet together to speak of nothing but of the relation between man and God."

Thus, Christianity owed to the Byzantine Government the protection which enabled her to define the dogmatic system of her belief. It was equally under the protection of the Byzantine Government that the world was able to assume the form of Christian Society, and the Church to direct and regulate the activity of her lay element. It was under this same protection that the machinery of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy was put into shape, that doctrinal teaching received its unity, and the Christian world the sacred legislation of the Canons. It was the Byzantine Government which settled the relations between Church and State. It was the Byzantine Empire also which resisted from the very first, the political pretensions of the Popes. If we are of opinion that Christianity is the principal foundation of modern civilization, we certainly owe some gratitude to the Empire which enabled it to assume an organized form, and which contributed so much to diffuse it.

It is needful to keep these things in mind before pronouncing judgment—and especially an unfavorable judgment—upon the position occupied by ecclesiastical matters in the Byzantine Empire. Moreover, the mutual attitude of Church and State, under that Empire, had not the character commonly attributed to it. The combination of these two elements, of which

some writers are so fond of talking, was not chronic. It was not the normal state of things for the Patriarch to be the tool of the Emperor, or for the Emperor to be the slave of the Patriarch. On the contrary, history has reserved the record of plenty of cases where the jealousy of the civil or of the ecclesiastical powers for their respective independence, brought them into something very like collision. In fact, the truth is that the annals of the Byzantine Empire bear more traces than do those of many modern European nations of a continued effort to put in practice the celebrated principle enunciated in Italy by Cavour:—“*Chiesa libera in Stato libero*—a free Church in a Free State.” Nevertheless, I have already admitted that I think that the population of the Empire sometimes devoted an excessive amount of attention to the discussions of theologians, and that there were periods when the development of monasticism was anything but beneficial to the state. Such was the case when the number of monasteries was increased to excess, and their walls were filled with citizens who were thus allowed to elude the fulfillment of their duties to the state. The monastic habit itself became degraded, when the Civil Power enforced its adoption as a punishment, to insure the withdrawal from the world of those of whom the government desired to be rid. The clergy became a danger to the state, when they found many to listen to the doctrine, that all war is sinful because it leads to homicide; and, when conquered armies sought in their sins the sole explanation of their disasters, the hour of decadence had struck. In the face of such things I cannot dispute the opinion of Gibbon, when he says that the clergy became one of the main causes of the fall of New Rome, and that some of the fruits of forms of

devotion which found protection under the shadow of monasticism “seriously affected the reason, the faith, and the morals of the Christians. Their credulity debased and vitiated the faculties of the mind; they corrupted the evidence of history; and superstition gradually extinguished the hostile light of philosophy and science.”

At the same time, historic truth demands for the members of the monastic order the just praise which they earned by spreading Christianity among the barbarous nations, and with the Christian religion, spreading and preserving Christian civilization. The Byzantine monks went forth to preach the Gospel, but, as they toiled in this Divine work of mercy, they composed alphabets and taught letters and arts. It was they who raised and guided the barbarous populations who surrounded the Empire, to the development of social organization. Thus, for instance, the Slavonic language was reduced to writing by the two Greek monks Cyril and Methodius; and Greek monks were the teachers of Ulphilas, the principal apostle and civilizer of the Goths. This extension of Christianity and of civilization affected the Empire itself, not only by becoming a means of exercising influence over foreign nations, but also by forming in itself a bond of internal unity. The champions of monasticism have certainly the right to plead these things as a set-off against any unhappy results produced at a late period by some developments of the system. The free Greece of to-day, moreover, can never forget her everlasting debt to the monasteries of her Church, which were centers of national life and national culture, as well as of national religion, during the ages of her bondage.

It is quite true that the Greeks were at first overcome by the invasion of the Latins, but the fact that their resistance

to them was ultimately crowned with success is a proof that they had not been deprived of military capacity by the catastrophe which the assault of the Crusaders had brought upon the Empire. On the contrary, the warlike ability shown by the National Government established at Nice, in contrast to the paralytic incapacity of the Latin dynasty enthroned at Constantinople, demonstrates that in the very hour of their weakness the Byzantine people were still comparatively strong, and is the simple explanation of the ease and speed with which they resumed possession of the ancient capital.

While, however, the Byzantine Empire possessed a military organization and a class of the population subject to enlistment, the army formed a separate body in the general class of the people. The citizens and the soldiers were distinct, the ordinary run of the laboring and trading classes had ceased to look upon themselves as the natural defenders of their own hearths and of the independence of their country. This feeling greatly facilitated the recruitment of foreigners and prevented the natives from looking upon such enrollments as either a trespass upon their rights or a danger to their independence; to them they appeared rather in the light of a convenience and a means of escaping the performance of a tiresome duty. The employment of these auxiliaries had indeed some advantages; but when a nation delegates to mercenaries the duty of protecting it, it is opening a path to the loss of its own independence. Mercenaries fought on the Carthaginian side at that battle by the Metaurus which crushed forever the haughty rival of the Elder Rome.

Thus it came to pass that under the dominion of the Byzantine Government the ordinary private subject became more and more inclined to leave to the

army the defence of the frontiers and often of his own very home. As regards the internal policy of the country, he learned to leave everything entirely to the Court of Constantinople. He thus became more and more estranged from all affairs of state, and the domain of religion afforded for the exercise of his natural activity a field which was both useless and dangerous. The system of centralization which was the basis of the Byzantine Government, did a great deal to hasten the fall of the Empire. Constantinople became a sink into which the wealth of the provinces was drained, and which claimed to their detriment an overwhelming share of the attention of the Emperor. Treasures which would have served to render armies efficient and provinces happy were often squandered to furnish amusements for the inhabitants of the capital or to feed the luxurious splendor of the Imperial Court. Thus it was that political life ceased to exist in those very spots where its development had once been the most intense. The nations who constituted the population of the Empire became no longer capable of opposing even moral obstacles to neutralize the causes of internal decay. The material resources which enabled them to resist external foes were exhausted by the protracted centuries of conflict. They were subjected at length to the common law of destruction, and had to drain the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

The history of the Byzantine Empire ought to be a lesson of great price for modern states. It is a lesson in especial which ought to be before the eyes of my fellow-countrymen. They love to take the ancient past as their only rule and their only model, but to apply the lessons of that epoch of glory is a task less practical than to profit by those of the Middle Ages. It is true, that it is the aim of the Greek world

of to-day to purify itself from everything foreign, to fall back upon its own resources and to keep its eyes constantly fixed upon its own origin, with small heed to the twenty centuries which separate it from the time of Pericles or of Alexander. But it has been precisely in these centuries that has been formed the Hellenic world which exists to-day, the new, the Christian Hellas. The Byzantine Empire also was reared upon the Christianized Hellenism, and it is by carefully observing what were the causes which produced the rise, the greatness, the decline, and the fall of that Empire that we shall see how to steer clear of the rocks upon which it made shipwreck. Thank God, it cannot be asserted that the decline and fall of the Greek Empire were due to any fault in the people. The people lacked no quality which creates the greatness of states. The fall of the Empire was the result of causes within, which hindered the due exercise of the virtues of the people, and of attacks from without, which it met manfully as long as it had strength left to stand, but before which it fell at last exhausted, conquered, but not dishonored, not like a slave offering his neck to the hangman, but like a soldier who dies upon the field of battle with his sword in his hand and his face to the enemy.

—Δημητριος Βικελας, in *The Scottish Review*.

THE TENTH OF MOUHAREM.

On the tenth day of the Mussulman month of Mouharem is celebrated in Persia, and in all cities where a Persian colony exists, a religious ceremony, the mystic rites and sanguinary ferocity of which must be without a parallel. I

shall, before attempting to describe this pageant, place before the reader the principal incidents in the story of the life and death of the two saints, viz., "Iman" Hassan and "Iman" Hussein, in honor of whom, and in commemoration of whose tragic end, this celebration is annually observed. Without such a prelude those unacquainted with this portion of Moslem history would be at a loss to understand and to fully appreciate the motive and meaning of this wild ceremony. The facts, for the veracity of which history can vouch, are as follows:

Fatmah, the daughter of Mohammed, wedded Ali, the prophet's favorite companion and bosom friend; the fruits of this marriage were two sons, to whom the names Hassan and Hussein were respectively given. On the office of caliph becoming vacant, in the year 660 A. D., in consequence of the assassination of Ali, Yezid, the son of Muhavijeh, who now ruled over the whole of the vast dominions of Islam, with the exception of Medina and Mecca and the Persian province of which Bagdad and Kyufféh were the chief cities, disputed the claims of Hassan and Hussein to this high post, and notwithstanding the renouncement of his rights by the former Yezid caused him to be poisoned, a more tragic death being reserved for the younger and surviving brother.

Hussein now withdrew to Medina, and only after having remained in exile for twenty years was induced to return and endeavor to establish his claims, the Kyufféh tribes promising their aid and support, and by means of a numerously signed petition leading Hussein to believe that all were tired of Yezid's tyranny and would welcome his rival with open arms. When, however, the long-absent exile approached Kerbellah he found the surrounding

country in the hands of Yezid's forces and the movement set on foot by his partisans already suppressed.

A large body of troops now prevented the onward march of Hussein, and to complete the disaster the as yet unsubdued remaining Kyuffeh tribes now treacherously abstained from the fulfillment of their promise, and in the hour of need the aspirant to the office of his ancestors found himself entirely dependent on his own small force.

Hussein now expressed his intention of returning to Medina, it being clearly evident that the tribes at whose invitation he had come to take possession of the caliphate no longer desired him as their ruler and spiritual chief. Yezid, however, was determined to exterminate Hussein and his little band of faithful followers, and ordered his general, Amer, to cut off their communications with the River Euphrates, so as to deprive them of water. This being accomplished, Amer demanded the surrender of the now famished band, twelve hours being allowed Hussein to decide whether he would capitulate or fight to the bitter end.

During the night the prophet appeared unto Hussein in a vision, saying, "Thou shalt rest with us." Morning broke, and the doomed martyr now calmly prepared for the coming struggle, the result of which could only be death to Hussein and his band, for they in all numbered only forty foot and thirty horse, already half-dead from fatigue and thirst, while the opposing forces were computed at four thousand fighting men.

The morning devotions having been performed, the battle now began, Hussein bearing in his hand the Koran, and crying in a loud voice, "My protector is God, who sent down the book, and He will be the protector of the righteous." At first fortune seemed to favor the smaller force, for the

heroic martyr and his men fought with the fearlessness and desperation of lions. The fight raged fiercely until noon, when a cessation of hostilities was allowed for the recital of the mid-day prayer. After this short interval the battle once more began with terrible ferocity, and soon the brave little band was cut to pieces, Hussein's eldest son being killed before his eyes. Amer and the more compassionate of his men would have spared their noble adversary, but the more brutal followers of Yezid would not permit of such leniency, and determined to kill the now exhausted hero. Javelins were hurled and arrows shot at the still defiant warrior, and it was not till he fell pierced by thirty-two wounds that he expired. His head was now severed from his body and conveyed to Yezid, by whom it was received with savage exultation. "It was observed that a light streamed upward from the lifeless head and extended toward the heavens, white doves hovering round." The body was buried at Kerbellah, which city has ever since been regarded with the utmost veneration and reverence by all Persians and Thiahs, large numbers of whom annually visit the mausoleum of the martyred saint. Kerbellah has been and still is the favorite burial ground of the Persians, their remains being transported thither from all parts of the world.

I will now endeavor to give an account of the "Passion Play" as witnessed by myself last year.

Having often heard of the Mouhareem festival, and being resident in Constantinople, which boasts of a large Persian colony, I determined to avail myself of an opportunity which offered itself of viewing this weird and blood-thrilling pageant, which to Europeans must seem as barbarous as it is held sacred by the Persian devotees, who participate in its sanguinary and painful rites

with a fervor and zeal beyond all comprehension.

Accompanied by an English friend who, like the writer, was eager to become initiated into the mysteries of this survival of past ages, I left Pera and started for Stamboul, crossing the pontoon-bridge which connects Galata with the opposite shore of the Golden Horn, and after a brisk walk of ten minutes' duration, arrived at the entrance of the large building known as "Validéh Khan," where the Persians of Constantinople have established their head-quarters, and where the ceremony is annually held. For some few moments we were unable to gain admittance, owing to the vast and disorderly crowd which pressed around the doors, it requiring the utmost energy and perseverance on the part of the guard stationed at the entrance to prevent the surging mass of human beings from forcibly penetrating into the inner court, which was already crowded to excess. At last, thanks to the united efforts of the soldiers and a ferocious-looking Persian, who, armed with a stout lash, rained blows thick and fast on all within reach, the crowd gave way and with a few other Europeans we were able to gain ingress.

We now found ourselves in a large square inclosure, formed by the four walls of the Khan. Some wooden edifices built in a circular form occupied the center, leaving a wide open space which extended round the interior of the building. Along the inner walls were situated shops, stalls and living rooms, in front of which were hung festooned and exquisitely arranged chandeliers and lamps, of beautifully colored glass; from each glass hung suspended a small glass banner, on which was painted a portrait of His Majesty the Shah. Behind these many lights were placed large mirrors, which added to the brilliancy of the already

brilliant luster. Sofas were placed near the lamps, and Persian carpets and rugs were scattered about in rich confusion; black draperies were also conspicuously prominent among the decorations. The owner of each shop or stall received all who cared to avail themselves of his hospitality with a courteous grace and affable bearing, truly Oriental. We hastened to respond to the kind invitation of one of these traders, the situation of whose shop promised to afford a good view of the procession. The line on both sides of the open space was kept by the troops of the Turkish Imperial Guards, a fine body of men, nearly all being above six feet in height.

On looking round we perceived that, like ourselves, many had flocked there to satisfy the craving for "something new," which nowadays seems to possess one and all; and to those disgusted with the never-changing routine of life in a European capital the sight must have been a diversion and a novelty.

I may venture to state, without being accused of hyperbole, that the majority of the civilized and semi-civilized peoples of the four continents were here represented, Persians being of course present in large numbers. Afghans, Turcomans, Bokharristes, Indians, and other Asian tribes in their quaint and picturesque costumes afforded a goodly contingent; Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, ferocious Albanians and wild Montenegrins, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen and Jews, Englishmen, Americans, and Levantines, were here massed together in the most bewildering confusion and fanciful chaos. The weaker sex was, I regret to say, in force, a proof that the fair are fast becoming callous to suffering; and therefore, more and more fitted for those professions and callings which have up to,

the present been monopolized by their sterner fellow-creatures, and of which the exercise has as yet been, apparently wrongly, considered as incompatible with the delicacy of feeling and the sensitiveness of constitution of the more interesting half of society. The sound of fifes and muffled drums now warned us that the procession had arrived at the entrance of the building, and in a few moments we caught sight of the large torches which, carried on long poles, cast a lurid glare on the scene.

The procession has now fairly entered the Khan and slowly approaches us; behind the torches walk with slow and stately stride the Persian Mollahs, who chant in low, mournful strains the praise of the departed saints. Immediately following on their footsteps come some thirty or forty young men, lightly clad in black garments, with backs and shoulders bared to the skin. Each one bears a knotted bunch of fine steel chain attached to a wooden handle, and resembling in form a tassel; with this weapon they incessantly rain fearful blows on the exposed portion of the flesh; the skin of many is terribly bruised and lacerated, and it is impossible to refrain from admiring the steadiness, fortitude and precision with which they all, without exception, inflict on themselves this excruciating torture.

Next, borne aloft on the shoulders of four stalwart men, and seated in a sort of palankin, is a youth, also clad in a costume of somber hue; he chants wildly and throws handfuls of straw on the heads of the assembled multitude. More holy men and youths bring up the rear, carrying various lamps, incense-burners and artificial flowers. The procession winds slowly on, and at a short distance are now seen approaching two magnificent steeds, richly caparisoned; the first, a fine black

animal, is almost hidden from view beneath the rich Oriental trappings and the large black cloth with which it is covered; across the Persian saddle which it bears are placed two long swords, on the point of each is a small red apple; the second horse is enveloped in a long white cloth extending from head to tail, and smeared with blood and gore.

More priests and mourners now follow, all reciting in tones of anguish and grief the story of the life and death of the murdered saints, and at short intervals exhorting their compatriots in passionate supplication to repent of their ancestors' great sin, and to participate in the coming sacrifice; all participators being promised admittance to Paradise, where unknown joys and wild delights await all "true believers." In their wake, several standards bearing religious inscriptions, and attached to flag-staffs surmounted by a metallic hand, are borne aloft by shouting men, accompanied by a group of children carrying sundry religious symbols, which they alternately raise above the head and then lower to the ground. They cry in shrill voices the mystic names, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! The cry is taken up by the Persians in the crowd and repeated by them with wild fervor. The clash of arms is now heard, and a band of men, who are destined to be the principal actors in the pageant, now rush forward brandishing long yataghans and shouting wildly.

Let us pause and examine the dress and general appearance of these ferocious devotees. A white blouse confined to the waist by a girdle, a pair of loose linen trousers, also white, and Persian slippers complete their original costume; all are clean-shaved, and appear to be mostly men under forty years of age; the crown of the head is shaved, so as to leave a semicircle of

hair extending from temple to temple. After a short interval a second group, preceded by flaming torches, standards, and incense-burners, appears. This group is composed of three chargers and their attendant grooms; the first horse, richly accoutered, bears on its back two small doves, whose beautiful white plumage is marked with blood; on the second and third horses are seated two boys, who successively hide their faces in their hands, strike their chests, and throw handfuls of straw over their shoulders, repeating all the while the now familiar names, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! More men bared to the waist, and inflicting on themselves various kinds of torture by means of iron chains, etc; more children clad in black, and more mourners now follow, all repeating the same cry, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! A turbaned priest, whose long white hair and stately mien gives him a most patriarchal look, arrests the onward course of the procession, and in touching tones, broken by moans and sobs, relates the tragic story of the death of Hussein. Now appears a body of some three to four hundred men, who strike with measured blows their chests while intoning the name Ali.

They also pass on, and for some moments a still silence reigns supreme, only broken by the occasional clanking of chains or the stifled sob of some Persian devotee; the sound of fifes and drums soon, however, greets our ear, and the mournful dirge is a fitting prelude to the ghastly scene which is now to be enacted.

A busy hum, soon increasing to a dull roar, warns us that the armed men are once more approaching. The supreme moment has now arrived, and from our point of vantage we have a magnificent view of the procession. The carnage now begins, the yataghans come into play, the bright steel gleaming in the glare of the many lights.

The wild fanatics now inflict hideous wounds on the shaved portions of their skulls, the weapon being held so as to cause an almost horizontal incision. The scene grows wilder and wilder, the chains are once more used with increased violence, the bared chests are struck more furiously, the din grows louder and louder, the blows fall heavier and faster, the foam forms at the mouths of the wounded, the sobs and moans of their Persian brethren grow more frequent and more sad, the fifes and drums are once more heard, the blood and gore flows thicker and freer, and the faces of the bleeding are obscured from view. And still higher and higher, above the wild din, the oft-repeated cry, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! is borne aloft on the night air, the perfume of burning incense is wafted on the breeze, and the lurid glare of the torches throws a weird light on the motley crowd. One is momentarily transported back to bygone ages, and no vivid stretch of the imagination is needed to believe one's self on the banks of the Euphrates in the wilds of Asia, far from the nineteenth century and civilization. The wild emotion and excitement is contagious, and for some few minutes all are carried away by the rush of feeling which such a scene gives birth to; ere long, however, we are restored to a more normal state of mind, and can once more resume our rôle of disinterested spectators.

The armed men move along facing each other, with their backs to the crowd; between them and the soldiers, keeping the line, walk their friends, who parry with stout sticks the blows which otherwise would no doubt prove fatal in many cases. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, many fall bleeding to the ground, and many more are dragged along in a fainting condition by their comrades.

Each separate band halts before the

seat of the Persian ambassador, and with loud cries and wild gesticulations demands the release and pardon of one or more of their countrymen, confined for some offence in the Consular jail. The ambassador seems to demur and hesitate to grant this request. The ferocious creatures, now mad with excitement and frenzy, and more like demons than men, edge closer and reiterate their demand in wilder tones, inflicting on themselves all the while terrible wounds. The close proximity of these yelling wretches is not pleasant, and when at last the Shah's representative signifies that their prayer is granted it is quite a relief, not to speak of the splashes of blood to which we are abundantly treated till the procession resumes its onward course.

Nine times this awful scene was enacted by three different companies; each time the hideousness of the scene grew in intensity. To repeat the various incidents of each march past, would be of course both tedious and superfluous. I shall therefore confine myself to remarking that each time the pageant grew more sanguinary and more repulsive, and when the last wild act was over, it was with a sigh of relief that I learned that the ceremony was at an end.

On inquiring as to whether many did not succumb to their wounds, we were informed by a Persian gentleman, who most affably answered all our questions, that such was not the case. He further stated that immediately after the ceremony the wounded men all repaired to the Turkish bath, where their wounds were well cleansed and afterward tightly bound up; such treatment, our informant assured us, causing a rapid healing.

Before concluding, I must mention the polite and courteous manner in which we were received by the Persian merchants of Validéh Khan, who vied

with each other in their kind attentions. We were provided with seats, and, during the several intervals, tea, such as only Persians can brew, was served in tiny glasses, cigarettes were also offered, and in a word we were treated with that profuse hospitality and courteous grace which is peculiar to Orientals.—FUAD BEY, in *London Society*.

BIRDS' EYES.

Did you ever practice the art of bird-stuffing? If so, you must, in your earlier efforts, have been struck with the extraordinary appearance presented by the head when stripped of its feather-covered skin. The skinless head shrinks into insignificance; the cavity containing the ears, of which there is no external sign, becomes boldly conspicuous; while the eyes assume dimensions which are simply portentous. Should you not be a taxidermist you can see this for yourself by securing the head of a chicken and stripping it of its skin. Before the skin is removed the eye does not appear to be of any great size, its true dimensions only showing themselves after skinning.

There is always a good reason for every structure, and we shall presently see why the organs of sight are so enormous in proportion to the brain. The fact is, that the eye of a bird has to perform far more complicated tasks than fall to the lot of human eyes.

In the first place, the bird is a winged creature, passing much of its time in the air, and flying with a speed which it is difficult to realize. Take, for example, one of the short-winged birds, such as the common sparrow, and note the rapidity of flight with which it darts past a window. If we take one of the long-winged birds, such as the

swift or the kite, we must multiply the swiftness exceedingly. It is therefore evident that if the eyes were "short-sighted," the bird would be always in danger of striking itself against branches of trees and similar objects, and so killing itself. When telegraphic wires were first put up, numbers of birds were found lying dead beneath them, and were supposed by those who did not understand electricity to have been struck dead by an electric message which passed through their bodies while they were perching on the wires. The fact is, that they were killed by striking the wires, and not by electricity, which could not pass through the body of a perching-bird. One day I saw a heedless sparrow fly against an overhead wire and fall to the ground in two pieces, the head having been severed as neatly as with a knife. It is worth noticing that, at the present day, birds are hardly ever killed by similar accidents, they having now learned to look out for posts and wires as well as for trees and branches. In order, therefore, to permit a bird to espy dangerous objects in time to avoid them, its eyes must be "long-sighted." In point of fact, many birds which need to detect small objects at a great distance have eyes which are equal to our best telescopes. Such, for example, are the whole of the vultures, who, when searching for food, ascend to such a height in the air that they are scarcely distinguishable. From this immense elevation they can survey a vast range of country, and if an animal should be dead or even dying, it is sure to be detected by a vulture, which instantly swoops down upon it. Besides watching the earth the vultures watch each other, so that if one of them should swoop downward, it is immediately followed by a train of its fellows, who understand perfectly that

such a descent from the skies means a meal.

A familiar instance of the telescopic eye is to be found in our common kestrel, or windhover, as it is often named. You may see it suspended high in air, remaining in almost the same spot keeping its face to the wind, its wings playing with a peculiar quivering movement, and its head bent downward while its eyes are eagerly scanning the ground. So motionless is it that the late Mr. T. W. Wood once made a beautiful sketch of a kestrel on the wing by means of a telescope. He happened to possess a telescope fixed on a stand, and, seeing out of his window a kestrel hovering in the air, he brought the glass to bear on it. Finding that the bird did not move out of the focus, he fetched his drawing materials, and actually made a colored sketch of the bird while viewing it through the telescope.

The object of the kestrel is the same as that of the vulture, namely, to look out for food from its point of vantage. Now, its food consists almost wholly of the common field-mouse, or as it ought more correctly to be called, the field-vole. The animal is so small, and its color harmonizes so well with the soil, that even if it were in the habit of venturing upon open ground, no human eye could detect it from such a height. But the creature very seldom does show itself on bare ground, preferring to thread its way among the grass-stalks, moving so deftly that it hardly causes a grass-blade to shake. When I was a lad at school, I was considered as having a special aptitude for catching field-mice, and I know that even when the mouse is within a yard, it can only be detected by a trained eye. Yet, from its elevation, the kestrel will espy the mouse among the grass, and will do so with much more certainty

than can be attained by any human eye. Here then is the eye acting as a telescope of singular powers.

But this is not enough. When the kestrel has detected its quarry, it swoops to the ground, snatches up the mouse in its claws, and bears it away to its nest. In performing such a feat as this, long sight would be absolutely useless, as the bird is brought so close to its prey that if the eye retained its telescopic powers, it could no longer see the mouse. So the eye has now to change its whole character, and become short-sighted. Moreover, the change between these two extremes must be made during the few seconds which are occupied in the downward swoop, as otherwise the bird would probably dash itself against the ground instead of seizing its prey. Another familiar example of this rapid change may be seen in the swift descent of the hawk upon its nest. The eye which saw clearly at a great height sees as clearly all through the swift approach. A most familiar example may be seen any summer day.

We are all accustomed to see the swallow chasing and catching flies on the wing, but probably have not realized what is involved in this well-known action. The flies are of very small dimensions, as can be seen by opening the mouth of a swallow after it has been on the wing for some time. They are so small that, even when the weather is dull, and the swallows are flying so low that we can see the opening and closing of the mouth, and hear the snapping of the beak which accompanies each capture, we cannot see the flies themselves. Yet, the swallows are able to see them at considerable distances, and then to adjust the focus of the eye so instantaneously that they can snap up their prey with unerring certainty.

A still more wonderful example of

the power of the bird's sight is to be found in our common barn owl, which, like the kestrel, finds its chief food in the field-mouse. In detecting the tiny prey the kestrel has at all events the advantage of daylight, while the owl hunts in the dusk, when a mouse at the distance of a foot or so would be quite invisible to human eyes. Yet the owl detects and carries off its prey with as much certainty as does the kestrel, so that its eyes must be possessed of exceptional powers.

What is the mechanism which enables the eyes of the birds to perform tasks which to those of man would be impossible? In order to answer this question we must dissect the eye, and for this reason I recommend the reader to examine for himself the eye of a fowl. I have just dissected one of these eyes, and will briefly describe the process.

Before using the knife open the eye, and you will see that beside the upper and lower eyelids there is a third and inner eyelid, made of a thin but very tough membrane, and so formed that it can be drawn completely over the eye from the inner to the outer side, and then withdrawn so that it becomes invisible. This structure is called the "nictitating," *i. e.*, winking membrane, and is useful in washing the eyeball when dust or other foreign substances lodge in the eye. Birds have no hands wherewith to remove the annoyance, and are therefore furnished with this self-acting cleanser. A similar membrane is possessed by the horse, and is called by grooms the "haw." It is even more necessary to the bird than to the horse, as if the bird were temporarily blinded when on the wing it might dash itself against some obstacle and kill itself.

Now remove the skin from the side of the head, so as to expose the eyeball and its socket. Be very careful when

dissecting off the eyelids. The next step is to remove the eye from the socket without injuring it. This is not a very easy business, as the eye is attached to the socket by six muscles, each of which must be carefully severed. A pair of small nail-scissors will perform this task better than a knife. There is no great difficulty at first, as the upper muscles are easily brought into view by pressing the eyeball on one side. But when you come to the muscles attached to the base of the eye, sight is of no more use, and you must work by touch only.

Compare the eye of the fowl with that of the buzzard, and you will see that they are practically identical, the chief difference being that the former is flatter than that of the latter. The reason is that poultry live almost entirely on the ground, and therefore do not need very telescopic vision. But the buzzard, as I have often seen, rises to an elevation almost rivaling that of the vulture, circling on motionless wings until it looks no larger than a gnat. Hence the eye must have considerable telescopic powers in order to detect its prey so far below it. How these powers are obtained we shall now see.

In the first place, it is necessary to know the general principles on which the eyes of mammals and birds are constructed. They may be easily understood by comparing the eye with a photographer's camera, the latter being a distant imitation of the former, as indeed is the case with all human inventions, man simply imitating nature. The camera consists of a box which has a lens at one end, and at the other end a sensitive plate, which receives the image thrown upon it by the lens. This is the principle of the photograph, but, to reduce it to practice, several accessories are required.

In order to absorb wandering rays of light which would blur the image, it is

necessary to line the box with dull black paint, as is done in our opera-glasses, microscopes, and telescopes. Then it is necessary to shift the lens backward or forward, so as to make the image fall evenly on the plate, neither coming to a focus in front of it or behind it. This is called "focusing" the image. Again, it is necessary to regulate the amount of light which is admitted into the camera, and for this purpose the operator is provided with a set of "stops" or "diaphragms," *i. e.*, black plates which fit over the lens, and are pierced in the center with a circular aperture, varying in diameter according to the amount of light which is to be admitted. Now let us look at the section of the eye of the fowl, and you will see how the camera is simply an eye, with a square instead of a rounded box.

Surrounding the whole of the eyeball is the "sclerotic" membrane. The word signifies hardness or toughness, and the membrane is the analogue of the wooden box of the camera. The eye, however, requires a protection which the camera does not. Except when in actual use, the lens of the camera is protected by a cap, and even if dust should settle upon it, the operator can wipe it. The eye, however, is so constantly in use that a permanent transparent cover is needed, and such a cover is found in the "cornea," which in the birds is much more convex than in the mammals. The "retina," *i. e.*, the expansion of the optic nerve, enters the eye from the base. This is the analogue of the sensitive plate in the camera. The whole of the interior of the eyeball is filled with a translucent liquid called the "aqueous humor." Thus, then, it will be seen that the image which is thrown by the lens will fall upon the retina and thus be conveyed to the brain by means of the optic nerve.

Now for the necessary appliances which have already been mentioned.

If we come suddenly into a darkened room, after having been for some time in bright sunshine, we can see nothing and feel quite blind. On the contrary, if we pass from the darkened room into sunshine, we feel almost equally blinded by the light, and are obliged to shade our eyes in order to save them from severe pain. After a while, however, the eyes become accustomed to either extreme, and we can without pain endure the light of sunshine, and without difficulty can see in a darkened room. The reason is, that the eye, like the photographer's camera, has an apparatus for regulating the amount of light which is to be admitted. The photographer is obliged to have a series of stops, but the eye has the wonderful apparatus called the "iris," because it gives the color to the eye. The "pupil" is simply a hole through which light passes to the lens, and the size of the hole is regulated by the iris, which automatically contracts when light falls upon it, and expands in proportion as light is withdrawn.

Now for another accessory detail.

I mentioned that the interior of an optical instrument is lined with black. So is the interior of the eye, the coloring matter or "pigment" being so dark that it appears even through the tough sclerotic coat.

Lastly, we come to the means of focusing the eye, so as to convert it within a few seconds from a telescope into a microscope, or *vice versa*. The eagles have this power in a wonderful degree. The owls, too, have it of great strength, with bony plates much longer than those of the eagle, the imperfect light in which the owl flies demanding an exceptionally powerful focusing apparatus. If we had such an apparatus we should never be obliged to wear spectacles, and could almost dispense

with microscopes or telescopes. In the same way many people can read the smallest type with ease, but cannot distinguish the features of a person at the distance of a few yards. This defect is called "short sight," the lens being too convex, and therefore bringing the focus in front of the retina.

So much for the power of focusing, and we now come to the delicacy, a property of equal value to a bird.

Entering the back of a bird's eye, by the same aperture as that through which the optic nerve passes, is the remarkable organ termed the "pecten," i. e., the comb. It is composed of delicate membrane filled with blood-vessels, and, according to one of our best comparative anatomists, it automatically enlarges and contracts, in the former case acting on the vitreous humor, so as to push the lens forward, and in the latter allowing it to be retracted. In fact, it may be considered as analogous to the "fine movement" used in focusing a microscope, the bony plates acting as the "rough movement."

Such, then, are some of the wonders of the bird's eye, without which all the beautiful mechanism of the body and limbs would be rendered useless—REV. J. G. WOOD, in *The Sunday Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

DESTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.—A couple of learned Hollanders—A. Pierson and S. A. Naber—have just put forth at Amsterdam a work, written in Latin, the title of which is *Verisimilia*, the design being to show the "multilated condition of the New Testament." We have not seen the book itself, but in the *Westminster Review* we find a summary of its astounding contents:—

"*Carthago delenda est!* That is the sentence pronounced on the current belief that the beginnings of the Gospel are set forth in the New Testament. Christian antiquity is

a far more ancient thing than is dreamt of in our theology. The New Testament furnishes ground for archaeological research; it is a kind of Mycenæ; we shall not find Agamemnon, but we shall come across much that is ancient and of interest; we shall not find the Apostle Paul, but we shall find a Bishop Paul, who will explain much to us; we shall not find Christ, but we shall find the forms in which he was afterward clothed—a number of Christs (six are enumerated) pieced together in a mosaic of which we may to some extent trace the outlines. Not that the dates of the New Testament books should be placed later than they now are by the best critics; let it be granted that the Epistle to the Romans was written about A.D. 60; nevertheless, the antique fragments which the Epistles and Gospels present to us are not conspicuous for their freshness; they are worn with long use and removed from their original sites. This is the burden of the message delivered by Dr. Pierson and his colleague, uniting their theological and philological powers in *Verinimilia*. They submit to an acute and detailed analysis the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Corinthians, and Romans; all these are considered to be of a composite character, and largely formed of fragments of devout Jewish writings founded on a faith in the *parousia* of the Son of Man, predicted by Daniel, and representing the beliefs of such Jews as Cornelius the Centurion, and perhaps still better, though he is not named, of Simeon. These fragments, Jewish in spirit and closely moulded on the Book of Daniel, were, they considered, edited by a Christian, whom they call Bishop Paul, much in the same way as the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been edited for the use of Roman Catholics; Bishop Paul may have written some of them himself before he became a Christian, and then adapted them to Christian use. The Second Epistle to the Corinthians, regarded as especially corrupt, they consider to contain no Jewish fragments; it was compiled at a late date from various fragments of episcopal letters, some being by Bishop Paul. An interesting section of the work deals with the alleged influence of the worship of Dionysus on the fourth Gospel, with its peculiar insistence on the symbolism of wine and the grape. Parallel passages from the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, and from Pausanias, Plutarch, etc., are brought forward, tending to show that the purest elements in the worship of Bacchus were transferred to the Christian religion, the bond of connection being the title *Logos*, which appears to have been applied to the person of a god, even in the case of Mercury."

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN. — The Cambridge Philological Society has formally adopted a "Summary of the Pronunciation of Latin in the Augustan Period." The following are approximately the sounds to be given to the different vowels and consonants:

"A long, as in *ālās, constāns*. As English *a* in 'psalm.'

"A short, as in *āmāt, Dānāe*. The same sound shortened. Both *ā* and *a* are found in 'ahū!' N.B.—*ā* in Latin was never pronounced as in 'mate,' nor *a* as in 'man.'

"E long, as in *tēla, tēnsus, diē*. As French *é*, a 'close e.' It is the first part of the English diphthong in 'skein.'

"E short, as in *tēnēt, fērus, implēas*. An 'open e.' English *e* in 'sped.' N.B.—Latin *ē* was never pronounced like English *ee* in 'see.'

"I long, as in *tritūs, infēnsus, is* (verb), *prauī*. As *i* in 'machine,' or *ee* in 'feel.' N.B.—Latin *i* was never pronounced like English *i* in 'fine.'

"I short, as in *sitis, fecit, nisi*. As *i* in 'fit.' in certain cases where the spelling varies between *i* and *u*, as in *maximūs, mazumūs*. As German *ü*.

"O long, as in *rōris, Cōnsus, contō*. A 'close o,' as in French *au* in 'chaud.' It is the first part of the English diphthong in 'grow.'

"O short, as in *ovēs, dōm, mōdō*. An 'open o.' Nearest representative English *o* in 'rock.'

"U long, as in *ūmor, tūnsus, genū*. As *u* in 'ruin'—*oo* in 'poop.' N.B.—Latin *ū* was never pronounced like English *u* in 'acute,' which is *yoo*.

"U short, as in *ūtī, tūūs*. As *u* in 'full,' *oo* in 'foot.' N.B.—Latin *ū* was never the ordinary English *u* in 'but.'

"Y, as in *gyrus, scyphus, cymba, Hyades*, a Greek sound. As German *ü*.

"C, as in *cano, cecini, cycnus, ceu, scit, condicio*. Always as English *k*; never as *s* or as *c* before *e*. Thus, 'kekinee,' 'küknuus,' 'skit,' 'condikio.'

"Qu, as in *inquit*. As English *qu* in 'quick.'

"G, as in *gaudeo, genus, gingiva, age*. Always as English *g* in 'got,' never as *j* or *g* in 'gibe,' 'generous.'

"N before *c* (*k, qu*), *g*, as in *incipit, inquam, congero*. As *ng* in 'sing,' or *n* in 'sink.' Thus, 'ingkipit,' 'ingquam,' 'conggero.'

"T, D, N, L, as in *adit, natus, luna, clintem, editio, constans*. Nearly as in English. N.B.—*Editio* never as 'edishio.'

"S, as in *sus, acensu, tristis*. Always voiceless, as in 'hiss,' never voiced as in 'has.'

"P, B, M (except final M), as in *plumbo*. As in English.

"I consonant, as in *iugum, iacio*. As English y. Thus, 'yugum,' 'yakio.'

"U consonant, as in *uanus, uis, seruo*. Probably as English u. Thus, 'wahnus,' 'weess,' 'serwo.' N.B.—There is no ancient authority for spelling i consonant as j, or u consonant as v.

"R, as in *ringi, rarus, dator*. As trilled r in French or Scotch. More strongly trilled than in English 'opera,' 'herring.' N.B.—The final r should be fully sounded.

"CH, as in *Bacchus*; TH, as in *Cethegus*; PH, as in *Phoebus*. As k, t, p, followed by h. These sounds are heard in Ireland.

"F, as in *ferueo, uasfer*. As in English.

"H, as in *hora, incho*. As in English.

"X, as in *saxum, paz, exulto*. As English ks. Thus, 'eksulto,' not 'eggsulto.'

"BS, as in *absorbeo, urbe*. As English ps.

"Z, as in *gaza, Zephyrus*, a Greek sound. Doubtful; but, perhaps, as dz in 'adze,' not as z."

A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.—Mr. David Anderson proposes to establish in London a school for educating men for the profession of journalism. He undertakes "in the course of twelve months' practical tuition to make any fairly well educated young man a thoroughly trained and expert journalist, capable of earning from £5 to £20 a week on the press." To an interviewer for the *Pull Mall Gazette* he thus unfolds his method of tuition:

"I sell my experience, and my fee is a hundred guineas a year. In return this is what I propose to do. I come here every morning at ten o'clock, open my letters, look through the papers, and see what is going on. I then treat each of my pupils as if I were the editor of a paper, and as if they were my staff. I must premise that they are fairly well educated, of fair intelligence, and really mean business. To one I say, 'There is a review in Hyde Park to-day; be there at eleven o'clock, and let me have a description of 500 words by three in the afternoon.' To another, 'Reduce that half-column into the third of a column or into half a dozen lines.' A third would be dispatched to a picture gallery or theater. Of course I should distribute the work according to the capacity and the inclination of the pupil. Let me take the case of a political writer. He should have English history at

his fingers' ends; he should know constitutional law, international law, political economy, and have a large fund of general knowledge to draw upon. Then he must have physique and the pen of a ready writer; he must have tact and judgment, and cultivate the repression of personal bias and personal enmities. He must study closely editorial policy, which is sometimes more important than political policy. Of course, I do not pretend to be able to turn a man out a politician at a year's notice, but I do undertake to put him in the way. I should make him write leaders and leaderettes on the subjects of the day, showing him how a leader, as we know it, is constructed. I should direct his reading, guide him to exercise restraint, and avoid offensive personalities. That is another type of pupil. Others would prefer to study social subjects, and with them I should deal by similar methods. I should give lectures and employ a small staff to assist me in various subjects. A man would be taught how to interview, how to get his information, how to put his message on the wires, the use of reference books, and the law of libel."

GEORGE HENRY LEWES AND MARIAN EVANS.—Mrs. Anne Gilchrist, whose *Life* by her son has just appeared, was, with her husband, for many years a next-door neighbor and trusted friend of Thomas Carlyle. In his *Journal*, Mr. Gilchrist writes:—

"Talking of the *Leader* to George Henry Lewes, Carlyle asked, 'When will those papers on Positivism come to an end?' 'I can assure you they are making a great impression at Oxford,' says Lewes. 'Ah! I never look at them, it's so much much blank paper to u.e. I looked into Comte once; found him to be one of those men who go up in a balloon, and take a lighted candle, to look at the stars.' Carlyle likes Lewes, and was so pleased with him that in the evening he said to his wife, 'Well, I don't know why you shouldn't call on Miss Evans.' A couple of years after this entry was made, Mr. Carlyle wrote to Mr. Gilchrist: 'I went to see Fechter the other night, and found myself between Lewes and Miss Evans!—by Destiny and not by my own Deserving. At least Destiny in the shape of Frederick Chapman, who arranged the thing. Poor soul! There never was a more absurd miscalculation than her constituting herself an improper woman. She looks Propriety personified! Oh so slow!'"

PETROLEUM.

Although it is only within the last forty years that petroleum has attracted serious attention in the British Isles as a burning oil, it has been used in the East for that purpose from the earliest ages, and the use of asphalt, bitumen, or some solid residuum of petroleum seems to have preceded its use as a burning oil. The earliest record we have of the use of petroleum in the form of bitumen is in the building of the Tower of Babel, as mentioned in the 11th chapter of Genesis, "and they had brick for stone and slime had they for mortar." Our Bibles have "slime" as the translation, but the New Version places the true meaning of the word "bitumen" in the margin. Petroleum in its various forms is very widely distributed over the country through which the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers flow. It is in the country watered by those rivers and in Egypt that bitumen seems to have been first utilized. On a voyage down the Tigris I found the water strongly impregnated with petroleum at more than one point; at one place the water was so strongly flavored with petroleum that it was unfit to drink. The ark of bulrushes daubed with bitumen and pitch in which Moses was placed, was vividly recalled to my mind by the boat in which I traveled during a portion of my journey; it was round, made of basket-work and rushes, and was pitched within and without with bitumen procured from the neighborhood.

Many ancient authors mention petroleum, either in the form of crude oil for burning or as bitumen. The most interesting reference, however, to petroleum in the form of oil, is in Plutarch's *Life of Alexander the Great*, where, it is stated that in the district of Ecbatana (probably the modern Hamadan in Persia),

"Alexander was particularly struck with a gulf of fire, which streamed continually as from an inexhaustible source. He admired also a flood of naphtha not far from the gulf, which flowed in such abundance that it formed a cake. This naphtha in many respects resembles bitumen, but it is much more inflammable. Before any fire touches it, it catches light from a flame at some distance and often kindles all the intermediate air; the barbarians, to show the king its force and the subtlety of its nature, scattered some drops of it in the street which led to his lodgings; and, standing at one end, they applied their torches, for it was dark, to some of the nearest drops; the flame communicated itself swifter than thought, and the street was instantaneously all on fire."

In the country between the Oxus and the Caspian Sea at the present day, crude oil, as taken from the earth, is burned by the Turkomans and also by the Persians in rough lamps. In fact there is a very large export of crude oil for burning purposes from Baku, on the Caspian Sea, to Persia. Some specimens of crude oil seem to have undergone a natural refining process in the earth, and approach somewhat in appearance and qualities the badly refined oil which used formerly to be sold. An oil is produced by a petroleum well at Surukhaneh, near Baku, on the Caspian Sea, beautifully clear, and of a bright amber color, which might well be used in lamps without refining; but these natural oils are generally dangerous in use, as they have not been deprived of the benzine which they contain, and which renders them highly inflammable.

The great use made of "Greek Fire" in the Middle Ages, so graphically described by Gibbon, shows an intimate knowledge of one of the objects to which crude petroleum could be applied. This compound enabled the Greeks of the Eastern Empire to hold their own against the Saracens for some hundreds of years, and during two sieges of Constantinople gave the victory to the

Christians over their Moslem enemies. The terror and devastation caused by the Greek Fire seems to have been almost as great as that caused by artillery. It was blown through long copper tubes, which were fixed in the fore part of the Imperial galleys, or on the walls of the Greek towns. Sometimes at the moment of the attack on a besieged place, great caldrons containing the seething mixture were tilted on the walls, and the contents poured upon the assailants with terrible effect. It could be projected through a considerable space, and has been described as rushing through the air like a winged dragon, with the report of thunder and the velocity of lightning. It was launched also in red-hot balls of iron, which fell with disastrous effect within the walls of a besieged city. It can be understood what alarm such a combustible would cause, especially when thrown upon and among ignorant and half-naked opponents, on whom the noise and flame would have a terrifying effect. Even in modern battles the results obtained by artillery fire, especially the fire of shells, is out of all proportion to the number of men killed. Later when the secret of the Greek Fire had become known to the Saracens, and it had been adopted by them, its effects were equally dreaded by the Crusaders. The fact, that it could not be extinguished by water, added to the terror caused by the noise, smoke, and flame. The secret of its composition was carefully guarded by the Greeks, and retained for their exclusive use for about four hundred years. Fables were invented to hide from other nations so valuable an adjunct to the art of war, and the barbarians were informed that it had been revealed by an angel to Constantine the Great, and that to communicate the secret of its composition would provoke the vengeance of the God of

the Christians. After the invention of gunpowder it was no longer of much value. I have a formula for the making of Greek Fire, and in it petroleum is one of the chief ingredients.

In the thirteenth century we find Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveler who visited China, writing concerning his travels through Armenia as follows:—

"On the confines of Armenia, toward Georgia, there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, inasmuch that a hundred ship-loads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but it is good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all the countries round about they have no other oil."

No doubt this mention of an oil-fountain by Marco Polo must refer to Baku, which is situated exactly in the position denoted by him on the Borders of Georgia. The natural oil-wells of Baku have been mentioned by many travelers since the time of Marco Polo, and even before Baku was taken possession of by Russia, at the commencement of the present century, the export of crude oil from thence was very considerable. Another part of Asia which has long been celebrated for producing oil in great quantities, and where it was much used and formed a considerable article of trade, is Burmah.

It was not, however, in the old world, where petroleum had so long been known and used, that it made much progress. In several places in England, on the Continent of Europe, and in America, oil was distilled from shale or other minerals; but it was not until 1859, when a well was drilled by Colonel Drake in America, that rock oil may be said to have been brought before the world in a prominent way. Immediately after Colonel Drake's success, wells were drilled over a wide extent of country in the United States

with wonderful rapidity. In 1861 many flowing wells were bored. I must here explain that in ordinary petroleum-wells the oil is pumped up, but that sometimes the oil rises up the bore as soon as a well is drilled, and flows over the country.

Petroleum proved to be distributed over a larger area in the States than was at first believed possible. As more and more was discovered, the excitement spread, and it was found in large quantities in California and also in Canada. Pipe-lines were laid down from the wells to the sea-board for hundreds of miles, and through these the oil was pumped, and the world was flooded with American petroleum in tins and in barrels. For many years the people of the United States kept so far ahead of all other competitors, that any serious rivalry by the old world seemed impossible. Amusing stories were told of the Oil Kings, men who had been raised from poverty to sudden affluence by "striking oil," such stories as were told at an earlier date of the Californian gold-diggers.

Besides the oil produced in America, the natural gas rising from the ground, which is so often associated with the presence of petroleum, soon attracted attention in the States, and was utilized for various purposes. The natural gas which rises from the ground near Baku on the Caspian Sea, had also been utilized by the priests of the fire-temple at that place in feeding the everlasting fire which was kept burning there. A very curious mistake concerning this Hindu fire-temple at Baku seems to have arisen. It has generally been described as a Zoroastrian temple, but such is certainly not the case. It is a Hindu idol-temple, and I on one occasion saw an idol in it—a figure of a Hindu god, engraven on a slab of copper, which the priest worshipped. Zoroastrians never worship idols.

On a recent visit to this temple, I saw the sacred flame, which it was said had burned for thousands of years, extinguished by the Russian engineer beating it out with his cap, and on my remonstrating, he said, this gas was much too useful at their factory to be wasted in keeping up eternal fires. Since that time it is only lighted for the amusement of visitors. I have never heard of any Parsi, as the Zoroastrians are called in India, visiting this shrine. The Zoroastrians remaining in Persia also take no interest in it.

Mud volcanoes, which are common in many parts of the world, are the openings through which petroleum in a gaseous state escapes from the earth, the mud thrown up with the gas sometimes forming a sort of cone. In the Caspian Sea, not far from Baku, there are a number of these gas-escapes at the bottom of the sea, and the gas rises in a continuous line of bubbles. This effervescing of the sea can be traced at some twenty-one different spots. One night I went out in a steam-launch, and lit up the sea at two of these spots by throwing a bunch of burning oakum steeped in oil, on to the surface. The sight was a magnificent one. At one place there was a group of some sixty brilliant gas-jets, apparently floating on the sea and dancing up and down with the motion of the waves; at another spot, not far distant, about forty more jets. We steamed through and over the beautiful flames in our little vessel without extinguishing them. If a few were extinguished, they soon took fire again from the neighboring jets. I watched them for an hour, and left them burning brightly, which they would continue to do until extinguished by the wind. A tolerably calm night is all that is necessary for this striking exhibition.

I will here speak of the geographical distribution of petroleum. If on a

map of the world the districts of Europe and Asia where petroleum has been discovered in considerable quantities are marked off, they will be found to include a broad belt of country running from north-west toward south-east. Commencing with the British Isles, if a line is drawn from a point a little north of Perth, in Scotland, and a second line from Plymouth, as its starting-point, and these lines are indefinitely prolonged in a south-easterly direction parallel to one another, nearly every country in Europe or Asia where it has been discovered in considerable quantities will fall within them.

Both in England and Scotland indications of the presence of petroleum are widely distributed, and much oil is distilled in Scotland from shale. Last year about 57,000,000 gallons were so distilled. Traveling south-eastward, petroleum is found in considerable quantities in Hanover and Northern Germany; Galicia, or Austrian Poland; Hungary, Transylvania, Roumania, the Crimea, along the northern coast of the Black Sea, and through the Caucasus range of mountains to the Caspian Sea; in Persia and the Turkoman country; in Afghanistan and Northern India, Burmah and Southern China, and in some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. All these countries fall within the line above described. We do not know much of the petroleum-bearing strata of Africa; but the wells at Jeb-el-zeit and Jemseh, on the western coast of the Red Sea, produce oil which, though of a rather thick consistency, will probably at greater depths improve in quality. In America the petroleum belt may be said to run from Cape Gaspé, in Canada, through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky, to the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indian Islands. Oil has been

discovered in considerable quantities in the West, toward the Pacific, in Athabasca, Montana and California. Petroleum is found in Japan, Australia, and in New Zealand. It is impossible to give, within the limits of a magazine article, a list of all the countries where rock oil is found, but some oil is generally found wherever there are mountain ranges, especially if the mountains are volcanic.

Very divergent opinions are held as to whether petroleum is of vegetable, animal, or mineral origin, and the probability seems to be that in various parts of the world it is derived from all these sources. The ordinary American petroleum is generally supposed to be of vegetable origin, having resulted from the slow decomposition of vegetable matter. Some petroleum is believed to be of marine-animal origin, and Professor Mendelejeff, of St. Petersburg, has written most ably to prove that Russian petroleum is of mineral origin, and has been produced by the action of water at a high temperature in the bowels of the earth on iron, manganese, and other minerals. Undoubtedly in the Caucasus, where rock oil is most plentiful, manganese is also found most abundantly. I have seen enormous beds of manganese ore near the Kwirilla station of the Trans-Caucasus railway. Petroleum is found in many different strata. In some it is absorbed and held fast, and in those cases can only be obtained by distillation, as in the case of shales; but when the petroleum is found in sandstone, or sand surrounded by harder rock, it collects in great quantities. In America, and also in Russia, it is in sandstone or sand that the successful borings are made, though of course the drilling may have to pass through every variety of strata before it reaches the oil-bearing sandstone. In the Caucasus three very distinct strata of oil-bearing

sandstones have been traced at various depths, and, as a rule, the deepest produces the most oil.

Let me now very briefly describe the process of boring for petroleum. There are three systems used: one is known as the "rod system," the second is known as "rope-drilling," and the third as the Fauvell system, or "water-drilling." Whichever system may be used, the first thing to be done is to erect a tall, wooden, pyramidal structure, called a derrick. These derricks, many of them 70 feet in height, are a very characteristic feature in the landscape of oil-bearing lands. They are intended to shelter the workmen and apparatus used in boring. A derrick must be lofty, in consequence of the great length of the tools employed. On one side a permanent ladder is constructed to enable the workmen to ascend rapidly, and in the interior, at about 50 feet from the ground, a small platform is placed, on which two workmen stand to screw and unscrew the long pieces of iron boring rod which are used. These pieces are each about 30 feet in length. In rod-boring, outside the derrick a massive wooden post is inserted in the ground, which supports another beam suspended at right angles to it, and known as the walking-beam, because it has an up and down movement. In Russia, in sinking petroleum wells, the first few feet are dug out by hand, and the apparatus employed for drilling the well through earth and rock is then introduced. It consists of several parts ending in a piece of steel, known as the bit. The whole set of tools, known technically as a string of tools, weighs about 2,000 lbs., and is about 60 feet in length. The lowest tool or bit which actually penetrates the ground is sharp, and in Russia has usually a diameter of about 16 inches; but that depends on the diameter of the well to be bored. A

string of tools is screwed on to the end of the iron boring-rod, which is itself connected by certain arrangements with the walking-beam. A vertical motion is imparted to the apparatus by the small steam-engine which sets the walking-beam in motion. This motion soon causes the sharp drilling-bit to bore down into the ground, even though it be composed of rock. The boring apparatus is of a very complicated construction, so as to prevent the "bit" sticking while drilling through rock. As the well increases in depth, fresh lengths of rod are added, so as to work the apparatus at any required depth. When a quantity of débris has collected in the bore, in consequence of the action of the boring-bit, and it becomes necessary to clean it out, the whole apparatus is withdrawn, and a valved tube, known as a sand pump, is lowered into the well. Generally there is water enough in the bore to enable the sand pump to be worked; if there is not, a few bucketsful of water are poured down. The objection to the use of the rod apparatus is the waste of time in withdrawing and unscrewing each joint of the rod every time the bore has to be cleaned out.

Rope-boring is similar to the above in many respects; but instead of iron rods, a stout manila cable is employed, to which the heavy boring tools are attached, and the cable takes the place of the jointed iron rod as a means of communicating motion from the walking-beam to the boring-tools; and when it becomes necessary to use the sand pump, the drilling apparatus can be very easily drawn up, the rope being wound round a strong windlass, worked by the steam-engine that oscillates the walking-beam. In Russia the bore of the well is always cased with iron tubing, varying from 10 to 20 inches in diameter at the commencement, and of a smaller diameter at great depths.

This iron casing is a very great expense, and is not found necessary in all countries.

The third system employed in boring for oil is the Fauvell system, or water-drilling. It is somewhat similar to the rod system, but instead of rods, lengths of hollow iron pipe are used, and water is forced down this tube by a steam-engine at a pressure of 50 lbs. to the square inch. The casing tube of the well is composed of iron piping of a small diameter, screwed together with a firm joint. The boring is done almost exactly as in the rod system, but instead of having to clear out the débris with a sand pump, the water, which is forced down through the central pipe, rushes up the sides of the larger pipe or well casing, carrying with it all the débris caused by the drilling. I have known a well drilled with this system to 2,100 feet. In Russia it is calculated that a petroleum well can be sunk to a depth of between 500 and 600 feet, inclusive of its iron casing, for about £1,000. This does not include the supply of boring tools and apparatus, a full outfit of which, inclusive of a small steam-engine, costs from £700 to £800; but this apparatus can be used in boring many wells.

Flowing wells are proportionately rather more common in the Russian oil-fields, I believe, than in America, and some of the flowing wells at Baku have produced an amount of oil far in excess of that produced by any well in America. The rush of gas and oil when a first-class flowing well is spouting is something wonderful. The heavy boring tools are blown into the air, and a column of oil is seen rising in a fountain 100 feet high. These wells are, if possible, capped by an apparatus which prevents their flowing; but it is often impossible to cap them. The quantity of oil thrown up by one of the wells at Baku is estimated to

have exceeded two million gallons a day; this, however, is little more than a guess estimate. An acquaintance of mine who had a flowing well at Bibiabad, near Baku, had some means of testing the flow of oil from his well. Before the well produced any oil, a tank was constructed capable of containing 2,250,000 gallons. Suddenly while the boring was going on, the drilling tools were blown out, by a tremendous rush of oil and gas, and an enormous quantity of oil poured into the great tank, which was filled in two days, showing that the well was flowing at the rate of more than a million gallons a day. This well continued to flow uninterruptedly for nine days, the oil, after the tank was filled, running into the sea. After resting for a few days, the well commenced to flow again, and did so at intervals for ten weeks, when it altogether ceased flowing, and has now settled down into a good well, from which petroleum can be pumped when required at the rate of about 40,000 gallons a day.

Crude oil in its native state is much too inflammable for safe use, and it is necessary to purify it, and separate the various constituents which enter into its composition. The oil is placed in great stills and distilled. In Russia the product of this distillation is divided into three categories; the lightest product is known as "benzene," the next as "gasolene," the third as "kerosene." Besides the above, a heavier oil, known as "solar oil," is produced, for which in Russia no use is found except as fuel. The kerosene which has been distilled off is very intimately mixed with about 1½ per cent. of sulphuric acid. After a time the acid is allowed to settle. This process to a very great extent purifies the oil, which is drawn off into other tanks. It is then mixed with caustic soda, and violently agitated, either by paddles or by an air-pump,

which process further purifies it. Afterward it is allowed to settle, the clear oil is run into fresh tanks and then washed with water. After washing, it is allowed to stand for some time for the oil and water to separate, and is then ready for sale. This is the kerosene oil we burn in lamps.

The residuum that remains after the lighter oils have been taken off, is known in Russia as *astatki*. It is of a very oily nature, and of the consistency of thin treacle. A much greater quantity of residuum remains after the distillation of Russian crude oil than after the distillation of American crude oil in America giving about 70 per cent. of burning or other light oils, leaving only 30 per cent. of residuum; while Russian petroleum gives about 30 per cent. of burning or lighter oil, and leaves 70 per cent. of residuum. This *astatki* is a valuable product, and besides the many other purposes to which it is applied, is a most useful fuel. Having lost its more volatile constituents, it can be carried safely, and utilized under circumstances where it would be impossible to use crude oil. In Russia, at present some 200 steamers burn *astatki* as fuel, and on three long lines of railway, viz., the Griazi-Zaritzin line having its terminus on the Volga, the Trans-Caucasus line, running nearly 600 miles from Poti and Batoum to Baku, and the Central Asian line, which runs from Uzunada, on the Caspian Sea, to Charjui, on the Oxus, *astatki* is the fuel employed. I have traveled many thousands of miles by steamers and railroads on which petroleum-refuse was the sole fuel employed. It is also used in hundreds of stationary engines in all parts of South-eastern Russia. A curious circumstance is that the Griazi-Zaritzin railroad, which uses *astatki* as fuel, is situated near the coal mines of the Don river-basin, where a fair coal can be

procured at a cheap price, but the directors have found it more profitable to carry residuum some hundreds of miles, rather than to use the coal which is procurable within a very reasonable distance of their line. *Astatki* is also used in some iron foundries in Russia, and I have myself seen large castings and forgings made with *astatki* as fuel.

A very great recommendation of residuum as fuel is the fact, that it can be carried in tanks in steamers with perfect safety. The burning-point of good residuum is about 420° Fahrenheit, a degree of heat to which it is never likely to be subjected until it is put into the furnace. I should say that *astatki* is a safer cargo to carry than coal. One ton of *astatki* is found in Russia to be equal to 1½ tons of the best anthracite coal. A much greater calorific value than this has, however, been claimed for it by experts in England. An immense advantage is gained by a steamer burning residuum over one burning coal in the matter of stowage; one ton of *astatki* only requires 35 cubic feet of space for stowage, while coal requires about 44 cubic feet, so that a vessel can carry many more tons of this fuel than of coal.

Another great advantage that a ship burning residuum has over one burning coal is that no stokers are required. Any one who has watched stokers at work on board a steamer in the tropics, and understood the sufferings they undergo, would realize the advantage of doing away with all stoking and coal trimming. On a vessel burning petroleum-refuse the necessity for a fire crew is almost done away, as the fires are self-supplying, and require no attention after they have once been lighted. Besides these advantages, all the disagreeables connected with coaling are avoided. A vessel burning

residuum can have her supply of fuel pumped on board, at the rate of 120 tons an hour, simply by connecting her tanks with the shore by a pipe. It can also be pumped on board from tank-boats, if it is impossible for the ships to approach the shore. The last, and perhaps not the least, advantage is that a vessel burning astatki, if properly managed produces little or no smoke.

The petroleum-refuse to be used as fuel is pumped from the main tanks, where it is stored, into a small tank placed in such a position that the refuse runs into the engine room by the force of gravitation, so as to keep up a constant supply to the burner, which supplies the fire with fuel, is of many forms, but I here describe the simplest. Two pipes, one of which is straight and the other curved, are used. Through the straight pipe, which ends in a slightly flattened orifice, a jet of steam is driven with considerable force. Residuum is allowed to flow from the supply tank through the curved pipe so as to meet the jet of steam, which divides it into a very fine spray of mixed steam and residuum. This spray is made to play continuously on the fire in the furnace, and keeps it constantly supplied with fuel. If the steamer is furnished with a donkey-engine, the very small amount of steam required to start the burner is supplied from it; if not, it is necessary before starting a steam-engine by this method to get up steam with either a wood or coal fire to supply the burner, but this only happens once at the commencement of the voyage. In locomotives, the small amount of steam required is supplied from another locomotive, or from a stationary engine.

Beyond its use as fuel, the residuum left after the lighter oils have been distilled off from crude petroleum produces, when mixed with superheated steam and re-distilled, three

sorts of lubricating oils, and even the tar left after this second distillation can be made to give up benzol, anthracene, and naphthalene, and several other compounds, besides a good gas for burning. From the products derived from this tar, a wonderful number of substances are manufactured which would surprise the uninitiated. The most beautiful colors, varying in hue from scarlet to black and yellow, and commonly known as aniline dyes, are some of them. Delicious scents can also be manufactured; I was shown in a refinery at Baku a perfume which smelt like a freshly cut pine-apple, and the scents called New-mown Hay and Heliotrope, as well as some others, can, I believe, be produced from this tar, although they are ordinarily made from coal-tar.

Before I left Russia last year, I heard of a proposal to start a factory on the Volga for the manufacture of saccharine, and though the idea has not been carried out, it seemed rather startling to think that any substance which can be substituted for sugar can be manufactured from tar. Saccharine is not really sugar, but it is more than 200 times as sweet as sugar. It was discovered by Dr. Fahlberg, of Leipsic, and is described as having a pure sweet taste. It can be used in curing meat, like sugar-cured hams, making jams, and other purposes to which sugar is now applied. From its intense sweetness it is only necessary to use a very minute quantity. It is said to be perfectly harmless. Another use to which saccharine will probably be applied is to adulterate beet-sugar which may be wanting in sweetness. As far as I can ascertain, saccharine has never yet been manufactured from the refuse-tar of petroleum, but only from coal-tar.

Besides the above great variety of products, some mineral oils supply paraffin wax, and both it and ozokerit.

which may be described as natural mineral wax, are largely used in candle-making. Vaseline, which is applied to a variety of uses in medicine as well as a hair pomade, is another product of rock oil.

Another use to which petroleum is now applied is in the working of small engines up to about ten-horse power, for household or other use. In these engines petroleum oil is directly applied as a motive power, and not merely utilized as fuel for producing steam. Although they vary considerably in construction and details from a gas-engine, they are somewhat alike in purpose, and the power is obtained in a similar manner by the explosion of a small quantity of the oil, either in a vaporized state, or in some engines in its natural fluid state. I need not point out how great an advantage an engine burning kerosene, or other mineral oil, has over a gas-engine, as it can be used in hundreds of situations where gas would not be available.

To give an idea of the enormous quantities of oil used in the world, I may state that the amount of crude oil produced in America in 1886, is estimated to have been 25,828,860 barrels (about 1,100,000,000 gallons), and in Russia to have been about 440,000,000 gallons, besides the large quantity produced in Galicia, Scotland, and other countries. I think we may allow that, in addition to the very many uses to which rock-oil or its products are already applied new ones will be found. —COL. C. E. STEWART, C. B., in *Murray's Magazine*.

A COLONIAL VIEW OF IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Twenty years, nay, even ten years ago, it was thought by many colonists

—and many English statesmen shared the same opinion—that a time must speedily come when the colonies would separate from the mother country. When this feeling was strongest it was not produced by any want of loyalty. There was as strong a love for the mother country, and as much loyalty toward the sovereign, as exist now, but there was a belief that separation from England and the starting of new nations were the necessary ending of colonial institutions. Just as the son looks forward to the time when he will have to leave his father's home and shift for himself, so it was thought that the time must come when the self-governing colonies must be severed from the parent state and start a national life of their own. But the new nations were to be founded under happier auspices than attended the beginnings of the United States. The colonies were to part from England on amicable terms. Nowadays there are very few advocates of such a policy. Public opinion favors some form of union, and the hope is that separation will be prevented. Federation is the term which best expresses the present feeling with regard to the relations that are hoped for between the mother country and her colonies; but I have not yet seen any scheme of Federation proposed that would be satisfactory to either. Nor is this surprising. People in the mother country do not appear to realize that before Imperial Federation can be brought about there must be a long preparation for it both in the United Kingdom and in the colonies. Neither is yet ready for Federation; and any scheme given effect to before the necessary growth and education which should precede a new form of government had been accomplished, would postpone indefinitely that better unity of the Empire for which I think every Englishman should strive.

We have only to think of the attitude of English statesmen toward colonial questions during the past twenty or thirty years, to see that this is so. Indeed, one cause of the unpopularity of some of the leading Liberals of England in the colonies has been that they were thought to be careless of colonial interests, and to look forward to the time when the colonies, like ripe fruit, would drop from the parent stem. It is doubtful, however, whether any section of politicians at home has been otherwise than careless of colonial interests. British statesmen have generally been neglectful of the consideration of colonial questions, because, at all events up to a very recent period, the people of England had no adequate conception either of their nature or importance. The growth of the Federal idea, however, has dissipated any tendency toward separation which may have been caused by past neglect of the colonies by England.

As I have already indicated, the alternative to Federation is Separation. These are the two goals, and it rests with the people of England and of the colonies to say which is desirable. It is scarcely necessary to point out what Separation implies. If the colonies leave England she naturally loses influence in the world, and instead of being a great Power she will gradually cease to occupy her present high position among the European Powers. It may be said that England was great when she had no Colonial Empire, when her population was less than it is now, when her resources compared with those that she now possesses were insignificant. This is true. But though she has grown her rivals have grown also, and were she shorn of her Colonial Empire—were she to lose India, Australasia, British North America, and South Africa—she would, even as a European Power, have to

take a second place, and her influence in European politics would be materially diminished.

I do not mean to say that even were she to lose all these vast territories she would not be great. Her people are great, and the historical associations which are ingrained in the life of her people would make her what she has been in the past—a strong, courageous, and generous nation. But if one contrasts what her future would be in the event of Separation with that which it might become under some scheme of Federation, then I do not think it needs much argument to show that it ought to be the object of English statesmen, backed by the English nation, to encourage the growth of the Imperial feeling. Colonial statesmen, too, must be favorable to such a scheme, for the position of the several parts of the Empire could not but be greatly affected, both in the present and in the future, by each becoming a separate country instead of forming a member of a vast Imperial Dominion, and a severance from the mother country would necessarily be accompanied by the withdrawal of her protection.

Imperial Federation, however, has what might be termed its drawbacks, and I think it would be entirely to ignore the difficulties with which it is surrounded not to state that it necessarily implies that England must become something above and beyond a great European State. I believe that if Federation is to be accomplished the foreign policy of England will have to undergo a decided change, and that the affairs of Europe will be to her of practically little consequence. Certainly it is of more interest to Germany and Austro-Hungary than to England that Russia power should not overshadow the East of Europe. What is it to Great Britain who occupies Constantinople—whether Russia, Turkey,

or Austria? What is it to her who rules Bulgaria? Whether the Danubian Principalities exist as such, or whether they are absorbed by Austria or Russia, should give her no concern. She should be as independent of European politics as the United States are. If her colonies and dependencies are effectually defended, and it is once determined that the interests of Great Britain are world-wide rather than European, she need care little about the political division of the map of Europe.

I know it may be said that if it be determined that the English nation is not to interfere in the affairs of Europe—if she is to refuse aid to the weak States and to allow the powerful States to overrun them—she will be destroying the *morale* of her national life. It should be her proud aim, some will say, as it was in days long past, to assist the oppressed against the oppressor. But such language can hardly be used by a nation that did not interfere on behalf of Italy, nor of Poland, nor of Hungary, nor of Denmark. It is true she interfered on behalf of Turkey, but the result was not encouraging. The loss of life and treasure in the Crimean war was not compensated by any great results. There can be no real danger to her from any of the European Powers were she not to intermeddle in European politics. If she only take proper precautions none can attack her with any chance of success. The "Silver Streak" which surrounds her, if properly taken advantage of, may effectually prevent her being implicated in the Continental disorders of Europe. The United States with us, British North America could defend itself from foreign invasion, and so could Australasia and South Africa if Great Britain were freed from European complications. The vulnerable point by land of her possessions would be on the north-

western frontier of India, and of course every necessary preparation should be made for the defence of that frontier. It is, I know, urged that the route by the Suez Canal is essential for this object, and that the possession of Constantinople by Russia would enable her to unite with other nations to deprive us of this passage. In time of war, however, the Suez Canal could easily be obstructed so as to prevent the transit of ships, and that route could not be relied upon by us from one week to another. The proper course appears to be to render absolutely secure our naval station in South Africa, and to organize rapid steam communication round the Cape of Good Hope to India. Reinforcements could then be sent out rapidly to India though the Suez Canal were blocked.

Moreover, as a glance at the map will show, India lies between South Africa and Australia; and as these colonies—or rather federations—grow in power, they will be able in future years to send troops to aid in the defence of India. If England does not provoke a war with other Powers, there is not one of her sons but would send aid to defend her against aggression. The enthusiasm that would be aroused if she were wantonly attacked would be hard to parallel in the history of the world.

I have referred to the fact that the interests of Great Britain are world-wide rather than European; and when we regard her vast territories in America, Australasia, and South Africa, fast springing into great nations, when we think of her Indian Empire, and of her possession of naval stations at the entrances to the Mediterranean and the Red Sea and on the several routes of commerce throughout the globe, it is, I conceive, impossible with any show of reason to deny this proposition.

Imperial Federation necessarily im-

plies, then, that England must give up interfering in the Continental politics of Europe. I feel certain that, whatever shape an Imperial Federal Parliament may take, if there are representatives in it from South Africa, from Australasia, from India, from British North America, they will never consent to go to war on behalf of any city or of any political boundary on the map of Europe.

Under Imperial Federation the British nation will be not merely a European nation but the center of a world-wide dominion. If the vastness of the territory that is now British be considered, it will at once be seen how insignificant the European possessions are compared with those in other quarters of the globe. I know well that area is not the only consideration, but it should nevertheless be observed that Australasia, including Fiji, is as large as the United States excluding Alaska. It has about 3,104,000 square miles. Canada 3,372,300; South Africa 263,000; India and its dependencies 1,482,000.

The area of England, Scotland, and Ireland is 120,432 square miles; Germany has 212,028, France 204,177, and European Russia 2,095,504 square miles of territory. The whole of Europe is 3,905,300. Compared with all the other countries of the world the English Empire would, except Russia, be the largest. It would certainly be the most populous, the most important, and the wealthiest. The Empire would become a vast territory with one language. Hitherto the population of Australasia has doubled in fifteen years, and in fifty years perhaps it may equal that of England of to-day. And if one thinks what will be the future of South Africa, or of British North America, it will readily appear that not only in territory but in trade and in population, European England will

soon not equal Australasian or American and perhaps not much exceed even African England.

It is necessary to add that there is something else that must necessarily flow from the adoption of any scheme of Imperial Federation. The glory of the English Constitution has been that it is unwritten. It has grown and developed and become suitable to the times, unhampered by a statute. If Imperial Federation in any form is to be adopted there must necessarily be a written Constitution, and there must be, as in the United States, some supreme Court having power to interpret its provisions. In no other way could the rights of the federal bodies be preserved. This is opposed to any English precedent, and would form a new departure in the constitutional history of Britain. There can, however, be little hope of any arrangement that does not guarantee local autonomy and a strict guardianship of the rights of the constitutionally governed States of which the confederacy would consist. A written Constitution and an Imperial Court above both Parliament and Executive are necessary guarantees for the independence of the States. Special arrangements would have to be made for India and the Crown colonies. But some may urge that under such a confederacy we should not have an English empire, that English ideas would not predominate, and that to term such a union an Imperial Federation is a misuse of the term. There may, however, be a Federal parliament "maintaining peace," and protecting commerce, while at the same time the separate States are allowed the fullest local government and the greatest development of their national life, even of national idiosyncrasies. "The State may hold the different peoples together without transforming them in favor of one nationality." The transformation

that language and literature can make will be effected, and their influence can perhaps not be estimated. But the climates differ, and though rapid communication tends to abolish all provincialisms, yet there must remain the peculiarities of Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and British Americans, that will differentiate them from one another and from European England. Federation does not mean sameness.

I do not think it necessary to enter into the question as to what form the union may take. It may be that of a "Confederacy," as distinguished from that of a "Confederation," or it may be a form of union unlike any that has preceded it. The question is whether it is not better to have the loosest kind of federation than Separation. The difficulties under either what is called a *Bundesstaat* or a *Staatenbund*, are forcibly stated by Mr. Freeman, and cannot be overlooked. But the troubles, the dangers, and the loss to England and her colonies of Separation, are even more appalling than the alternatives of Federation that Mr. Freeman offers. The question of India and of Crown colonies with native races would be difficult under any form of Federation, but I am not aware that a continuance of the present system is any solution of the Indian problem. And it is no argument against a kind of Federation that in some particulars it differs from the form of union that has been seen in Greece, or that exists in Switzerland or the United States of America. What I desire to insist on is that the Federation which ought to come cannot even now be planned, and that time and education are required to perfect the form of union which is to bind the Empire together. Against those who have plans and are ready with paper constitutions for an Imperial England Mr. Freeman's criticism may

hold good, but it does not touch those who strive to prevent separation and who are as yet unable to formulate the new form of government. The English nation must be content to take a new departure, and not necessarily be bound by a definition of terms. Learned historians and professors may define what federations mean, and what are necessarily incidents of such unions. But mere names signify little. Is a union possible? Or is England to lose her colonies? These are the questions the nation has to answer.

It may be asked, How is Federation to be brought about?

There must be a feeling created in the English people in England in favor of a strong unity. At present that feeling is weak. The English people have, in a most generous manner, given the right of self-government to the colonies. I doubt if they are yet prepared to say that their foreign policy is to be shaped in the manner I have indicated. But until people can realize that it means the giving up of interference in European politics and the looking upon England as not merely a European nation, Imperial Federation is far in the future.

This change, however, will come. It will be brought about by many causes. The race feeling is strong. Those who have been born and those who have lived almost all their lives in the colonies have as strong a love for England as her own sons. And in Old England the love for her offspring will yet more develop. It will be seen that even from a selfish point of view there is need of a closer alliance. Her manufacturing supremacy has been shaken. She is now suffering from foreign competitors. Even in those "lines" that were considered pre-eminently her own—iron manufactures—rival nations are encroaching on her. An American contractor can obtain

the erecting of the largest bridge south of the Line—the Hawkesbury bridge in New South Wales—at something like £37,000 below the English tenders. He can take some of the steel from Scotland to the United States, manufacture it there, and erect it at the antipodes cheaper than English engineers. In other industries England is being driven out of the field by foreign competition. The idea too that she could have no competitors has made her careless, and not sensitive to the wants of her customers. The English people may, then, be forced to find new markets for their productions, and if the only alternative to Federation is Separation, English manufacturers will not be slow to see what this means to them.

Outside of a formal Federal Alliance there is a strong tendency in the Australasian colonies toward united action on all matters of general interest. And as this feeling grows some form of Federation may be the result. In South Africa too, if that country is to form part of a confederated British Empire, the problem of Federation must be solved. Up to the present it has seemed to be the desire of the British Government to make the Cape Colony the ruler of South Africa, and to annex the territories held by the Boers and the native races to that colony. This mode of treatment will have to be abandoned. If there had been a proper scheme of confederation proposed and warmly supported, and if that scheme had allowed the fullest powers of local government to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, there might ere this have been a great and strong South African confederacy.

A federation of the extremities will, I believe, have to be brought about before Imperial Federation can be expected, and the bond should, I think, be of a looser kind in Australasia and

South Africa than that which exists in Canada. Nor need confederation be confined to Canada, Australasia and South Africa, and a New Zealand State. England herself, as is now being proposed, may set the example by creating a home Federation, and by granting a large measure of local self-government to Ireland, to England, to Scotland, and to Wales. Having these different confederacies in the Empire, one grand Federation that would strengthen all and benefit all might not be so difficult of attainment.

As I have before observed, Britain may in the future be able to look to Australia, to New Zealand, to South Africa for assistance in the defence of India. Anything that will create an interest in India in these colonies and the looking upon India as allied to them must be of enormous advantage.

Another step that is doing much for the unity of the Empire is that of the treatment of the agents-general of the colonies. The time was when the Governor of a colony was the only medium of communication between the colonial and Imperial governments. Nowadays the agents-general have assumed a position somewhat akin to that of ambassadors from foreign States. They are supposed to represent the feelings of the executive for the time being in their colony. To some extent this has weakened the power of Governors. In another aspect it has strengthened it. It is true that Governors are no longer the only medium of communication between the colonies and the Imperial Government, but they stand in a higher position, being looked upon as the head of the colonial executive. As the colonies progress in power the agents-general will have to be members of the executive councils of the colonies they represent, and their position will be higher and more important than it is at present. The

agents-general, being members of the colonial executive, and being in touch with colonial feeling, could represent to the Imperial Government the views of the governments they represent. Public opinion is more subject to change in a new country than in an old one, and colonists who live in England for any length of time seem to get out of feeling with their people. They imbibe the views of their friends in the mother country. Coming from a democratic country, they seem to become intoxicated with the aroma of aristocratic civilization, and, like Ulysses among the lotus-eaters, they lose all desire for return. They give utterance to ideas different from those which perhaps they proclaimed when they were among their fellow-colonists. To allow, therefore, English statesmen to be guided by the opinions of colonists residing in England, would be to allow them to be misled. What they wish to know is the opinion of the colonists, and this could best be given through the medium of a minister residing in England and retiring when his ministry retires.

All these things I have mentioned are making and will yet further make toward promoting more cordial relations among the English-speaking people who recognize the Queen as their sovereign. Is it too much to look forward to the union of all the English-speaking people in the world? If England ceased to be a European Power, why should there not in some way be an affiliation between Great Britain and the United States? The language of the two countries is the same, and the English feeling is strong among what may be termed the salt of the American nation. Is it unreasonable to expect that people speaking the same language, reading the same books, having the same creeds, and being reared from the same race, may

learn to live in peace and mutually assist each other? The English nation may yet comprehend not only England and her colonies but that Greater Britain the United States. The dream may be apparently difficult of realization and appear in the far future, but why should it be deemed impossible by the practical statesmen of to-day?

In Federation, therefore, there is involved something which throws into the shade many questions about which politicians are struggling and striving. Would it not be better for English statesmen to meet this Imperial Federation face to face, to see what it necessarily implies, and if it is a goal for which they must labor, to prepare people—the English-speaking people in both hemispheres—to discuss it and to look forward to it as the necessary destiny of the Empire?—SIR ROBERT STOTT, *Prime Minister of New Zealand*, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

“For better for worse.” How many young creatures repeat these words, unthinkingly, or thinking that the future will be all better and no worse—that marriage is a kind of earthly paradise, and those only are to be pitied who stand without the gate. They are; for a single life is necessarily an imperfect life. But a perfect married life, though there is such a thing, is the rarest thing under the sun. Of the thousands who have known the rapture of love, even of satisfied love, there are only tens, nay units, who live to know what the poet calls “comfort of marriage”—the unity of interests, the entire reliance, the constant, faithful companionship: the peaceful habitual affection which replaces passion; which month after

month, year after year, sits every day at the same board, and lays the tired head every night on the same pillow, quite certain and quite content in that certainty, that nothing but the inevitable "till death us do part" will ever involve separation. It is only those who understand and believe in such marriage who have a right to speak on a much-discussed subject, which has been viewed in many phases, but all chiefly from the worldly side—the man's side. I wish to say a word or two on the moral and spiritual side—and the woman's.

There is a difference between the two. A man makes his own marriage. It is he who is supposed to take the initiative: to woo, ask, and win. If the union turns out a mistake, he has, ordinarily, no one to blame but himself. But there are myriads of women who, by persuasion of friends, or of the lover himself, by the self-delusion and self-sacrifice which "the weaker sex" is constantly prone to, from poverty, pride, or disappointed affections, and other less pitiable and more ignoble motives—marry in haste and repent at leisure; wake up from a temporary hallucination to find themselves in the position of a creature fallen into a bog, where the more it struggles the deeper it sinks. All the deeper that its struggles are, for the most part, dumb.

Not always. It is a curious fact that while a man who has made an unfortunate marriage is generally totally silent on the subject, women, if they utter no open outcry, often secretly complain, and those most who have the least to complain of. For such there need not be felt the slightest pity. If their life is destroyed, they destroy it themselves; not merely by the first foolish step—which many take, for the average of marriages are not ideal, but result only in a convenient mutual toleration—but because

they will not make the best of things, will not take in the vital truth that happiness—or perhaps I should say blessedness—consists, not in obtaining what we crave for, but in turning to noble uses that which we have.

Many a wife goes about making "a poor mouth" about mere trifles. Her husband has not given her the position she expected; he likes town and she the country, or *vice versa*; he has a good heart but a bad temper; his relatives are unpleasant, or he takes a dislike, just or unjust, to hers; all these minor miseries silly women dwell upon, instead of accepting them, like the husband, "for better for worse," and striving by all conceivable means, by patience, by self-denial, by courage when necessary, and by silent endurance always, to change worse into better. This can be done, and often is done. If we, who have lived long enough to look on life with larger eyes than the young, are often saddened to see how many of the most passionate love-marriages melt away into a middle age of misery, we have also seen others which, beginning in error, and possessing all the elements of future wretchedness, have yet by wise conduct—generally on the wife's side—ended in something not far short of happiness.

Every woman who takes upon herself the "holy estate"—and it is indeed holy—"of matrimony" has to learn soon or late—happy if she learn it soon!—that no two human beings can be tied together for life without finding endless difficulties, not only in the world outside, but in each other. These have to be solved, and generally by the wife. She must have a strong heart, a sweet temper, an unlimited patience, and above all, a power to see the right, and do it, not merely for the love of man—"as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord" (a state of things belonging to a polygamous

and not a Christian community)—but for the love of God, which alone can tide an ill-assorted couple over the rocks and quicksands of early married life into a calm sea and a prosperous voyage.

I state this, that if what I am about to say be somewhat iconoclastic, it should be clearly seen that I wage war against false idols and not against true gods. And I write, not for those whose matrimonial lot is the average one, neither very happy nor very miserable, who having made their bed must lie upon it and make the best of it; but for those whose lot has turned out—as the man said of his bad wife—“all worse and no better,” who are cied and bound, not always by their own fault, with a ghastly chain, the iron of which enters their very soul, and from which they have no hope of escape but death.

The question I wish to raise is, how long a woman should endure that chain; how far she may righteously put up with the husband, whom, under whatever circumstances, she has taken “for better for worse,” and found hopelessly “worse.” The opposite question, as to how a good man should deal with a bad wife, I do not enter into. Men are the law-makers, and can be trusted to take care of themselves.

In ancient times, most nations were polygamous, including the Jews, upon whose marriage laws ours—rightly or wrongly—are founded; witness St. Paul’s advice on the text of Sarah—“whose daughters ye are”—in our marriage homily. Women were held to be the mere goods and chattels, first of father, then of husband, and bought and sold accordingly. Early Christianity, while raising the woman to the level of being “one flesh” with the man, absorbed her in him, as “bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh,” giving her few or no rights of her own. Only

of late years has she been recognized as a separate entity, with feelings, duties, rights; man’s partner and helpmeet, but in no sense his slave, as, though outwardly treated as a goddess, she really was, throughout all the Middle Ages of Europe. Now, public opinion has changed. The much-lauded “Patient Griseldis” would be scouted in most modern society as a woman whose conduct showed a cowardice absolutely criminal; and in many honest minds even Tennyson’s lovely story of “Enid and Geraint” leaves an ugly doubt behind whether the man was not a brute and the woman a simpleton.

Yet still, despite advancing civilization, there is in some people a lurking feeling for the brute and against the simpleton; a clinging to the letter of the law—“Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder”—forgetting that many marriages seem made not by God, but, if I may say it, by the devil. Even the marriage service itself warns us that “as many as are coupled together otherwise than as God’s word doth allow, are not joined together by Him, neither is their matrimony lawful.”

There are many marriages which, “if the secrets of all hearts were disclosed”—I quote still from the marriage service—are unlawful from the first; and many more that become unlawful afterward, to continue in which is far more sinful than to break them. Besides infidelity, the one cause for which law, though, I shame to say, not always social opinion or custom, justifies a woman in quitting her husband, there are other wrongs, equally cruel, and equally fatal in result, which Society allows her to endure to the bitter end. A man may be a confirmed drunkard, a spendthrift, a liar—a scoundrel so complete that no honest gentleman would admit him within his

doors; and yet the wretched woman his wife is expected to "do her duty"—to "stick to him through thick and thin"—so goes the phrase. She must shut her eyes to all his sins, and make believe to herself and the world at large that none exist; continue to "obey him and serve him" according to her marriage vow; be the mistress of his house, and—most terrible fate of all!—the mother of his children. And the world, even the virtuous half of it, will uphold and praise her, affirming that she only does what every loyal wife ought to do—and is quite right to do it.

I say she is wrong—culpably wrong: that her noble endurance, falsely so-called, is mere cowardice, and her conjugal submission a degradation as sinful as that of many a woman who omits the marriage ceremony altogether. A woman, married to a thoroughly bad man, and making believe that he is a good man, must be either a hypocrite, lost to all sense of right and wrong—or a fool. Her patience is an error, her self-sacrifice a crime, for neither ends with herself alone.

And here I draw the line—which law as well as public opinion ought to draw—where endurance is bound to end. A childless wife may, if she chooses, immolate herself, like a Hindoo widow, in the moral suttee which many good people still hold to as a part of the Christian religion; but when she is a mother, the case is totally different. There is one "cause for which marriage was ordained"—I still quote from the Prayer-book—which has been overlooked by our legislators—namely, the children.

The divorce laws in all countries make the grounds of separation personal between husband and wife, and the question of duty is held to lie solely with these two. Whereas, for both, and beyond both, is a higher duty still

—that which they, and Society, owe to the innocent creatures whom marriage has brought into the world; who did not ask to be born, and yet must support existence, tainted by the sins and darkened by the sufferings of parents who primarily never thought of them at all.

I may startle many by affirming that the first duty of every woman who deliberately chooses the lot of Mother Eve is—her children. Nature herself upholds this law. In most brute beasts, from the time the double life begins the mother is wholly a mother—and solely; the father having nothing at all to do with his offspring. Higher forms of existence recognize the double parental tie; but still the claim of child upon mother and mother upon child, begun through physical sufferings and joys of which men are equally ignorant, and continued through years of patient care of which they are in general quite incapable, constitutes a bond like nothing else in the world. I do not hesitate to say that it is a closer bond and a stronger duty than that toward any husband; unless it be a husband who fulfills all *his* duties, and is as truly a father as the mother is, or ought to be—a mother. And when these two duties clash, as duties often do in this world, I believe the mother ought to choose first the duty to her children. A man can take care of himself—can ruin or save himself; for, however she may imagine it, very seldom can any woman save a thoroughly bad husband. Nor, though she married him, is she responsible for him, beyond a certain extent; she is responsible for her children from the hour of birth—nay, for the very fact of their existence.

It would be entering on too wide a field of discussion to open the question whether those who are stricken with any hereditary taint should marry, or

be allowed to marry, at all. And this paper is meant to deal with a woman's position and duty after marriage; when time has proved without doubt that the marriage was not "made in Heaven," but—in the other place. Is she justified in destroying not only herself but her hapless children, in that hell upon earth which a bad man can create around him by his unrestrained vices?

That word *vices* answers the question. No mere fault or misfortune, such as incompatibility of temper, hopeless sickness, or worldly ruin, does in the least abrogate that solemn covenant "for better for worse"—but vice does. Confirmed drunkenness, evil courses of any kind, ingrained lack of principle, cruel tyranny, and that violent temper that is akin to madness and equally dangerous—whatever compels a woman to teach her children that to serve God they must *not* imitate their father, warrants her in quitting him, and taking them from him. Whenever things come to that pass that the vileness of the father will destroy the children, physically and morally, then the mother's course is clear. She must save them, nor suffer their father's sins to blight their whole future existence. For—let me dare to utter the plain truth—they ought never to have existed at all. To make a drunkard, a debauchee, a scoundrel of any sort, the father of her children, is, to a righteous woman, a sin almost equivalent to child-murder. And she slays not only their bodies but their souls; entailing on them an hereditary curse, which may not be rooted out for generations.

Therefore, for any good woman married to a scoundrel there is but one duty—separation. Not divorce. This, by permitting remarriage, which the victim would seldom or never desire, would allow the victimizer to carry into a new home the misery he has

inflicted on the former one. But legal separation—a *mensd et thoro*—giving to the wife exactly the position of a widow, and to the children the safety of being fatherless, for a bad father is worse than none—ought to be easily and cheaply attainable by all classes.

The question of income and maintenance would have its difficulties; but, as a general rule, a wife who thus voluntarily leaves her husband should only take away with her what is absolutely her own. She wishes to be freed from himself; she does not want his money. Also, though this may sometimes fall hard, I think the support of the children should devolve upon her. This removes the possibility of mercenary or worldly or vicious motives for the separation, and places it entirely on moral grounds. Money, wrung legally out of a bad father, would, in most women's eyes, only bring a curse with it; and there are few mothers who, if put to the test, would not prefer the hardest poverty for themselves and their children, rather than the misery of a home in which the name of husband and father is a mere sham; where—sharpest pang of all—they have to sit still and see their little ones slowly contaminated by one to whom the hapless innocents owe nothing but the mere accident of existence.

By the outside world, this condition of quasi-widowhood, if sad and difficult, should be held in no way dishonorable. To it would attach none of the degradations and foul revelations of divorce; indeed, the fact that separation was easy would make divorce all the more difficult, as should be. Easy divorce loosens all the rivets which hold society together, and, while giving no consolation to innocence, offers a premium to guilt. The great safeguard of marriage is its inevitableness; the consciousness that no power on earth can ever place

either party in the same position as before their union. Otherwise; only too many couples would separate in the first year of their union. But the mistake, known to be irrevocable, is borne, and sometimes partially remedied. When irremediable, the utmost that both parties can expect and most would desire, is to get free from one another—as free as they can, and save their children from the consequences of their fatal error.

This, and no more than this, I think they have a right to. Neither law, nor public opinion, can place, or ought to place, unhappy married couples in the same position as if they had never committed that false step. One can deeply pity a woman whose husband is transported for forgery, or a man whose wife is shut up permanently in a lunatic asylum; but, though these things involve and justify a life-long separation, they would form a ghastly and dangerous argument for divorce. Nay, speaking as a woman, and for women, I doubt if divorce should ever be permissible. Few of us would either care to become the wife of a divorced man, or feel it right to marry at all while the husband, the father of our children, was still alive.

But the spectacle of a woman who refuses to condone vice and perpetuate evil, who has strength to cut off a right hand and put out a right eye, rather than sin against God and ruin the young souls He has intrusted to her, would be deterrent rather than dangerous. Many a man, who, knowing his wife dare not or cannot leave him, is selfish, tyrannical, brutal, breaking every law of God and man except those for which he would be openly punished, if he thought she *would* leave him, could get rid of him by means short of divorce, and without the odium to herself and the freedom to him that result from divorce—would possibly

amend his ways. If not, he would richly deserve the justice without mercy—for mercy to the sinful is often mercilessness to the innocent—which is Society's only safeguard against such men. They are not fit for domestic life; and, though in public life some of them brazen it out to the last, the best that Society can do for them is to save other women from them, help their wives to gather together the fragments of a wrecked existence, and teach their children to cover over with wise and duteous silence the very name of father.

There are fathers—and fathers. Those who deserve the name will not resent my distinguishing between them. And no good husband is harmed by laws which protect hapless women against bad husbands. On the other hand, there are women as unfit to be mothers as wives, and God help the man who has chosen such a one! But, as I have said, the choice is his own; he is—apparently, at least—the active, not the passive agent in his own hard fate. And he generally bears it in heroic silence. So should she. If, refusing to lower her womanhood by continuing to live with a bad man, she has courage to quit him, she deserves not merely pity but respect. But she deserves neither, if, while tamely submitting to her misery, she raises a feeble wailing or a monstrous howling against it. Such women encourage bad men, and injure good men by appealing to the noble quality of the stronger sex—compassion.

It is to obviate this, to set up a standard by which good men can fairly judge good women, that I write the present paper; starting with the principle that in most cases of unhappy marriage the first thing to be considered is *the good of the children*. Secondly, that while divorce, being undesirable in itself, and dangerous to the community at large,

should be made as difficult as possible, separation, restoring to both parties all rights which they had before marriage, except that of re-marrying, should be made easily and honorably obtainable.

What men should do in a similar case, I leave to themselves to say. I speak only for women, hoping my words may strengthen some of them to break through that cruel bondage of body and soul, ending in untold misery—nay, worse than misery, guilt—caused by the false interpretation that so many well-meaning, narrow-minded people put upon the words, most sacred words to all who really understand them!—"for better for worse."—**DINAH MULOCK CRAIK**, in *The Contemporary Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

AN OPERATIC ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Carl Rosa has come to be regarded as the veteran operatic impressario and conductor, although it will be three years before he enters upon the second half century of his life; but he made his debut as a violin player at eight, and at thirty was the leader of a brilliant operatic campaign in the United States. In *Murray's Magazine* he gives a readable paper upon "English Opera." He writes:—

"Now let us, for one moment, consider what a successful operatic establishment means. How many persons does it give employment to? Foremost come the principal singers and chorus; then there is the ballet; sometimes there are several hundreds of supernumeraries—a godsend to people of any class out of work. There is the orchestra, giving permanent employment to sixty or seventy people, instead of their playing at stray concerts. What an outlet to pupils of our musical schools! There is the composer, and the poet, the wardrobe department with all its details. The dress for a prima donna sometimes costs £80 to £90.—How many different hands and mouths profit by this transaction alone? There is the scenic artist with all his assistants, spreading out to the oil and color merchant and

canvas manufacturer, the ironmonger, the rope-maker, the armorer, the gas-man, the property and wig maker; finally the carpenter with his little army, not to speak of the big staff in front of the house. Still, in spite of the expense attaching to all these different accessories, I think I have proved that opera in the vernacular can be made to pay. I do not believe in artistic enterprises, which have no commercial backbone. Art soon flies away if 'treasury day' is not met, and the 'ghost does not walk.' I have always endeavored to accustom the public to go and hear a work, instead of a particular singer, and when I found that a singer wanted to be *the opera*, I have dispensed with his or her services, however valuable they might have been. I have never tried to deceive the public, as I think it is the greatest possible mistake in a caterer for the public to work under false pretences. Nemesis will surely follow. The difficulty of an impressario lies not with the public; it is in the inside of the watch, with all its little wheels within wheels, that he meets the main difficulties that beset his harassing and ungrateful position."

HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Froude has done his best to place Henry VIII. among not only the great men, but also among the good men of history. The Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., late Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, in his recently published *Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History*, gives this estimate of the many-married monarch:—

"The grand factor in the whole complication [of the Reformation in England], is the strong, intelligent, self-willed force of the king. Henry VIII. is neither the puppet of parties, nor the victim of circumstances, nor the shifty politician, nor the capricious tyrant, but a man of light and leading, of power, force, and foresight; a man of opportunities and stratagems and surprises, but not the less of iron will and determined purpose; purpose not at once realized or systematized, but widening, deepening, and strengthening as the way opens before it; a man, accordingly, who might have been very great, and could under no circumstances be accounted less than great, but who would have been infinitely greater, and better, and more fortunate, if he would lived for his people and not for himself. . . . I come to the conclusion that Henry VIII. was the master, and in no sense the minister, of his people; and that, where he carried their good will with him, it was by forcing, not by antic-

pating or even educating it. I am obliged altogether to reject the notion that he was the interpreter in any sense of the wishes of his people; the utmost that he did in this direction was to manipulate and utilize their prejudices to his own purpose."

MRS. AMELIA OSBORN-DOBBIN.—In 1848, when all the heroes and heroines of *Vanity Fair* had come to be acquaintances of all the world, Mr. Thackeray thus wrote to Mrs. Brookfield: "You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife—*y est pour beaucoup*." Not long before Thackeray had written to the same friend:—

"I am going to-day to the Hôtel de la Terrasse [Brussels], where Becky used to live, and shall pass by Captain Osborn's lodgings, where I recollect meeting him and his little wife—who has married again somebody told me;—but it is always the way with these *grandes passions*—Mrs. Dobbins, or some such name, she is now; always an overrated woman, I thought. How curious it is! I believe perfectly in all those people, and feel quite an interest in the inn in which they lived."

THE HABITANS OF LOWER CANADA.—The *Toronto Week* is publishing a series of papers, signed "G. C. C.," upon this class of our neighbors in "The Dominion." We present an extract from the opening paper:—

"The *habitan* of Lower Canada differs from almost every other nation of the soil of this great cis-atlantic civilization in the facts of his contentment, his strong attachment to the particular corner of the globe in which he dwells, and his satisfaction with the condition of things as he actually finds them. He is not ever striving to better his surroundings by introducing new methods of tilling the soil or reaping the grain, by improved schemes of draining, or scientific systems of manuring. The land that yielded support for his grandfather continues to yield support for him, and why should he need more? His imagination is not fired by wonderful tales of far-off western lands that produce sixty bushels to the acre, nor is he tempted (except when pressed by increase of population) to seek his fortune in a richer country. The house that has served his father suits him; the furniture to which he was accustomed as a child still satisfies. He is untouched by the modern craving for things

new and better. He is, in a word, content. 'Contentment is great gain,' as the old copy-book line of our boyhood informs us; but contentment is not the cause of progress nor the companion of that restless striving for improvement which is perhaps the most marked feature of modern life on this continent. The key to the character of the French-Canadian is that he is thoroughly contented with his lot, and withal, happy therein. But it is a contentment that springs not from a philosophical determination to limit his desires to his means, but from a poverty of desire that is satisfied by his means. He is satisfied, for he knows not what to wish for, and he is happy because he is satisfied.

"As a rule the *habitan* never reads, and the majority can not, even if the inclination were not wanting. Not in one house in a hundred will there be found a newspaper of any kind, or any books—except prayer-books. The little knowledge that is possessed of what is going on around them, is gathered from fireside or roadside gossip, or talk at the church door. The 'church door' plays a most important part in the social life. It is at once a medium for advertising, and a vehicle for spreading news. If a man loses a coat or a bag on the road, it is 'called' at the church door; if he wants to employ man or to buy timber, or to build houses, a 'call' is made at the church door. Perhaps no one fact, more than this, brings so forcibly before us the very primitive manner of life of this people. The 'church door' is the important agent it is, because it offers the only means of reaching the people. It is the one channel of communication from the outer world to the country side. As the people do not read, and do not gather *en masse* except on Sunday, there is no other means of getting at them. And it is for this reason that the political speech after mass, on Sunday, still obtains in Lower Canada, to the great scandal of Protestant Ontario. Though the speech at the church door seems to savor of clerical influence, such is not necessarily the case. The church door is used in this instance, as in the others, merely as the most convenient and natural means of reaching the people. It is not to be denied, however, that the door of the church is not far from the altar rails, and on occasions the extreme ease with which influence may be exerted from the latter proves too convenient to be altogether lost sight of. A hint from M. le Curé has more influence than a whole oration from M. le Can- didat."

SCIENCE AND PSEUDO-SCIENCE.

In the opening sentences of a contribution to the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the Duke of Argyll has favored me with a lecture on the proprieties of controversy, to which I should be disposed to listen with more docility if his Grace's precepts appeared to me to be based upon rational principles, or if his example were more exemplary.

With respect to the latter point, the Duke has thought fit to entitle his article "Professor Huxley on Canon Liddon," and thus forces into prominence an element of personality which those who read the paper which is the object of the Duke's animadversions will observe I have endeavored, most carefully, to avoid. My criticisms dealt with a report of a sermon, published in a newspaper, and thereby addressed to all the world. Whether that sermon was preached by A or B was not a matter of the smallest consequence; and I went out of my way to absolve the learned divine to whom the discourse was attributed from the responsibility for statements which, for anything I knew to the contrary, might contain imperfect, or inaccurate representations of his views. The assertion that I had the wish or was beset by any "temptation to attack" Canon Liddon is simply contrary to fact.

But suppose that if, instead of sedulously avoiding even the appearance of such attack I had thought fit to take a different course; suppose that, after satisfying myself that the eminent clergyman whose name is paraded by the Duke of Argyll had really uttered the words attributed to him from the pulpit of St. Paul's, what right would any one have to find fault with my

action on grounds either of justice, expediency, or good taste?

Establishment has its duties as well as its rights. The clergy of a State Church enjoy many advantages over those of unprivileged and unendowed religious persuasions, but they lie under a correlative responsibility to the state, and to every member of the body politic. I am not aware that any sacredness attaches to sermons. If preachers stray beyond the doctrinal limits set by lay lawyers, the Privy Council will see to it; and, if they think fit to use their pulpits for the promulgation of literary, or historical, or scientific errors, it is not only the right, but the duty, of the humblest layman, who may happen to be better informed, to correct the evil effects of such perversion of the opportunities which the state affords them and such misuse of the authority which its support lends them. Whatever else it may claim to be, in its relations with the state, the Established Church is a branch of the civil service; and, for those who repudiate the ecclesiastical authority of the clergy, they are merely civil servants, as much responsible to the English people for the proper performance of their duties as any others.

I denied the justice of the preacher's ascription to men of science of the doctrine that miracles are incredible, because they are violations of natural law; and the Duke of Argyll says that he believes my "denial to be well founded. The preacher was answering an objection which has now been generally abandoned." Either the preacher knew this or he did not know it. It seems to me, as a mere lay teacher, to be a pity that the "great dome of St. Paul's" should have been made to "echo" (if so be that such stentorian effects were really produced) a state-

ment which, admitting the first alternative, was unfair, and, admitting the second, was ignorant.

Having thus sacrificed one half of the preacher's arguments, the Duke of Argyll proceeds to make equally short work with the other half. It appears that he fully accepts my position that the occurrence of those events, which the preacher speaks of as catastrophes, is no evidence of disorder, inasmuch as such catastrophes may be necessary occasional consequences of uniform changes. Whence I conclude, his Grace agrees with me, that the talk about royal laws "wrecking" ordinary laws may be eloquent metaphor, but is also nonsense.

And now comes a further surprise. After having given these superfluous stabs to the slain body of the preacher's argument, my good ally remarks, with magnificent calmness: "So far, then, the preacher and the professor are at one." "Let them smoke the calumet." By all means: smoke would be the most appropriate symbol of this wonderful attempt to cover a retreat. After all, the Duke has come to bury the preacher, not to praise him; only he makes the funeral obsequies look as much like a triumphal procession as possible.

So far as the questions between the preacher and myself are concerned, then, I may feel happy. The authority of the Duke of Argyll is ranged on my side. But the Duke has raised a number of other questions, with respect to which I fear I shall to dispense with his support—nay even be compelled to differ from him as much, or more, than I have done about his Grace's new rendering of the "benefit of clergy."

In discussing catastrophes, the Duke indulges in statements, partly scientific, partly anecdotic, which appear to me to be somewhat misleading. We are told, to begin with, that Sir Charles Lyell's

doctrine respecting the proper mode of interpreting the facts of geology (which is commonly called uniformitarianism) "does not hold its head quite so high as it once did." That is great news indeed. But is it true? All I can say is that I am aware of nothing that has happened of late that can in any way justify it; and my opinion is, that the body of Lyell's doctrine, as laid down in that great work, *The Principles of Geology*, whatever may have happened to its head, is a chief and permanent constituent of the foundations of geological science.

But this question cannot be advantageously discussed, unless we take some pains to discriminate between the essential part of the uniformitarian doctrine and its accessories; and it does not appear that the Duke of Argyll has carried his studies of geological philosophy so far as this point. For he defines uniformitarianism to be the assumption of the "extreme slowness and perfect continuity of all geological changes." What "perfect continuity" may mean in this definition, I am by no means sure; but I can only imagine that it signifies the absence of any break in the course of natural order during the millions of years, the lapse of which is recorded by geological phenomena.

Is the Duke of Argyll prepared to say that any geologist of authority, at the present day, believes that there is the slightest evidence of the occurrence of supernatural intervention, during the long ages of which the monuments are preserved to us in the crust of the earth? And if he is not, in what sense has this part of the uniformitarian doctrine, as he defines it, lowered its pretensions to represent scientific truth?

As to the "extreme slowness of all geological changes," it is simply a popular error to regard that as, in any wise, a fundamental and necessary

dogma of uniformitarianism. It is extremely astonishing to me that any one who has carefully studied Lyell's great work can have so completely failed to appreciate its purport, which yet is "writ large" on the very title-page: "*The Principles of Geology, being an attempt to explain the former changes of the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation.*" The essence of Lyell's doctrine is here written so that those who run may read; and it has nothing to do with the quickness or slowness of the past changes of the earth's surface; except in so far as existing analogous changes may go on slowly, and therefore create a presumption in favor of the slowness of past changes.

With that epigrammatic force which characterizes his style, Buffon wrote, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, in his famous *Théorie de la Terre*: "Pour juger de ce qui est arrivé, et même de ce qui arrivera, nous n'avons qu'à examiner ce qui arrive." The key of the past, as of the future, is to be sought in the present, and only when known causes of change have been shown to be insufficient have we any right to have recourse to unknown causes. Geology is as much an historical science as archæology; and I apprehend that all sound historical investigation rests upon this axiom. It underlay all Hutton's work and animated Lyell and Scrope in their successful efforts to revolutionize the geology of half a century ago.

There is no antagonism whatever, and there never was, between the belief in the views which had their chief and unwearied advocate in Lyell and the belief in the occurrence of catastrophes. The first edition of Lyell's *Principles*, published in 1830, lies before me; and a large part of the first volume is occupied by an account of volcanic, seismic, and diluvial catas-

trophes which have occurred within the historical period. Moreover, the author over and over again expressly draws the attention of his readers to the consistency of catastrophes with his doctrine.

"Notwithstanding, therefore, that we have not witnessed within the last three thousand years the devastation by deluge of a large continent, yet, as we may predict the future occurrence of such catastrophes, we are authorized to regard them as part of the present order of Nature, and they may be introduced into geological speculations respecting the past, provided that we do not imagine them to have been more frequent or general than we expect them to be in time to come" (vol. i. p. 89).

Again:—

"If we regard each of the causes separately, which we know to be at present the most instrumental in remodeling the state of the surface, we shall find that we must expect each to be in action for thousands of years, without producing any extensive alterations in the habitable surface, and then to give rise, during a very brief period, to important revolutions" (vol. ii. p. 161).*

Lyell quarreled with the catastrophes, then, by no means because they assumed that catastrophes occur and have occurred, but because they had got into the habit of calling on their god Catastrophe to help them when they ought to have been putting their shoulders to the wheel of observation of the present course of nature, in order to help themselves out of their difficulties. And geological science has become what it is chiefly because geologists have gradually accepted

* See also vol. i. p. 460. In the ninth edition (1853), published twenty-three years after the first, Lyell deprives even the most careless reader of any excuse for misunderstanding him: "So in regard to subterranean movements, the theory of the perpetual uniformity of the force which they exert on the earth's crust is quite consistent with the admission of their alternate development and suspension for indefinite periods within limited geographical areas" (p. 187).

Lyell's doctrine and followed his precepts.

So far as I know anything about the matter, there is nothing that can be called proof, that the causes of geological phenomena operated more intensely or more rapidly, at any time between the older tertiary and the oldest palæozoic epochs, then they have done between the older tertiary epoch and the present day. And if that is so, uniformitarianism, even as limited by Lyell, has no call to lower its crest. But, if the facts were otherwise, the position Lyell took up remains impregnable. He did not say that the geological operations of nature were never more rapid, or more vast, than they are now; what he did maintain is the very different proposition that there is no good evidence of anything of the kind. And that proposition has not yet been shown to be incorrect.

I owe more than I can tell to the careful study of the *Principles of Geology* in my young days; and, long before the year 1856, my mind was familiar with the truth that "the doctrine of uniformity is not incompatible with great and sudden changes," which, as I have shown, is taught *totidem verbis* in that work. Even had it been possible for me to shut my eyes to the sense of what I had read in the *Principles*, Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, published in 1840, a work with which I was also tolerably familiar, must have opened them. For the always acute, if not always profound, author, in arguing against Lyell's uniformitarianism, expressly points out that it does not in any way contravene the occurrence of catastrophes.

With regard to such occurrences [earthquakes, deluges, etc.], terrible as they appear at the time, they may not much affect the average rate of change: there may be a *cycle*, though an irregular one, of rapid and slow

change: and if such cycles go on succeeding each other, we may still call the order of nature uniform, notwithstanding the periods of violence which it involves."

The reader, who has followed me through this brief chapter of the history of geological philosophy, will probably find the following passage in the paper of the Duke of Argyll to be not a little remarkable:—

"Many years ago, when I had the honor of being President of the British Association [at Glasgow, in 1856], I ventured to point out, in the presence and in the hearing of that most distinguished man [Sir. C. Lyell] that the doctrine of uniformity was not incompatible with great and sudden changes, since cycles of these and other cycles of comparative rest, might well be constituent parts of that uniformity which he asserted. Lyell did not object to this extended interpretation of his own doctrine, and indeed expressed to me his entire concurrence."

I should think he did; for, as I have shown, there was nothing in it that Lyell himself had not said six-and-twenty years before, and enforced three years before; and it is almost verbally identical with the view of uniformitarianism taken by Whewell, sixteen years before, in a work with which one would think that any one who undertakes to discuss the philosophy of science should be familiar.

Thirty years have elapsed since the beginner of 1856 persuaded himself that he enlightened the foremost geologist of his time, and one of the most acute and farseeing man of science of any time, as to the scope of the doctrines which the veteran philosopher had grown gray in promulgating; and the Duke of Argyll's acquaintance with the literature of geology has not, even now, become sufficiently profound to dissipate that pleasant delusion.

If the Duke of Argyll's guidance in that branch of physical science, with which alone he has given evidence of any practical acquaintance, is thus unsafe, I may breathe more freely in

setting my opinion against the authoritative deliverances of his Grace about matters which lie outside the province of geology.

And here the Duke's paper offers me such a wealth of opportunities that choice becomes embarrassing. I must bear in mind the good old adage, *non multa sed multum*. Tempting as it would be to follow the Duke through his labyrinthine misunderstandings of the ordinary terminology of philosophy, and to comment on the curious unintelligibility which hangs about his frequent outpourings of fervid language, limits of space oblige me to restrict myself to those points, the discussion of which may help to enlighten the public in respect of matters of more importance than the competence of my Mentor for the task which he has undertaken.

I am not sure when the employment of the word Law, in the sense in which we speak of laws of nature, commenced, but examples of it may be found in the works of Bacon, Descartes, and Spinoza. Bacon employs "Law" as the equivalent of "Form," and I am inclined to think that he may be responsible for a good deal of the confusion that has subsequently arisen; but I am not aware that the term is used by other authorities, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in any other sense than that of "rule" or "definite order of the coexistence of things or succession of events in nature. Descartes speaks of *"règles, que je nomme les lois de la nature."* Leibnitz says *"loi ou règle générale,"* as if he considered the terms interchangeable.

The Duke of Argyll, however, affirms that the "law of gravitation" as put forth by Newton was something more than the statement of an observed order. He admits that Kepler's three laws "were an observed order of facts and nothing more." As to the law of

gravitation "it contains an element which Kepler's laws did not contain, even an element of causation, the recognition of which belongs to a higher category of intellectual conceptions than that which is concerned in the mere observation and record of separate and apparently unconnected facts." There is hardly a line in these paragraphs which appears to me to be indisputable. But, to confine myself to the matter in hand, I cannot conceive that any one who had taken ordinary pains to acquaint himself with the real nature of either Kepler's or Newton's work could have written them. That the labors of Kepler, of all men in the world, should be called "mere observation and record," is truly wonderful. And any one who will look into the *Principia*, or the *Optics*, or the *Letters to Bentley*, will see, even if he has no more special knowledge of the topics discussed than I have, that Newton over and over again insisted that he had nothing to do with gravitation as a physical cause, and that when he used the terms attraction, force, and the like, he employed them, as he says, *mathematicè* and not *physicè*.

"How these attractions [of gravity, magnetism, and electricity] may be performed, I do not here consider. What I call attraction may be performed by impulse or by some other means unknown to me. I use that word here to signify only in a general way any force by which bodies tend toward one another, whatever be the cause." (*Optic*, query 31.)

According to my reading of the best authorities upon the history of science, Newton discovered neither gravitation, nor the law of gravitation; nor did he pretend to offer more than a conjecture as to the causation of gravitation. Moreover, his assertion that the notion of a body acting where it is not, is one that no competent thinker could entertain, is antagonistic to the whole

current conception of attractive and repulsive forces, and therefore of "the attractive force of gravitation." What, then, was that labor of unsurpassed magnitude and excellence and immortal influence which Newton did perform? In the first place, Newton defined the laws, rules, or observed order of the phenomena of motion, which come under our daily observation, with greater precision than had been before attained; and, by following out with marvelous power and subtlety the mathematical consequences of these rules, he almost created the modern science of pure mechanics. In the second place, applying exactly the same method to the explication of the facts of astronomy as that which was applied a century and a half later to the facts of geology by Lyell, he set himself to solve the following problem. Assuming that all bodies, free to move, tend to approach one another as the earth and the bodies on it do; assuming that the strength of that tendency is directly as the mass and inversely as the squares of the distances; assuming that the laws of motion, determined for terrestrial bodies, hold good throughout the universe; assuming that the planets and their satellites were created and placed at their observed mean distances, and that each received a certain impulse from the Creator; will the form of the orbits, the varying rates of motion of the planets, and the ratio between those rates and their distances from the sun which must follow by mathematical reasoning from these premises, agree with the order of facts determined by Kepler and others, or not?

Newton employing mathematical methods which are the admiration of adepts, but which no one but himself appears to have been able to use with ease, not only answered this question in the affirmative, but stayed on his

constructive genius before it had founded modern physical astronomy.

The historians of mechanical and of astronomical science appear to be agreed that he was the first person who clearly and distinctly put forth the hypothesis that the phenomena comprehended under the general name of "gravity" follow the same order throughout the universe, and that all material bodies exhibit these phenomena; so that, in this sense, the idea of universal gravitation may, doubtless, be properly ascribed to him.

Newton proved that the laws of Kepler were particular consequences of the laws of motion and the law of gravitation—in other words, the reason of the first lay in the two latter. But to talk of the law of gravitation, alone, as the reason of Kepler's laws, and still more as standing in any causal relation to Kepler's laws, is simply a misuse of language. It would really be interesting if the Duke of Argyll would explain how he proposes to set about showing that the elliptical form of the orbits of the planets, the constant area described by the radius vector, and the proportionality of the squares of the periodic times to the cubes of the distances from the sun, are either caused by the "force of gravitation" or deducible from the "law of gravitation." I conceive that it would be about as apposite to say that the various compounds of nitrogen with oxygen are caused by chemical attraction and deducible from the atomic theory.

Newton assuredly lent no shadow of support to the modern pseudo-scientific philosophy which confounds laws with causes. I have not taken the trouble to trace out this commonest of fallacies to its first beginning; but I was familiar with it in full bloom, more than forty years ago, in a work which had a great vogue in its day—the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*—of

which the first edition was published in 1844.

It is full of apt and forcible illustrations of pseudo-scientific realism. Consider, for example, this gem serene. When a boy who has climbed a tree looses his hold of the branch, "the law of gravitation unrelentingly pulls him to the ground, and then he is hurt," whereby the Almighty is quite relieved from any responsibility for the accident. Here is the "law of gravitation" acting as a cause, in a way quite in accordance with the Duke of Argyll's conception of it. In fact, in the mind of the author of the *Vestiges*, "laws" are existences intermediate between the Creator and his works, like the "ideas" of the Platonizers or the Logos of the Alexandrians.* I may cite a passage which is quite in the vein of Philo:—

"We have seen powerful evidences that the construction of this globe and its associates; and, inferentially, that of all the other globes in space, was the result, not of any immediate or personal exertion on the part of the Deity, but of natural laws which are the expression of his will. What is to hinder our supposing that the organic creation is also a result of natural laws which are in like manner an expression of his will?"

And creation "operating by law" is constantly cited as relieving the Creator from trouble about insignificant details.

I am perplexed to picture to myself the state of mind which accepts these verbal juggleries. It is intelligible that the Creator should operate according to such rules as he might think fit to lay down for himself (and therefore according to law); but that would leave the operation of his will just as much a direct personal act as it would be under any other circumstances. I can also understand that (as in Leibnitz's caricature of Newton's views) the Creator might have made the cosmical machine, and, after setting it going, have left it to itself till it needed

repair. But then, by the supposition, his personal responsibility would have been involved in all that it did just as much as a dynamiter is responsible for what happens when he has set his machine going and left it to explode.

The only hypothesis which gives a sort of mad consistency to the Vestigarian's views is the supposition that laws are a kind of angels or demiurgoi, who, being supplied with the Great Architect's plan, were permitted to settle the details among themselves. Accepting this doctrine, the conception of royal laws and plebeian laws, and of these more than Homeric contests in which the big laws "wreck" the little ones, becomes quite intelligible. And, in fact, the honor of the paternity of those remarkable ideas which come into full flower in the preacher's discourse, must, so far as my imperfect knowledge goes, be attributed to the author of the *Vestiges*.

But the author of the *Vestiges* is not the only writer who is responsible for the current pseudo-scientific mystifications which hang about the term "law." When I wrote my paper about "Scientific and Pseudo-Scientific Realism," I had not read a work by the Duke of Argyll, *The Reign of Law*, which, I believe, has enjoyed, possibly still enjoys, a wide-spread popularity. But the vivacity of the Duke's attack led me to think it possible that criticisms directed elsewhere might have come home to him. And, in fact, I find that the second chapter of the work in question, which is entitled "Law; its definitions," is, from my point of view, a sort of *summa* of pseudo-scientific philosophy. It will be worth while to examine it in some detail.

In the first place, it is to be noted that the author of the *Reign of Law* admits that "law," in many cases, means nothing more than the statement of the order in which facts occur, or,

* The author recognizes this in his "Explanations."

as he says, "an observed order of facts." But his appreciation of the value of accuracy of expression does not hinder him from adding, almost in the same breath, "In this sense the laws of nature are simply those facts of nature which recur according to rule." Thus "laws," which were rightly said to be the statement of an order of facts in one paragraph, are declared to be the facts themselves in the next.

We are next told that, though it may be customary and permissible to use "law" in the sense of a statement of the order of facts, this is a low use of the word; and indeed, two pages further on, the writer, flatly contradicting himself, altogether denies its admissibility.

"An observed order of facts, to be entitled to the rank of a law, must be an order so constant and uniform as to indicate necessity, and necessity can only arise out of the action of some compelling force."

This is undoubtedly one of the most singular propositions that I have ever met with in a professedly scientific work, and its rarity is embellished by another direct self-contradiction which it implies. For in the preceding page, when the Duke of Argyll is speaking of the laws of Kepler, which he admits to be laws, and which are types of that which men of science understand by "laws," he says that they are "simply and purely an order of facts." Moreover he adds: "A very large proportion of the laws of every science are laws of this kind and in this sense." If, according to the Duke of Argyll's admission, law is understood, in this sense, thus widely and constantly by scientific authorities, where is the justification for his unqualified assertion that such statements of the observed order of facts are not "entitled to the rank" of laws?

But let us examine the consequences of the really interesting proposition I

have just quoted. I presume that it is a law of nature that "a straight line is the shortest distance between the points." This law affirms the constant association of a certain fact of form with a certain fact of dimension. Whether the notion of necessity which attaches to it has an *à priori* or an *à posteriori* origin is a question not relevant to the present discussion. But I would beg to be informed, if it is necessary, where is the "compelling force" out of which the necessity arises; and further, if it is not necessary, whether it loses the character of a law of nature?

I take it to be a law of nature, based on unexceptionable evidence, that the mass of matter remains unchanged, whatever chemical or other modifications it may undergo. This law is one of the foundations of chemistry. But it is by no means necessary. It is quite possible to imagine that the mass of matter should vary according to circumstances, as we know its weight does. Moreover, the determination of the "force" which makes mass constant (if there is any intelligibility in that form of words) would not, so far as I can see, confer any more validity on the law than it has now.

There is a law of nature, so well-vouched by experience, that all mankind, from pure logicians in search of examples, to parish sextons in search of fees, confide in it. This is the law that "all men are mortal." It is simply a statement of the observed order of facts that all men sooner or later die. I am not acquainted with any law of nature which is more "constant and uniform" than this. But will any one tell me that death is "necessary"? Certainly there is no *à priori* necessity in the case, for various men have been imagined to be immortal. And I should be glad to be informed of any "necessity" that can be deduced from biological

considerations. It is quite conceivable, as has recently been pointed out, that come of the lowest forms of life may be immortal, after a fashion. However this may be I would further ask, supposing "all men are mortal" to be a real law of nature, where and what is that to which with any propriety, the title of "compelling force" of the law can be given?

The Duke of Argyll asserts that the law of gravitation "is a law in the sense, not merely of a rule, but of a cause." But this revival of the teaching of the *Vestiges* has already been examined and disposed of; and when the Duke of Argyll states that the "observed order," which Kepler had discovered, was simply a necessary consequence of the force of "gravitation," I need not recapitulate the evidence which proves such a statement to be wholly fallacious. But it may be useful to say once more that, at this present moment, nobody knows anything about the existence of a force of gravitation apart from the fact; that Newton declared the ordinary notion of such force to be inconceivable; that various attempts have been made to account for the order of facts we call gravitation, without recourse to the notion of attractive force; that, if such a force exists, it is utterly incompetent to account for Kepler's laws, without taking into the reckoning a great number of other considerations; and, finally, that all we know about the "force" of gravitation, or any other so-called "force," is that it is a name for the hypothetical cause of an observed order of facts.

Thus, when the Duke of Argyll says: "Force, ascertained according to some measure of its operation—this is indeed one of the definitions, but only one, of a scientific law," I reply that it is a definition which must be repudiated by every one who possesses an adequate acquaintance with either the facts, or

the philosophy, of science and relegated to the limbo of pseudo-scientific fallacies. If the human mind had never entertained this notion of "force," nay, if it substituted bare invariable succession for the ordinary notion of causation, the idea of law, as the expression of a constantly observed order, which generates a corresponding intensity of expectation in our minds, would have exactly the same value, and play its part in real science, exactly as it does now.

It is needless to extend further the present excursus on the origin and history of modern pseudo-science. Under such high patronage as it has enjoyed, it has grown and flourished, until, now-a-days, it is becoming somewhat rampant. It has its weekly *Ephemerides*, in which every new pseudo-scientific mare's-nest is hailed and belauded with the unconscious unfairness of ignorance; and an army of "reconcilers," enlisted in its service, whose business seems to be to mix the black of dogma and the white of science into the neutral tint of what they call liberal theology.

I remember that, not long after the publication of the *Vestiges*, a shrewd and sarcastic countryman of the author defined it as "cauld kail made het again." A cynic might find amusement in the reflection that, at the present time, the principles and the arethods of the much-vilified Vestigimian are being "made het again;" and are not only "echoed by the dome of St. Paul's" but thundered from the castle of Inverary. But my turn of mind is not cynical, and I can but regret the waste of time and energy bestowed on the endeavor to deal with the most difficult problems of science, by those who have neither undergone the discipline, nor possess the information, which are indispensable to the successful issue of such an enterprise.

I have already had occasion to remark that the Duke of Argyll's views of the conduct of controversy are different from mine; and this much-to-be-lamented discrepancy becomes yet more accentuated when the Duke reaches biological topics. Anything that was good enough for Sir Charles Lyell, in his department of study, is certainly good enough for me in mine; and I by no means demur to being pedagogically instructed about a variety of matters with which it has been the business of my life to try to acquaint myself. But the Duke of Argyll is not content with favoring me with his opinions about my own business; he also answers for mine; and, at that point, really the worm must turn. I am told that "no one knows better than Professor Huxley" a variety of things which I really do not know; and I am said to be a disciple of that "Positive Philosophy" which I have, over and over again, publicly repudiated in language which is certainly not lacking in intelligibility, whatever may be its other defects.

I am told that I have been amusing myself with a "metaphysical exercitation or logomachy" (may I remark incidentally that these are not quite convertible terms?), when, to the best of my belief, I have been trying to expose a process of mystification, based upon the use of scientific language by writers who exhibit no sign of scientific training, of accurate scientific knowledge, or of clear ideas respecting the philosophy of science, which is doing very serious harm to the public. Naturally enough, they take the lion's skin of scientific phraseology for evidence that the voice which issues from beneath it is the voice of science, and I desire to relieve them from the consequences of their error.

The Duke of Argyll asks, apparently

with sorrow that it should be his duty to subject me to reproof:—

"What shall we say of a philosophy which confounds the organic with the inorganic, and, refusing to take note of a difference so profound, assumes to explain under one common abstraction, the movements due to gravitation and the movements due to the mind of man?"

To which I may fitly reply by another question: What shall we say to a controversialist who attributes to the subject of his attack opinions which are notoriously not his; and expresses himself in such a manner that it is obvious he is unacquainted with even the rudiments of that knowledge which is necessary to the discussion into which he has rushed? What line of my writing can the Duke of Argyll produce which confounds the organic with the inorganic?

As to the latter half of the paragraph, I have to confess a doubt whether it has any definite meaning. But I imagine that the Duke is alluding to my assertion that the law of gravitation is nowise "suspended" or "defied" when a man lifts his arm; but that, under such circumstances, part of the store of energy in the universe operates on the arm at a mechanical advantage as against the operation of another part. I was simple enough to think that no one who had as much knowledge of physiology as is to be found in an elementary primer, or who had ever heard of the greatest physical generalization of modern times—the doctrine of the conservation of energy—would dream of doubting my statement; and I was further simple enough to think that no one who lacked these qualifications would feel tempted to charge me with error. It appears that my simplicity is greater than my powers of imagination.

The Duke of Argyll may not be aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless true, that when a man's arm is raised, in sequence to that state of consciousness we call a volition, the volition is not the immediate cause of the elevation of the arm. On the contrary, that operation is effected by a certain change of form, technically known as "contraction" in sundry masses of flesh technically known as muscles, which are fixed to the bones of the shoulder in such a manner that, if these muscles contract, they must raise the arm. Now each of these muscles is a machine, in a certain sense, comparable to one of the donkey-engines of a steamship, but more complete, inasmuch as the source of its ability to change its form, or contract, lies within itself. Every time that, by contracting, the muscle does work, such as that involved in raising the arm, more or less of the material which it contains is used up, just as more or less of the fuel of a steam-engine is used up, when it does work. And I do not think there is a doubt in the mind of any competent physicist or physiologist, that the work done in lifting the weight of the arm is the mechanical equivalent of a certain proportion of the energy set free by the molecular changes which take place in the muscle. It is further a tolerably well-based belief that this, and all other forms of energy, are mutually convertible, and therefore that they all come under that general law or statement of the order of facts, called the conservation of energy. And, as that certainly is an abstraction, so the view which the Duke of Argyll thinks so extremely absurd is really one of the commonplaces of physiology. But this Review is hardly an appropriate place for giving instruction in the elements of that science, and I content myself with recommending

the Duke of Argyll to devote some study to Book II. chap. v. section 4 of my friend Dr. Foster's excellent text-book of Physiology (1st edition, 1877, p. 321), which begins thus:—

"Broadly speaking, the animal body is a machine for converting potential into actual energy. The potential energy is supplied by the food; this the metabolism of the body converts into the actual energy of heat and mechanical labor."

There is no more difficult problem in the world than that of the relation of the state of consciousness termed volition, to the mechanical work which frequently follows upon it. But no one can even comprehend the nature of the problem who has not carefully studied the long series of modes of motion which, without a break, connect the energy which does that work with the general store of energy. The ultimate form of the problem is this: Have we any reason to believe that a feeling, or state of consciousness, is capable of directly affecting the motion of even the smallest conceivable molecule of matter? Is such a thing even conceivable? If we answer these questions in the negative, it follows that volition may be a sign, but cannot be a cause, of bodily motion. If we answer them in the affirmative, then states of consciousness become undistinguishable from material things; for it is the essential nature of matter to be the vehicle or substratum of mechanical energy.

There is nothing new in all this. I have merely put into modern language the issue raised by Descartes more than two centuries ago. The philosophies of the Occasionalists, of Spinoza, of Malebranche, of modern idealism and modern materialism, have all grown out of the controversies which Cartesianism evoked. Of all this the pseudo-science of the present time appears to be unconscious; otherwise it would

hardly content itself with "making het again," the pseudo-science of the past.

In the course of these observations I have already had occasion to express my appreciation of the copious and perfervid eloquence which enriches the Duke of Argyll's pages. I am almost ashamed that a constitutional insensibility to the Sirenian charms of rhetoric has permitted me, in wandering through these flowery meads, to be attracted almost exclusively to the bare places of fallacy and the stony grounds of deficient information which are disguised, though not concealed, by these floral decorations. But, in his concluding sentences, the Duke soars into a Tyræan strain which roused even my dull soul.

"It was high time, indeed, that some revolt should be raised against that Reign of Terror which had come to be established in the scientific world under the abuse of a great name. Professor Huxley has not joined this revolt openly, for as yet, indeed, it is only beginning to raise its head. But more than once—and very lately—he has uttered a warning voice against the shallow dogmatism that has provoked it. The time is coming when that revolt will be carried further. Higher interpretations will be established. Unless I am much mistaken, they are already coming in sight."

I have been living very much out of the world for the last two or three years, and when I read this denunciatory outburst, as of one filled with the spirit of prophecy, I said to myself, "Mercy upon us, what has happened? Can it be that X. and Y. (it would be wrong to mention the names of the vigorous young friends which occurred to me) are playing Danton and Robespierre; and that a guillotine is erected in the courtyard of Burlington House for the benefit of all anti-Darwinian Fellows of the Royal Society? Where are the secret conspirators against this tyranny, whom I am supposed to favor, and yet not have the courage to join openly? And to think of my poor

oppressed friend, Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'compelled to speak with bated breath' certainly for the first time in my thirty-odd years' acquaintance with him!" My alarm and horror at the supposition that, while I had been fiddling (or at any rate physicking), my beloved Rome had been burning, in this fashion, may be imagined.

I am sure the Duke of Argyll will be glad to hear that the anxiety he created was of extremely short duration. It is my privilege to have access to the best sources of information, and nobody in the scientific world can tell me anything about either the Reign of Terror or the Revolt. In fact, the scientific world laughs most indecorously at the notion of the existence of either; and some are so lost to the sense of the scientific dignity, that they descend to the use of transatlantic slang, and call it a "bogus scare." As to my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer, I have every reason to know that, in the *Factors of Organic Evolution*, he has said exactly what was in his mind, without any particular deference to the opinions of the person whom he is pleased to regard as his most dangerous critic and Devil's Advocate-General, and still less of any one else.

I do not know whether the Duke of Argyll pictures himself as the Tallien of this imaginary revolt against a no less imaginary Reign of Terror. But if so, I most respectfully but firmly decline to join his forces. It is only a few weeks since I happened to read over again the first article which I ever wrote (now twenty-seven years ago) on the *Origin of Species*, and I found nothing that I wished to modify in the opinions that are there expressed, though the subsequent vast accumulation of evidence in favor of Mr. Darwin's views would give me much to add. As is the case with all new doctrines, so with that of Evolution,

the enthusiasm of advocates has sometimes tended to degenerate into fanaticism, and mere speculation has, at times, threatened to shoot beyond its legitimate bounds. I have occasionally thought it wise to warn the more adventurous spirits among us against these dangers, in sufficiently plain language; and I have sometimes jestingly said that I expected, if I lived long enough, to be looked on as a reactionary by some of my more ardent friends. But nothing short of midsummer madness can account for the fiction that I am waiting till it is safe to join openly a revolt, hatched by some person or persons unknown, against an intellectual movement with which I am in the most entire and hearty sympathy. It is a great many years since, at the outset of my career, I had to think seriously what life had to offer that was worth having. I came to the conclusion that the chief good, for me, was freedom to learn, think, and say what I pleased, when I pleased. I have acted on that conviction and have availed myself of the "rara temporum felicitas ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet," which is now enjoyable, to the best of my ability; and though strongly, and perhaps wisely, warned that I should probably come to grief, I am entirely satisfied with the results of the line of action I have adopted.

My career is at an end—"I have warmed both hands at the fire of life;" and nothing is left me, before I depart, but to help, or at any rate to abstain from hindering, the younger generation of men of science in doing better service to the cause we have at heart, than I have been able to render.

And yet, forsooth, I am supposed to be waiting for the signal of "revolt," which some fiery spirits among these young men are to raise before I dare express my real opinions concerning

questions about which we older men had to fight, in the teeth of fierce public opposition and obloquy—of something which might almost justify even the grandiloquent epithet of a Reign of Terror—before our excellent successors had left school.

It would appear that the spirit of pseudo-science has impregnated even the imagination of the Duke of Argyll. The scientific imagination always restrains itself within the limits of probability.—T. H. HUXLEY, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.*

Impartially conceived, well written, and well translated, we hail with special satisfaction this biography of the man who has been for fifteen years, and must continue till his death, the prominent actor in living history. *Fortuna, sævo læta negotio*, was lavish of her frolicsome malignity when she cast the Emperor William's horoscope. A feeble and delicate youth, he was to become the most vigorous nonagenarian on record. Unpopular beyond precedent through middle age, he was to be the best-beloved Sovereign in his country's annals. A passionate defender of the divine right of Kings, he has planted his Imperial throne on the wrecks of hereditary monarchies. A bitter foe to popular claims, he has established universal suffrage in his dominions. Deeply and habitually religious, he has broken more treaties, taken more territories, shed more blood, than any scourge of humanity in modern times except the first Napoleon.

He entered the Army at ten years old, during the most disastrous period

* "The Emperor William and his Reign." From the French of Edouard Simon, 1896.

of Prussian history; his family was in exile, his country prostrate and insulted. Equipped by Nature with a narrow intelligence and an iron will, he drew from prolonged adversity the principles which have governed his whole life and afford the key to his actions—hatred of democracy, hatred of Napoleonic France, implicit faith in militarism. When, in 1845, his brother, King Frederick William, granted a Representative Assembly, the Prince of Prussia, as he was then called, opposed the measure as ruinous to throne and country, exciting so much bitterness against himself, that in 1848 he left Prussia by the King's desire, returning, after some months of banishment, to withdraw from public life and take no part in politics.

The Convention of Olmütz in 1850 revealed the military inferiority of Prussia; the reconstruction of the Army became of prime national importance, and was committed by the King to his brother, who threw into it all his energies. He was eager to take part against Russia in the war of 1854, and resented the neutrality on which the King insisted, not knowing in what stead the gratitude of Russia, purchased by that abstention, would stand to himself in later years. In 1857 he became Regent, in 1861 King, announcing the programme of his reign with a frankness which is characteristic of his nature, and perhaps one cause of his success. He would resist Parliamentary encroachments, he would create the most powerful army on the Continent, using it to construct a German Empire in which Prussia should be paramount and Austria of no importance. In choosing agents for these great aims, he was equally fortunate and well-judging. He committed the reorganization of the army to Von Roon, its strategic leadership to Von Moltke: in conflict with his Parliament

he was to be aided by a greater than either, Herr von Bismarck. To these three men belong the diplomatic and military triumphs of his reign; to himself, the sagacity which selected and the firmness which upheld them. The duel with the Chamber of Deputies continued for four years. In the stormy debates, the assertion of constitutional rights on one side, the reprimands, dissolutions, illegal exactions of subsidies on the other, we seem to have gone back three centuries, and to be in the presence of the Stuart Parliaments. But there was no Pym in the Prussian Chamber; the Prussian Cromwell was on the monarch's side, and the Prussian Strafford was fighting for a master whom he could trust.

Even thus the King and his Minister would have been beaten, had not domestic politics been superseded by a foreign war. The death of the King of Denmark in 1863 created two rival claimants for the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, hitherto part of the Danish Kingdom; the succession of the new King Christian had been guaranteed by the Treaty of London in 1852, to which Prussia and Austria were parties; the pretensions of the Duke of Augustenburg were supported by the German Confederacy and by the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein. Bismarck saw his chance: to annex the Duchies to Prussia would popularize the King, checkmate the Parliament, flesh the newly organized army, give Prussia an extended seaboard, increase her influence in the Confederacy, undermine the power of Austria. The obstacles were serious; the Treaty pledges of Prussia, the hostility of Austria, at that time stronger than her neighbor, the reluctance of the Confederate States, not least the conscientious misgivings of the King. The steps by which these difficulties were overcome are not pleasant reading;

they include all the devices of trickery and dissimulation—promises made to be broken, concessions offered to gain time, demands advanced without intention of maintaining them, professions discarded when they have served their turn, which have made the word “diplomacy” synonymous in general estimation with “immorality.” Austria was hoodwinked, the Confederate Pact dissolved, the Duke of Augustenburg installed in the Duchies, then expelled on the pretence that a fresh claimant had appeared; finally, by the Convention of Gastein, Austria was enthroned in Holstein, Prussia in Schleswig. This Convention Bismarck had no intention of observing; but he required time to perfect the Prussian Army, and to seek European alliances against the breach with Austria, which he intended, when ready, to provoke. He counted on the connivance of Russia, still mindful of the Crimean War; he secured the neutrality of Napoleon, who hoped that the two German Powers would exhaust each other, and leave him dictator of Western Europe; he concluded an alliance with Italy, eager for the Venetian provinces; most amazing feat of all, he overcame the scruples which were part of his master's nature; persuaded him to break with his oldest friend, to ally himself with all that he most hated in revolutionary Italy and Napoleonic France; to annul the Federal Pact of 1815, in order to reconstitute Germany with a Universal Suffrage Parliament. The conditions were secured and the mask was dropped. Many of us remember the stunned amazement with which Europe witnessed the events that followed—the Prussian declaration of war, issued on the anniversary of Waterloo; the crushing Austrian defeats on four successive days, the decisive victory of Sadowa, the Peace of Nikolsburg, the absorption of Han-

over, Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, Frankfurt, the Elbe Duchies, into the Prussian Kingdom, the Confederation of the North completed, the rebellious Parliament submissive and reconciled to the King. The success of Prussia was viewed in England without suspicion or displeasure; very different was the feeling in France. Napoleon III., already uneasy on his throne, sought to recover popularity by extorting an accession of French territory equivalent to the German annexation. He asked for the left bank of the Rhine; his request was not even entertained. Bismarck offered to assist him in seizing Belgium, a proposal which from unwillingness to make an enemy of England, he declined. He demanded Luxemburg, a neutral Duchy, but garrisoned by Prussian troops; on that too being refused, he used threatening and warlike language; the passions of the two nations were aroused, and war was imminent; but the Great Powers, led by England, intervened, and Prussia evacuated Luxemburg, which was declared an independent State under the collective guarantee of Europe. The danger was averted, peace was made, Kings and Emperors flocked to the Paris Exhibition; but Bismarck felt war to be inevitable, and the monster cannon exhibited by Prussia on the Champs Elysées was typical of the purpose of its rulers. Three years of armed and suspicious watchfulness were followed by the Hohenzollern Candidature. The incident need not have led to war; it was fomented and accentuated by Bismarck. Now, as before, the Prussian Monarch was unwilling to draw the sword; but the violence of the Duc de Grammont and the tone of the French Press made it easy for the Premier to excite German feeling; and in a paroxysm of passion, calculated on his part, genuine everywhere else, both at Paris and

Berlin, the two great nations rushed into the war of 1870. The German army was prepared, the French was not. The French offensive plan had to be suddenly changed into a hastily schemed defence. The Germans were led by a single mind; the French Emperor was personally unfit for leadership, and further disqualified by the agonies of disease. Sedan fell, the Emperor was a prisoner, Metz surrendered, King William's head-quarters were at Versailles. In vain M. Thiers besought all the European Cabinets to mediate; in vain M. Gambetta raised an army of defence; disaster followed disaster throughout that dreadful winter—Paris was bombarded and capitulated, Alsace-Lorraine was given up, the German Army was reviewed on the race-course of Longchamps; the Emperor William, wearing the crown of Charlemagne by the unanimous election of the German Kings, returned to Berlin in triumph, "ascribing his successes to Providence, and giving glory to the God of Hosts."

Civil discord, suppressed in the face of war, breaks forth again when war is over. The conqueror of Königgrätz and Gravelotte has found his sixteen years of empire a period of continuous conflict—in one instance of signal defeat. The Liberalism of the Prussian *bourgeoisie* was swift to reassert itself; the combat between Constitutionalism and Absolutism is as lively now as in the days of 1847. The absorbed States represented in the Prussian Chamber—the Guelph group from Hanover, the Danes from Northern Schleswig, the Poles of Posen and of East Prussia—form a small irreconcilable opposition, and are ranked by the Government among the enemies of the Empire. The struggle with the Catholics was perhaps the one political blunder of the Emperor's reign. The arm which could prostrate Empires

and armies was powerless against religious sentiment; and the *Kulturkampf* ended with the discomfiture of Bismarck and his master, a discomfiture which did not disarm the Ultramontane Center of the Chamber. Even keener uneasiness was caused by the Socialist agitation; measures emanating from the Government for the relief of the suffering artisan classes have been accepted by them as an installment, not as a satisfaction, of their claims; in Germany, as in France and England, the strife between capital and labor rises black and menacing above the near horizon. The national dislike to further extension of the army has been overcome only by dissolution of the Reichstag, menace of war, unstinted use of the Emperor's personal influence; while the hair of the Western Samson has grown again. France of the Republic is stronger than France of the Empire, and will soon be stronger than Germany; the conqueror of Metz and Strasburg, fearing that his prey may be torn from him, rivets the Triple Alliance, adds to his two million troops, proclaims with brutal frankness that a new French war is inevitable, and may be imminent. Meanwhile, the Emperor is ninety years of age, and must soon enter into the presence of a Tribunal whose verdict on the deeds of his long life none of us would venture to anticipate.—*The Spectator*.

RAY PALMER.

[Born in 1808, Died in 1887.]

So long as the English language is spoken and Christian congregations gather together to sing in it their hymns of praise the name of Ray Palmer will be held in loving honor. He was, without doubt, the greatest

hymnist that America has yet produced. He did not soar on such tireless wing as Charles Wesley; neither did he reach the height of adoration to which Isaac Watts sometimes attained, but his songs of Christian praise will rank with those of William Cowper, and have placed him in a niche of peculiar honor, among the poets of the sanctuary.

A hymn is the religious experience of many idealized and expressed in verse by the genius of one. For its production the experience is required as well as the genius. Some poets have had the genius without the experience; and the great mass of Christians have the experience without the genius. But Ray Palmer had both. His sacred lyrics were the utterances of his own heart's emotions. He felt what he sung, and he sung it because he felt it. Nay, because his feeling was real and so strong, it compelled itself to be sung. He could not write a hymn to order, but he wrote when he felt and as he felt. So his hymns were rooted in his piety. That comes out very strikingly in the facts that they are written mainly in the first person, and that one of their most distinctive characteristics is that they give intense expression to the personal affection of their author for his Lord and to his simple, earnest, unwavering trust in Christ. The touch of his genius gave rhythmic form to the utterance of his experience; but the experience itself was that of an humble, devout and earnest Christian, and so awakened sympathetic echoes in the hearts of multitudes.

There was about him a sweet simplicity of Nature. I do not mean, of course, the simplicity that is easily imposed upon, but that which is opposed to duplicity, and which may be called one-foldness. He had an utter abhorrence of anything like disingenuousness. Everything about

him was open, honest, above-board. He did not, indeed, "wear his heart upon his sleeve," but everything like "wire-pulling" or underhand maneuvering was his abhorrence. What he was he seemed to be, and he never seemed to be what he was not. His name might fitly have been Nathanael, for he was "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." He would not have said, for he did not hold, that it is no matter what a man believes if he be only sincere; but he would have said with all the emphasis he could give it, and his life was always saying it—that it is no matter what a man professes to believe, if he be not sincere, "that man's religion is vain." Genuineness was one of his most conspicuous characteristics. His Christianity was no mere thing of surface. Polished it was, but it was the polish of the solid wood, not that of the mere thin veneer.

Almost as conspicuous as this sincerity of soul and life, was the cheerfulness by which he was distinguished. That was not a boisterous merriment, though he could and often did enjoy a hearty laugh; but it was what Jonathan Edwards has called a "calm rapture." In all my intercourse with him, I cannot recall an occasion on which I found him depressed. He had his trials—some of them sore and heavy, but they did not destroy his happiness. And this cheerfulness was not simply a matter of temperament. It was rooted in his faith. He used to say: "We must not carry burdens." God was his great burden-bearer, and so "the peace of God" ever filled his heart. Very beautifully did that come out during the closing years of his life, when he was laid aside by physical weakness from active Christian work. In a letter which I had from him some eighteen months ago, he thus refers to his condition: "Now that I have no longer strength for the pulpit, I am

often reminded of good old Rutherford's lamentations over his 'dumb Sabbaths.' 'But in this trial—all honor to our princely and royal King—faith saileth fair before the wind with the topsail up, and carrieth the passengers through. I will lay inhibitions upon my thoughts that they receive no slanders of my only beloved.' I say amen to this."

And in another, dated February 21st, of this year, the last but one that he ever wrote, he says:

"Thanks to the dear Lord he allowed me considerably more than half a century of steady service in the active labors of the Christian ministry, to which I delighted to devote my best years and powers, and now that I am bearing the infirmities of age, I have only to speak of life-long mercies, and to give thanks that he has so richly fulfilled all his promises in my experiences."

And again, in the same communication.

"For more than five years He has been telling me that the task of *bearing* his will is the task for the time allotted to me, and he has graciously given me strength to bear it with some good degree of cheerfulness; at least my prayer from day to day has, I am sure, been that he would choose everything for me, and leave me to choose nothing for myself. This has kept me happy, though obliged to be mainly a looker on, while you, and my many brethren in the ministry, have been joyously and with all your might, reaping golden harvests for the Master."

Equally noticeable in Dr. Palmer was his unaffected modesty. He never thrust himself forward, and when others tried to do that for him, he pulled back with all his might. It was almost amusing to see how, while he was sitting behind others on a platform, and the speaker quoted or referred to one of his hymns, making some grateful or pleasant remark about its author, he would blush like a school-girl, and hide his face with his uplifted hand. Self was hidden that Christ might be glorified and his work per-

formed. He rejoiced as much in honor that came to his friends as in any that was given to himself; indeed, I think sometimes his joy for others was the greater of the two, and that is one of the most difficult things to be attained in Christian experience. Sincerely, and without envy, to rejoice with them that do rejoice, is harder far to do than it is to weep with those that weep.

Of humor, Dr. Palmer had just enough to season his conversation as with salt, and to make him a delightful companion; but there was never any taint of bitterness or any poison as from a sting in any of his words. His loving kindness was pervasive and his affection true. I remember one occasion in which some ten or twelve of us were in council on a matter which had awakened some indignation, so that strong words were indulged in; but Dr. Palmer quelled the outburst, by raising his hand and saying: "Brethren, forbearing threatening." The substance and aptness of the quotation were equally characteristic of the man.

It is fitting, too, that we should mention his untiring industry, while strength was given him for work. Strictly methodical in all his ways, he was able thereby to accomplish more than most men could have done in the same time. And his pastorates, first in Bath and afterward in Albany, as well as his prodigious work in the office of Secretary of the Congregational Union, and the books both in poetry and prose which he published, attest that the genius of the poet is not always in alliance with spasmodic or intermittent labor, but is often found, as in the kindred case of William Cullen Bryant, in the man whose life is fullest of continuous toil.

There is something deeply touching in Dr. Palmer's latest experiences. The end came as it was expected that it would come—suddenly—and the

disease wrapped him very largely in unconsciousness. But early on the Saturday morning he raised himself and wished a paragraph to be read to him from his "Home: or the Unlost Paradise"—which he succeeded in identifying, and to which he listened with deep emotion. On Sunday morning those about him recognized that he was repeating to himself this verse from one of Watts's hymns:

"Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait."

On Monday morning he was speaking inarticulately to himself, but the ears of those who were intently listening by his side detected that he was repeating to himself the last stanza of his own hymn, "Jesus these eyes have never seen," and they distinctly heard syllabic fragments of the last two lines:

"When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art."

And that was the last sign of intelligence he gave.

Could anything be more beautiful, more touching, more full of consolation? That revelation he has now received, and he who has so often been the Asaph of our praise on earth has gone to his place of honor among the singers of the glad new song in Heaven.—W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., in *The Independent*.

THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN.*

Mr. Maxim's gun is unlike most machine guns in having only one

* In a recent number of THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE we gave, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, some account of Mr. Hiram Maxim, the American inventor of the gun which bears his name. In a subsequent issue of the same journal appears this description of the gun itself.—ED. LIB. MAG.

barrel, and unlike all machine guns in not requiring to be fed through the turning of a crank handle or other application of external power, being practically automatic in its action. The machine gun which depends upon the grinding of a gunner, as Mr. Maxim points out, is extremely liable to go wrong at a critical moment, through the nervousness or excitement of the gunner, causing him to work the crank handle too quickly, the result being sometimes "jams," and often a complete waste of powder and shot. In the Maxim gun the speed of the fire can be regulated at will, and "jamming" is apparently absolutely provided against.

The great principle of the gun is the utilization of the recoil, by the use of which the weapon becomes a self-feeding and self-firing gun. The end of a canvas belt holding 333 cartridges (each about a quarter of an inch apart) having been inserted by hand into the breech from a box immediately below, the gun is started by pressing the button in front of the gunner or holding down a brass trigger immediately below the button. One shot having been fired, the recoil force cocks the hammer, draws the next cartridge into the barrel, locks the breech, pulls the trigger, and ejects the bullet out of the muzzle and the empty cartridge case out of an orifice below the breech; and the gun goes on disposing of cartridge after cartridge in like manner as long as the gunner pleases to supply it with ammunition. With the rifle caliber gun, the gunner at his pleasure can fire one shot or any number of shots up to 666 per minute (two belts of 333 cartridges being joined together in the latter case). Although when fired at the rate of 666 per minute, the bullets appear to leave the gun in a ceaseless stream, as a matter of fact each bullet departs for

its billet with 150 ft. start of its successor. Another interesting fact is that if the bullets were fired aloft at an angle of 45 degrees there would be 400 in the air before the first struck the ground. So perfectly is the gun under control, that Mr. Maxim can write his name with bullets upon a plank in the dark.

Ordinarily, and by preference, either the button is pressed or the trigger pulled each time a shot is fired, but if necessity demands, or will insist, the detachment of a spring will set the gun going absolutely by itself, in which case Mr. Maxim is justified in claiming that "it is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that is to be found in the armory of civilization." The original gun (which was of rifle caliber) weighed 68 lb.; the latest rifle caliber gun weighs 30 lb. The machine gun of the other types which most closely approaches it in power has seven times as many barrels, weighs ten times as much, and costs four times as much. The latest form of the Maxim gun (in which the difficulty of overheating was overcome, after six months' work, by a water jacket of improved construction) is the fifth transformation which the original weapon, exhibited just two years ago, has undergone, each development swallowing up six months of the inventor's time. "It is now," observes Mr. Maxim, "about as well 'boiled down' as it can be—about as simple as it can well be made." Now Mr. Maxim is engaged in applying his principle, together with the latest improvements effected in his system, to various sizes of guns.

Having turned out the machine-gun of rifle caliber, which has been principally dealt with hitherto, Mr. Maxim next produced a 1 in.-bore gun firing steel projectiles, which worked equally well. Then he set to work upon a 3-pounder gun, with a short cartridge,

which differs from his small guns in having a hopper feed. The next attempt was a 3-pounder with a long cartridge, the powder charge being 1 lb. 11 oz. The action was practically the same as in the rifle caliber gun, a belt feed being employed. The gun weighed 750 lb., and fired at the rate of forty-five shots per minute. This gun was constructed at the suggestion of the British Government. Mr. Maxim's next effort was also a 3-pounder, using a long cartridge, but having a very short action and a hopper feed. This gun weighed 500 lb., and fired at the rate of sixty shots per minute. The muzzle velocity from the two last-named guns is over 2,000 ft. per second, and the projectiles have sufficient force to penetrate 3 in. of steel. The Hotchkiss five-barrel rapid firing gun, of the same caliber as the above, weighs 1,200 lb., and requires two men to fire forty shots per minute, the shot weighing 2½ lb., and the powder charge being only eight ounces, with a correspondingly low muzzle velocity. The advantages of the automatic system as regards weight are therefore obvious. Mr. Maxim went on to mention that he has applied his principle in the design of a magazine rifle. There are twelve cartridges in the magazine. He claims that it is quite as simple and light as any magazine gun yet produced; that it can be fired very rapidly—say, at the rate of 120 shots per minute—and that it does not hurt the shoulder. Its weight is about 10 lb. unloaded and 11½ lb. loaded, and it will have a range of 2,000 yards. He has also constructed a shot gun for covert and battue shooting on the magazine plan. It will be a single-barreled gun, firing five shots, and it will be the same weight and same price as a double-barreled shot gun, firing two shots.

"You can make a machine gun of

any size," confidently explains Mr. Maxim. He is now engaged in making for a foreign company a 40-pounder, 4-inch-bore gun, taking a cartridge 50 inches long. He even contemplates the production of a 100-pounder gun on his quick-firing principle. "Why, yes," he replies, in answer to questions which manifest a mild amount of incredulity, "I will produce a gun which will throw a ton eight miles four times a minute, in lieu of four times an hour, which is the utmost capacity of your present heavy guns. Of course, the feed must be different, but the actual machinery of the gun will not be different. The weight of the gun will be somewhat less than the existing guns, while its value from the economical point of view will be much greater. I shall do it—you'll see if I don't."

"How will this great gun be worked, Mr. Maxim?" "In applying the automatic system to large guns, it is not practical—in fact, it is quite impossible—to have the quick and jerky motion of the action which is employed in my automatic gun of rifle caliber. Large and heavy cartridges have obviously to be handled somewhat carefully, and the whole mass of steel which goes to make up the action must also move at a moderate pace. In order to accomplish this, and to make a gun in which the locking device of the breech cannot be called into question, I use for closing the breech the ordinary divided or interrupted screw. The gun being loaded with a cartridge, the barrel, the breech-closing block, and all the attachments recoil back through a certain distance, the recoil being checked by the ordinary hydraulic buffer. When the gun has finished its recoil, and come to a state of rest, the divided screw is turned, which liberates it from the barrel. It then pauses for

a second; the barrel of the gun then slowly returns to the firing position, operating upon a hydraulic cylinder in such a manner that the breech block moves slowly back until the empty shell is withdrawn from the barrel and a new cartridge introduced. The weight of the loaded cartridge falling into position liberates the breech-block, when it slowly moves forward, pushes the cartridge into the chamber, when the screw turns through 45 deg., and the breech becomes locked, and the gun is again ready for firing. All the movements are thus rendered comparatively smooth, and the loaded cartridge is not subjected to any shock." "When may we expect this wonderful gun?" "I think I will be able to produce it in two years," answers Mr. Maxim, after some thought. "How has the Government treated you?" "The British Government have offered me every encouragement I could possibly have desired," answered Mr. Maxim. "I have heard a great deal of complaint by alleged inventors about the slowness of the British Government officials to embrace new ideas. I have also heard and read much of the inferiority of the British Government cartridges. In my experience, I have found the British officers quick and intelligent, and ready to consider inventions which were really new. As to the British Government cartridges, I have found them to be infinitely better than any cartridges which it is possible to obtain from private makers. As a proof of this, I would state that my gun of rifle caliber made for the British Government was fired at Enfield 1,000 times in a minute and a half, and in about 50,000 British Government cartridges used by me I have only found one that failed, and I never knew a head to come off. The cartridges are all right; they only

need a good gun, which does not admit of the breech opening before the cartridge has exploded."

"How would you be able to meet a demand for your guns, supposing we should suddenly be involved in war?" was a question naturally in sequence. "My desire is to establish in England a considerable manufactory, for you must know that in addition to guns I am at present interested in a new system of making cheap cartridge cases for large guns; in a new projectile; in a new form of rifle cartridge; in a gun for throwing large charges of high explosives; in a system of rendering blasting gelatine and dynamite safe to handle; in a slow burning and progressive gunpowder; and in a system of training heavy guns by electricity, a system which has been tried and reported upon favorably by the British Government. I have also designed, at the suggestion of the British Government, a peculiar form of a disappearing gun-mount—that is, a mount for coast defences constructed in such a manner that after firing the gun may be instantly dropped down out of sight. The British Government is at present building one of these mounts at Tyne-mouth. At present, however, I only possess an experimental laboratory, where I employ forty-five men. But at Paris I can rely upon the co-operation of two of the best shops, one for large and the other for small guns; in the United States, I have an agreement with the best makers to supply me with guns, at very low prices, in large quantities, at any time I may want them; and the best engineers in England have already offered to produce any number at short notice. As I have said, however, my ambition is to establish a great factory in this country. I am confident I could keep a great

number of men constantly at work. For I have got ideas enough—it is with me only a question of securing opportunity to put them into practical shape."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

TENNYSON'S LAST FAILURE.—It is universally conceded that since Alfred Tennyson came to be Lord Tennyson, his poems have been failures more or less marked. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thus speaks of his last, and perhaps worst failure:—

"Of all the Jubilee failures Lord Tennyson's Jubilee Ode must be reckoned one of the worst. It is a bad imitation of Walt Whitman, and not Walt Whitman at his best. We do not see why it should not be printed like the prose that it is. Here are a couple of verses printed as they ought to be:—

"You then loyally, all of you, deck your houses, illuminate all your towns for a festival, and in each let a multitude loyal, each, to the heart of it one full voice of allegiance, hail the great Ceremonial of this year of her Jubilee.

"You, the Patriot Architect, shape a stately memorial, make it regally gorgeous, some Imperial Institute, rich in symbol, in ornament, which may speak to the centuries, all the centuries after us, of this year of her Jubilee."

By way of justification of the criticism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we append the lines as actually printed by Lord Tennyson. They certainly read much less badly when printed as plain prose:

"You then loyally, all of you,
Deck your houses, illuminate
All your towns for a festival,
And in each let a multitude
Loyal, each, to the heart of it,
One full voice of allegiance,
Hail the great Ceremonial
Of this year of her Jubilee. . . .
You the Patriot Architect,
Shape a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this year of her Jubilee."

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

I.

Fifty times the rose has flowered and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the
sceptre.

II.

She beloved for a kindness
Rare in Fable or History,
Queen, and Empress of India,
Crown'd so long with a diadem
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with prosperous auguries
Comes at last to the bounteous
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

III.

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great and Queenly.

IV.

You then loyally, all of you,
Deck your houses, illuminate
All your towns for a festival,
And in each let a multitude
Loyal, each, to the heart of it,
One full voice of allegiance,
Hail the great Ceremonial
Of this year of her Jubilee.

V.

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queen-
hood,
Glorying in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest!

VI.

You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call your poor to regale with you,
Make their neighborhood healthfuller,
Give your gold to the Hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,

Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the maimed in his heart rejoice
At this year of her Jubilee.

VII.

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow,
Gray with distance Edward's fifty summers,
Ev'n her Grandsire's fifty half forgotten.

VIII.

You, the Patriot Architect,
Shape a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this year of her Jubilee.

IX.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!

X.

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You, the Lord-manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious,
Patient children of Albion,
You, Canadian, Indian,
Australasian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your voices in unison,
Singing "Hail to the glorious
Golden year of her Jubilee!"

XI.

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
Trust the Lord of Light to guide her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

I.

Never to prophesy unless you know is a sound rule for all political writers, especially for those whose forecasts are, as in the present instance, liable to be falsified by the course of events in the interval that must necessarily elapse between their being recorded on paper and published in print. Mindful of this rule, I shall express no opinion as to whether we are, or are not, on the eve of a European war. On any reasonable calculation of the forces tending for and against war, the balance of probabilities seems to me to incline decidedly in favor of peace. But in all mundane affairs it is impossible to overrate the influence of human folly; and just because a general war at the present seems to ordinary apprehension so inconceivably foolish, I feel by no means confident that it may not occur after all. This much, however, is certain, that whether we have a war this year or next year, or not for years to come, war is on the cards, and must remain on the cards as long as Europe remains in a condition of unstable equilibrium. It may therefore be worth while to point out broadly what are the causes which disturb the equilibrium of Europe at the present moment, and how the removal of these causes either by violent or pacific means is likely to affect the policy and fortunes of England. In order to do this, it is necessary to make what the Germans call a *Rundschau* of the relations existing among the chief continental nations.

For the purposes of this look-around the minor states may be left out of account. They form the pawns on the European chessboard, which are utilized or sacrificed as may suit the strategy of the kings and queens, but which do not and cannot initiate any game of

their own. Owing to a variety of causes, into which it would be foreign to my purpose to enter, but which are independent of the politics of the day, the era of small independent states, in as far as Europe, at any rate, is concerned, is obviously drawing to a close. The phase of evolution through which the European world is passing tends to the amalgamation of adjacent states into large commonwealths, and to the obliteration of small communities, whose only reason of existence is an accident of race, religion, or language. Indeed, from a philosophical standpoint, the one conclusive argument against the Irish Nationalists is that they are at variance not so much with the power of England as with the power of natural forces which tend in favor of large communities to the detriment of small ones. It is useless to struggle against the tide; and the same tide which in politics is set in the direction of democracy is set in respect of international relations in the direction of uniting kindred populations under one common rule in lieu of separating them by artificial barriers. In any estimate, therefore, of the changes likely to be introduced into the map of Europe, one may safely leave out of account the interests and ambitions of the smaller states, such as Denmark, Holland, Bulgaria, or Portugal. I say this in no cynical spirit of indifference for the rights and fortunes of petty communities, but simply as a recognition of plain facts. No cynicism is involved in the expression of a conviction that when the iron pot and the crockery pot come into collision it is the latter which will be broken to atoms. So long as there is no motive for collision, the pots may swim down the stream in safety together. But those who believe that if the motive arises the iron pots will be restrained by international law or by public

opinion from colliding with the crockery pots, must have a robustness of faith in the power of moral force which I for one do not possess.

In this consideration, therefore, of the possible eventualities which lie before Europe in the not remote future, I shall confine myself to the great Powers—that is, to Russia, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy—and shall endeavor to indicate what are the permanent, as distinguished from the temporary, interests and influences which lead them to desire a revision of the map of Europe, and then to point out how this revision is likely to influence, or be influenced by, the policy of England. It may be noticed that I leave Turkey out of account, though I shall have to speak of her in connection with almost every one of the above-named Powers. But the plain truth is, that in all future European complications the initiative does not and cannot rest with Turkey. There can be no hunt without the fox; but it is not the fox which starts the hunt or decides its fortunes.

II.

In any investigation of this kind the foremost place must be given to the great Muscovite Empire. Russia is still to a great extent the unknown quantity in the European problem. For some reason or other the Russophobia which prevailed so largely when first I began to take an interest in foreign affairs has gone out of fashion. Yet though the views of the school of which Mr. Urquhart was the chief exponent were tinged with an exaggeration which gave them an air of absurdity, I think there was more ground than modern Liberals would allow for the theory that the growth of Russia constitutes a standing menace to the tranquillity, if not to the safety, of Europe. History repeats itself; and it is impossible for any one to read now-

a days the orations in which Demosthenes warned his countrymen in vain against the aggrandizement of the Macedonian power, without feeling that the analogy between Greece and Macedon and Europe and Russia is too close to be pleasant. In both cases you have on one side a number of highly civilized states confident in their strength, their wealth, and their culture, but distracted by conflicting interests, internal jealousies, and rival ambitions; on the other you have a vast semi-barbaric power governed by one will, animated by one desire, and pushing its way by a sort of blind instinct toward the rich and fertile south. I do not overlook the fact that the European civilization of to-day possesses elements of moral and material strength not appertaining to the Hellenic civilization of two thousand years ago. On the other hand, Russia is in respect of civilization infinitely superior to Macedonia; and I own it does not seem to me impossible that the historian of the future may have cause in the time to come to descant in glowing terms on the infatuation which led Europe to occupy herself with domestic reforms and internal disputes, and to pay no heed to the gradual but steady advance of the Colossus of the North.

Reflections, however, of this kind are, I admit freely, somewhat beyond the mark in the matter I am now dealing with. For good or for evil, any concerted action on the part of the European Powers to check the advance of Russia is now out of the question. The last real effort to effect this end was made at the time of the Crimean war, and the result of the experiment was not such as to encourage its repetition. In all human likelihood Russia will be left to work out her manifest destiny without serious let or hindrance on the part of the European Powers: and that

destiny, if I am right in my forecast, impels her southward. This admission is not prompted by any dislike. It is quite possible to have a fear of Russia without entertaining toward her any feeling of ill-will. Such, at any rate, is my own state of mind. What I see in Russia is an enormous population, united by a common language and common creed, governed by a paternal autocrat, whose sympathies, ambitions, and interests are in accord with those of the people over whom he rules, and arrived at that degree of civilization which renders a nation apt to carry on war and indifferent to its consequences. Of course, Russia, which, as I have said before, is still an unknown quantity, may be threatened with internal revolutions or with the disruption of her unwieldy empire. But my own impression is that the same causes which have called Russia into existence will keep her fabric together for many a year to come. All the agitations and movements of which we hear so much are confined to a class and extend over a very limited area. The great mass of the Russian people are more than half oriental in their character, and share the innate conservatism of the Eastern world, its intense dislike for change, its passive acquiescence in all established authority. I am even more skeptical as to the common theory that Russia is likely to be restrained from war by financial difficulties or by any thought of the injury that war might inflict upon her commercial credit. As a matter of fact, Russia has far less reason to dread war than any other European nation. She has no practical cause to dread the invasion of her territory even in the event of her defeat. She has no trade of any consequence except in the interior of Asia; she has no manufacturing industries to take into account; she is absolutely self-support-

ing; she can, as experience has shown, bear the strain of a long and unsuccessful war with far less detriment to her resources than more civilized and more highly organized communities.

Thus the possibility of war is not calculated to deter Russia from carrying out any designs she may entertain for her own aggrandizement. Indeed it is not necessary to assume that Russia deliberately entertains any design at all. The self-same instinct which leads the chick, when it reaches a certain age, to break its shell necessarily impels Russia to push onward toward the south and toward the sea. This impulse may be accelerated or retarded by the personal proclivities of her rulers or by fortuitous causes. But the impulse exists, and will continue to exist until it is either satisfied or rendered impossible of attainment. Russia, to speak plainly, can never rest contented till she has reached the Bosphorus on one side and the Persian Gulf on the other. Whether she will succeed in either or both these objects, time alone can decide. All I contend is that till Russia has wrought out her manifest destiny or has been taught by experience that its fulfillment is an impossibility, she will never acquiesce in the present arrangement of the map of Europe. Of the two objective points she has in view, access to the Bosphorus is, in her eyes infinitely the more pressing and the more important. Apart from the instinct of expansion, which at all times has driven the inhabitants of the ice-bound North toward the sunlit South, Russia is impelled Stamboulward by her position as champion of the Greek Church and as the protector of the Slav races. The ambition to extend her frontiers eastward, and to establish her dominion over Central Asia, if not over India and China, is, I fancy, the wish rather of her official, military,

and educated classes than of the great mass of her people. In their eyes Holy Russia is a reality, not an empty phrase, and to drive the Moslem out of Europe is the first duty of the Slavonic Empire. In the outset the advance of Russia toward Persia and Afghanistan was made with the view of facilitating the ultimate acquisition of Constantinople. It remains to be seen whether, if that object should be attained, the desire for expansion eastward would survive its attainment. Personally I am inclined to think that with the acquisition of Constantinople the thoughts of Russia would, for a long time at any rate, be diverted from India and Central Asia, and turned toward Austria on the west and the Holy Land on the east. All this, however, is mere speculation. The future action of Russia, supposing her to gain possession of Constantinople, must depend upon the conditions under which she might become mistress of the Bosphorus and upon the changes which this acquisition must necessitate in her internal condition. This much, however, may, I think, be confidently asserted, that a variety of circumstances might induce Russia to abandon definitively all idea of extending her dominions to the Indian Ocean or the Persian Gulf, but that no combination of circumstances, short of an absolute conviction of its impossibility, will ever induce her to give up the idea of establishing herself on the Bosphorus. It follows, therefore, that there is no such thing as a condition of stable equilibrium possible for Europe until Russia has either got hold of Constantinople, or has been crushed in the attempt to do so.

III.

Germany presents in some respects a much easier subject for investigation than Russia, in other respects a much more difficult one. We know very little

about the real strength and consistency of Russia; but we know pretty well what she has wanted in the past, and what she is likely to want in the future. But with Germany the case is different. The German Empire, as we know it now, came into existence with the Franco-German war. In the course of seventeen years it has become very strong and very formidable not only as a military but as a political power. That it may become yet more strong and yet more formidable is my heartfelt wish, as it must be that of every Englishman who understands the conditions of our own tenure of power, and who realizes the dangers to which Europe is exposed by the aggrandizement of Russia. Still a wish is not identical with a conviction. The Germany of to-day is so completely the creation of a few men whose political careers are now all drawing to a close, that it is very difficult to foresee how far their handiwork may survive their own removal. Russia twenty years hence will in all fundamental respects be very like what Russia is to-day and was twenty years ago. Sovereigns and statesmen may change, but the general character of its people and government will remain much the same. He would be a rash man who would venture to make a similar prediction with regard to Germany. Still, though it is probable we should not have had a united Fatherland at the present day if it had not been for the individual exertions of Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke, and the Emperor William, it is absolutely certain they could never have succeeded in their task if the desire of unity had not impressed itself upon the Teutonic mind. This desire will survive the artificers by whom it was given form and substance, and the general influences which called the German Empire into being will operate to secure its continued existence.

At all events any calculation of the land on which I am engaged must start with the assumption that the *status quo* in Europe is to be taken as its basis.

Granted this assumption, it is not very difficult to ascertain what are of necessity the objects of German ambition. The extraordinary martial successes of Germany, the immense efforts she has made to maintain her military supremacy, and the exorbitant burdens to which she has submitted for the purpose of keeping up her colossal standing army, have caused the outside world, and especially the English world, to lose sight of the great progress she has made of late as a commercial and industrial community. This progress can only be compared to that made by France under the Second Empire, while it has this signal advantage, that it is, in the main, the result of individual enterprise, not of State initiative and impulse. The industrial development of Germany has proceeded *pari passu* with her military aggrandizement; and whenever she is relieved from the dread of immediate attack, which, with or without reason, is her dominant thought at the present moment, as it has been ever since the late war, her policy will necessarily be directed by commercial rather than strategical considerations. Germany has all the conditions required for the creation of a great mercantile community. She has a large and hardworking population, a central position; her people have the trading and colonizing instinct; her merchants have established themselves successfully in all parts of the globe. All that she requires to become a first-class mercantile power is free access to the sea and the command of a large seafaring population. Given these conditions, it is not difficult to foretell that

Germany, if she retains her military supremacy, will not rest content without having a better seaboard than she at present possesses. Sooner or later the Austrian ports on the Mediterranean will probably be made available for the extension and development of German trade. This object could, however, be attained without the need of any territorial changes, provided Austria could be induced to enter the German Customs Union. It is enough for my present purpose to say that Trieste may, and will probably, be converted into a German port without any necessity for a resort to arms.

It is, however, to the west rather than to the south that Germany must look for the real extension of her trade. The Baltic ports are unavailable for winter traffic. Hamburg and Bremen lie too much to the north and too far from the sea. The natural outlets of German trade are the ports of Holland and Belgium. In order to avoid being misunderstood, let me say once for all that I am not finding excuses for, still less advocating the possible annexation of Belgium and Holland by Germany. My wish is to point out what are the objects the various great Powers may reasonably have in view in any revision of the map of Europe. From this standpoint I fail to see how any impartial observer can dispute the statement that the acquisition of Holland or Belgium or both countries must be an object of desire to Germany. It does not follow that this acquisition need be effected by annexation. The interests Germany has at heart would be equally well protected if the Dutch and Flemish States could be induced to enter the German Customs Union and to allow their relations with foreign Powers to be conducted at Berlin. In other words, the requirements of Germany would be fulfilled if Belgium

and Holland could, by persuasion or compulsion, be induced to occupy a position similar to that of Bavaria.

If this end could be achieved, Germany would thereby be rendered a formidable maritime as well as a mercantile power. As a necessary result the desire for colonial expansion, which has already made itself manifest in the Fatherland, would undoubtedly assume larger proportions. Such a desire might conceivably bring her into collision with England. This danger, however, is hypothetical, or at any rate remote. In any case we may take it for granted that, if Germany, rightly or wrongly, should deem it for her interest to obtain command of the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt, she will not be deterred from so doing by the possibility that such an addition to her territories might lead to the extension of her colonial empire at the cost of England.

As to the relations of Germany with France, I can say what I have to say more appropriately when I come to the consideration of the outlook for France. It is enough to say now that, if the map of Europe is to be revised at any time in accordance with the wishes of Germany, any such revision must include a material alteration in the relative strength of France and Germany. It is obvious that Germany cannot continue indefinitely the gigantic efforts she is now making to keep herself on an equality with France in respect of her military armaments. I am not discussing now whether the apprehensions entertained by Germany are reasonable or otherwise. All I assert is that, as a matter of fact, the German nation are convinced that France is on the look-out for the first opportunity of attacking her; that in order to guard against this danger, whether real or hypothetical, they are prepared to make any sacrifice; and

that if at any time they can see their way to reduce France to a position in which her animosity would be no longer formidable, they will welcome any means of escape from the enormous premium of insurance they now have to pay in the shape of an immense standing army. I do not say, I do not think, that Germany is prepared to go to war in order to secure the objects in question. What I do say is that, in the event of a war, the objects Germany will have in view as compensation for her sacrifices are the conversion of Trieste into a German port, the acquisition of the Dutch and Belgian seaboard, and the reduction of France to military impotence in so far as her northern frontiers are concerned.

IV.

Austria, on the other hand, has far more to lose than to gain by any possible revision of the chart of Europe. By a strange nemesis the epithet which Prince Metternich once applied to Italy has become meaningless in reference to the peninsula, and only too full of meaning with regard to his own country. Austria is nowadays a geographical expression. There is no such thing as an Austrian nation, or, in the true meaning of the term, as an Austrian state. The Hapsburg monarchy rules over a mass of disjointed and discordant races united together only by the accidental tie of a common dynasty. Many causes have contributed to this result: the chief and most important is the dual system established in consequence of the successful demand for Home Rule on the part of Hungary. When the Rechberg scheme for the creation of a federal empire made shipwreck owing to the refusal of the Magyars to entertain any compromise short of one which secured their legislative independence, the fate of Austria was sealed. If the leaders

of the Hungarian patriots had been wiser, they would have seen that a powerful Austria was an essential condition of their own independence, and that Austria could only be powerful if Hungary consented to merge her individual independence in that of the united empire. They failed to see this, and the result was the introduction after Sadowa of the dual system, under which Austria is doomed to disintegration. The Poles, the Croats, and the Bohemians are struggling to obtain the independence already possessed by Hungary; and in the event of any general European war in which Austria was involved, the Hapsburg empire, hemmed in between Russia on one side and Germany on the other, could hardly hope to escape disintegration. The real strength and backbone of the Empire is to be found in the German element. But this element naturally gravitates toward Germany. The Magyars dislike the Germans, but are still more afraid of the Slavs; and the Slavs, who are jealous alike of the Hungarians and the Germans, look to Russia as their champion.

Under these circumstances Austria has so much to fear from a general European war, that no compensation she could hope to obtain from it would reconcile her to the prospect. But if war should come she would infallibly seek for an extension of territory at the cost of Turkey. The reason why this must be so is obvious enough to any one who realizes the conditions of her being. The ascendancy of the German element is, as I have said, essential to her existence. This ascendancy can only be maintained by the active support of Germany. In consequence the foreign policy of Austria is necessarily directed by the interests and aspirations of her all-powerful ally. Now the policy of Germany has been of late years to remove the center of gravity of

Austria toward the east. The calculation on which this policy is based is not difficult of comprehension. If Austria extends her territory to Salonica, one of two things must happen. Either the German element remains supreme, in which case Germany secures a strong footing and vantage-ground in the east of Europe; or if the German element fails to hold its own after the addition to Austria of new Slav States, the German provinces of the Empire will place themselves in fact, if not in name, under the protection of the Fatherland. Moreover, apart from the impulse given by Germany, Austria must of necessity contemplate the extension of her frontiers to the Ægean Sea as the necessary result of any general disturbance of the peace of Europe. Any such disturbance, as I have already said, must eventuate in a further advance of Russia toward the Bosphorus. If, as I am convinced, Austria is unwilling, even if she is not unable, to resist that advance, she must seek to counterbalance it by an equivalent advance on her side toward the East.

I have reason to know that throughout all the recent complications a strong belief has been entertained at the Porte that the reports of impending war between Germany and France on the one hand, and Russia and Austria on the other, were simply got up in order to divert public attention from the real object the three Empires have in view, that is, the immediate partition of Turkey in Europe, in virtue of an arrangement which has been arrived at between the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, with the sanction and at the instigation of the Court of Berlin. Personally I have no great faith in the credibility of these reports. I have lived enough in the East to know that to the Oriental mind the mere circumstance of any

course of action being tortuous, underhand, and obscure, seems an overwhelming argument in favor of its being likely to be adopted. But the fact that such a belief should be very generally entertained at this moment in well-informed quarters at Stamboul illustrates the force of my contention, that any advance of Russia toward the Bosphorus involves, as a logical necessity, a corresponding advance on the part of Austria. We may take it, therefore, for granted that Austria, though she will not initiate any European conflict, and will, indeed, as we have seen, do all in her power to avert its occurrence, yet looks to the extension of her frontiers to the *Ægean* as the necessary result of war whenever it may take place.

V.

Italy, happily for herself, is in a position wherein she has little to gain from a European war, except in the highly improbable contingency of such a war restoring to France her lost supremacy. Upon any other supposition Italy might gain by war, and could not very well lose. She is not likely under any circumstances to occupy the first rank amid the possible belligerents. Her alliance, however, would be valuable to all parties; and if, as seems probable, her support should be given to the winning side, there are certain compensations to which she could naturally look as the reward of her services. Italy, though she has long ago acquiesced cordially in the cession of Savoy, whose retention would have been to her a source of weakness, not of strength, has never reconciled herself to the loss of Nice, which she regards, and rightly regards, as Italian in race, and language, and sentiment. For similar reasons she desires a rectification of the Austrian frontier, so as to bring the Italian Tyrol under the government of Rome.

Then, again, the Italians cherish a strong wish to acquire territory on the African shores of the Mediterranean. They have always viewed the French annexation of Tunis with extreme jealousy; and if France were worsted in a war in which Italy had been arrayed on the side of her enemies, the compensation Italy would anticipate at the close of the war would probably include the cession of Tunis to the peninsula. Still, all these objects, however much Italy may have any of them at heart, are not of a kind to induce her to risk her fortunes in the chance of their attainment. The Italians have a large share of caution and common sense; though not wanting in martial qualities, they are not by nature a warlike people. Their minds are occupied for the present with the organization of their country and with the development of their commerce; and their influence will be exerted to preserve the peace of Europe. But if war should break out Italy will be compelled to take sides; and, as the price of her adhesion, she will look first to the restoration of Nice, secondly to the acquisition of Tunis, and thirdly to the rectification of her Tyrolese frontier.

• VI.

The real danger to the peace of Europe lies in the attitude of France. It is not my wish to say anything to the disparagement of a nation for whom Englishmen, as a body, have a very genuine sympathy. But, judging France by the same standard as that which I have tried to apply to the other continental nations, I find that in her case alone the interests and aspirations of her people militate against the preservation of European peace. I do not say these interests are illegitimate, or these aspirations unreasonable. All I do say is that their existence is a source of peril. As a matter of fact, the

dominant desire of the French nation is to undo the work accomplished by the Franco-German war, and to secure for France the position she held in Europe previous to 1870. It is perfectly true that France views the prospect of any immediate war with Germany with the utmost repugnance, if not with absolute apprehension. But the desire to bring about a state of things under which such a war might be entered on with fair chance of success is one which is common to all parties and all classes in France. It would be absurd to blame France for cherishing this desire; it is even more absurd to blame Germany for taking the existence of this desire into account in determining her own policy. France, whatever her statesmen may choose to profess, is arming with a view to war; is making herself ready for war; is counting on the contingency of war. A desire for war in the abstract is quite consistent with an aversion to a particular war at a special moment; and, though I am convinced France will go to the utmost possible length of concessions in order to avoid giving Germany any pretext for making war upon her at present, I am equally convinced that France's desire for war constitutes a danger to the peace of Europe. It is only through war that France can ever hope to regain her lost provinces or her lost prestige; and therefore, of necessity, she desires war.

Now, if the warlike aspirations of France were solely or even mainly confined to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, it would be difficult for Englishmen to blame these aspirations, however much they might militate against their own interests. It is very hard to understand the true feelings of any foreign nation, however intimately one may be acquainted with it. But my own strong impression is that in ordinary French feeling the desire

for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine occupies a very secondary position to the desire for the recovery of French prestige and ascendancy. Englishmen are apt to judge of Frenchmen by thinking what their own feelings would be if Cornwall or Kent were annexed to some continental power as the result of a war in which we had been signally defeated. But from a variety of causes, into which it would take me far, too long to enter at present, French patriotism, though very genuine of its kind, differs entirely from English patriotism. The saying of Queen Mary after the loss of Calais, that when she was dead the name of England's lost stronghold would be found written on her heart, represents, in a not exaggerated form, the sentiment which Englishmen would experience if England had experienced a loss similar to that inflicted on France by the cession of her two north-eastern provinces. I doubt greatly whether a similar sentiment is experienced in France with anything like the same intensity. No doubt the French nation regret bitterly the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and would welcome eagerly any chance of their recovery. But what I contend is that they regret far more bitterly the loss of their national importance, and would welcome far more eagerly any opportunity of regaining it. In other words, I believe if France could be offered the choice of surrendering all idea of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, or foregoing all idea of becoming once more the leading power in Europe, she would elect unhesitatingly for the former alternative. Somehow or other the loss of territory does not affect French imagination or French sentiment so much as the loss of prestige. I remember, very shortly after the close of the late war, my friend M. Lanfrey saying to me that his chief fear was that the result of the

campaign might deprive the French of the belief in their own superiority, because if they once lost that they lost everything. The force of this remark often comes home to me when I see the restless activity with which the French keep a look-out for some opportunity of vindicating their claim to pre-eminence. No doubt their foremost and dominant aim is to inflict a defeat on Germany. If, however, this satisfaction is denied them by the force of circumstances, they will, I am convinced, grasp at any occasion of asserting their ascendancy at the cost of any other power. To speak plainly, what France requires is the rehabilitation of her *amour propre*; and the existence of such a requirement constitutes a permanent danger to the peace of Europe. No doubt the present phase of her relations with Germany precludes any immediate realization of her ambition. But, in default of Germany, France would be well content to obtain satisfaction elsewhere; and a variety of contingencies are possible under which Germany might not be averse to France gratifying her national vanity, so long as the gratification was not directly to her own detriment.

Moreover, the peculiar condition of French affairs increases the risk of France becoming the disturbing element in Europe. Under the Republic the direction of public affairs is passing more and more into the hands of the classes who have little to lose by war, and who have the most exaggerated notions of the natural right of France to dictate her will to Europe. Again, in every other European country, though there may be sharp and bitter party disputes, there is no party which entertains the wish for a foreign war as a means to effect a change in the government at home. But in France the contending factions are so embittered against each other that there are

no lengths to which party animosity may not be carried. The Republicans would undoubtedly sooner subject France to the risk of a disastrous war than submit to the sacrifice of the Republic; while the Monarchists, though their party spirit might not carry them to such extravagant lengths, would yet regard without aversion a war in which defeat would be compensated for by the overthrow of the Republic. A country, too, in which a Boulanger is a possibility, and in which every general may look to a dictatorship as the reward of a successful campaign, cannot but constitute a source of permanent danger to the interests of peace.

VII.

To sum up briefly, if my forecast is correct, the objects which the chief continental powers would have in view in the event of a European war may be described as follows. Russia would aim at obtaining the command of the Bosphorus and access to the Persian Gulf. Germany might desire to acquire control of the Dutch or Belgian seaboard, and to make Trieste a part of the Empire. Austria would look to the extension of her frontiers to the Ægean, and Italy would aspire to the recovery of Nice and the annexation of Tunis, while France would look forward to the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, or, failing that, to the re-establishment of her prestige at the cost of her neighbors. I neither say nor think that any one of these powers is prepared to make war in order to obtain these respective objects of desire. What I do say is, that, in the event of war, these are the objects which the different powers will have in view as the result of their participation in the war.

VIII.

It remains, therefore, to consider what should be the attitude of England

toward the various aims which, according to my theory, are entertained by the leading nations of the Continent. Of all the dangerous delusions entertained by the modern school of English Liberals, the most fatal, to my mind, is the theory that England has only a platonic interest in continental affairs. The belief that, if England only minds her own business, no other nation will ever dream of interfering with her, is absolutely childish in its ignorance of the world. We have played too great a part in the past, we occupy too great a position in the present, to enjoy the immunity of insignificance. Our wealth, our prosperity, our free institutions, our insular security, our unconscious assumption of superiority are constant causes of irritation and ill-will on the part of every continental nation. Even in those countries which, from political or domestic reasons, are best disposed toward us, there is a latent jealousy of England which would render any disaster that might befall us cause for very qualified regret. There is hardly a nation in the world to whose development or aggrandizement the existence of the British Empire is not more or less of an obstacle. We are, to speak the plain truth, an eyesore to the world at large; and this fact constitutes a source of permanent peril of which all prudent statesmanship should take account. Our safety lies in the rivalries, jealousies, and animosities of the Continental Powers. If ever these causes of division should be removed, the danger of a European coalition against England would become imminent. Whenever a conviction gains ground that we are unable or unwilling to hold our own, and can be attacked with impunity, we shall be attacked at once. No change of policy on our part can avert this danger. We have got to face it; and the whole of our relations with the

Continental States ought to be based on a recognition of the fact that under certain contingencies a European coalition against England is not only a possibility, but a probability.

The paramount object of our foreign policy must be the preservation of European peace. This, however, is not a matter which lies within our own control. We are bound, in our own self-defence, to consider beforehand what our attitude should be in the eventuality of war. Now, as a matter of fact, we cannot exercise any decisive influence in any war waged upon the mainland of Europe. Things have changed since the date of the campaigns which closed at Waterloo. The introduction of universal military service throughout the Continent has placed us at a hopeless disadvantage in as far as war on the mainland of Europe is concerned. So long as, rightly or wrongly, we decline even to entertain the idea of keeping up a standing army commensurate to the size of our population, we are, to use a sporting phrase, not in the hunt. We may be well advised in declining to embark in the ruinous competition into which the continental nations have entered in order to outbid each other in the number of their men under arms. But so long as we do so decline we must make up our minds to the fact that in any continental war we must play a very secondary part. To put the matter plainly, almost every one of the changes in the chart of Europe to which I have alluded can now be carried out, if the Continental States are so minded, without our having the power, even if we have the will, to place any absolute veto on the effectuation of the change proposed. On the other hand our naval and our commercial supremacy gives us the power of facilitating or retarding the execution of these or similar changes. The question, there-

fore, for British statesmanship to determine beforehand is the attitude this country should assume whenever, as will infallibly be the case at no very distant period, one or more of these changes become imminent. Our position, as I take it, is this. In the last resort we cannot hinder these changes being accomplished if the parties interested are determined on their accomplishment. But by assenting to those changes which do not affect our vital interests, and by facilitating their execution, we may obtain the support requisite to enable us to frustrate other changes which would affect our imperial interests.

Now, so much depends upon the specific conditions and circumstances under which any one of these changes may be effected, that it is impossible to say absolutely beforehand how it might or might not affect our interests. Still, if we are to look ahead at all, we can form some general idea as to the bias with which we should regard the alterations in question. Let me try and indicate very briefly what in my judgment this bias should be.

As regards Russia I feel convinced, though my conviction is arrived at with extreme regret, that it is not our interest to oppose her advance toward the Bosphorus. We cannot rely on any effective support in resisting the partition of Turkey in Europe, and it is not worth our while, even if it is within our power, to resist that partition single-handed. I have an utter disbelief in the possibility of the petty kingdoms formed out of the provinces already detached from the Ottoman Empire ever presenting any effective barrier to the advance of Russia. The manifest destiny of Turkey in Europe is to be divided between Russia and Austria, and whenever such a division is agreed upon with the sanction of

Germany, we shall have to accept it as an accomplished fact. I admit fully that the acquisition of the Bosphorus by Russia would be a calamity to England as part of Europe. But I believe to England herself the calamity would be by no means so great as is commonly supposed. The opening of the Suez Canal, and the altered conditions both of war and trade, have very much diminished both the strategical and the commercial importance of Constantinople. Islam is no longer the power that it used to be, and the advance of Russia to the Dardanelles would be infinitely less dangerous to our interests than her advance to Herat or to the Persian Gulf. Our real interest in the Eastern question lies in India and in Egypt, and any change in the status of European Turkey which gave Russia full occupation nearer home and diverted her energies from the creation of a Central Asiatic empire would be an advantage to England.

It need hardly be said that, whether Russia does or does not obtain possession of the Bosphorus, the advance of Austria to Salonica would be a positive gain to England. On the latter hypothesis the extension of Austrian territory to the *Ægean* would diminish the prospect of Russia's occupying Stamboul; on the former hypothesis it would neutralize the danger of the occupation. Granted that the Turk has got to go, nothing could be better for us than that Austria should take his place in Eastern Europe. That the Turk has got to go is now hardly open to doubt, and in as far as British statesmanship can promote the Germanization, as opposed to the Russification, of Turkey in Europe, our policy should be directed to that end. Moreover, if Austria should advance to the *Ægean*, she will do so at the instigation and with the support of Germany, and,

for reasons to which I shall allude presently, it is our interest above all things to stand well with Germany.

In respect of Italy there is absolutely no reason, but the contrary, why our policy should run counter to her aspirations. Italy has probably more genuine good-will toward and sympathy for England than any other continental power; and though the policy of nations is directed in the long run by their interests and not by their sentiment, yet sentimental considerations are not things to be ignored. If Italy could regain Nice, or substitute herself for France in Tunis, or obtain the southern slopes of the Tyrolean Alps, England could have no possible objection to the result, even if she did not approve the way by which the result was accomplished. It may be said that the two first and most important of these changes could only be effected to the detriment of France. To this my answer would be that, though we have no wish to see France weakened, yet that we have no interest in seeing her strengthened, so long as she remains under her present condition of government and is animated by her present spirit.

The truth is—and it is idle to blink the fact—that the intense desire of France to reassert her old ascendancy constitutes a real and permanent danger for England. In as far as Alsace and Lorraine are concerned England has every reason to desire that France should regain her lost provinces, supposing always their recovery should not be accompanied by any serious diminution of the power of Germany. But any such contingency seems out of the question, and therefore we must base our calculations on the supposition that France, seeing no prospect, for the present at any rate, of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, will turn her attention to the other and I believe the

chief object of her ambition—the restoration of her imperial prestige. Revenge on Germany being out of the question, France can only recover her prestige at the cost of some other power; and the power which presents most opportunities of attack, and is least likely to have on her side the sympathies of Europe, is undoubtedly England. As I have pointed out, a coalition against England is by no means an impossibility, and in any such coalition France is certain to take a leading if not the principal part. I cannot, therefore, disguise from myself that the dissatisfaction of France with her present position, and her almost morbid desire to vindicate her supremacy, no matter at whose cost or to whose detriment, are a standing danger to England. In Egypt, Madagascar, Tonquin, Oceanica, and indeed at every point where our interests come into contact, France has shown of late a disposition to thwart and embarrass England; and if circumstances should secure the French Republic the support or even the neutrality of the other continental powers, we may rest assured that this disposition would assume the form of active annoyance and encroachment.

This being the case, it is manifestly the interest of England to keep on friendly and even more than friendly terms with the one power by which France is kept under restraint, and whose influence is paramount at St. Petersburg. That power is Germany. For many reasons, of race, language, religion, character, and institutions, the English and German nations are natural allies. Our interests, moreover, tend in the same direction. We can assist Germany in her colonial aspirations, and can secure the safety of her commerce at sea in virtue of our maritime supremacy. Germany, on the other hand, in virtue of her military

supremacy, can secure us against any risk to which we are exposed by the hopeless numerical inferiority of our standing army to those of the Continent. England and Germany, if united by a cordial alliance, would be the arbiters of Europe. To promote and facilitate such an alliance should, as I hold, be the main object of British statesmanship. But it is absolutely essential to any genuine understanding between the two countries that neither of them should stand in the way of objects which the other has at heart. In as far as I can see, Germany has no interest or motive to lead her to oppose herself to the consolidation and development of our colonial empire. On the other hand, England, if she pursues her old traditions of foreign policy, is very likely to find herself in antagonism to Germany on the object to which the latter country attaches the utmost importance, the modification of the map of Europe in such a way as to secure her from the risk of any further attack on the part of France, and to provide for her full and free access to the seaboard of the German Ocean. The time has not come to examine these questions in detail. All I could wish is that Germany should understand that in any question between herself and France, and in any arrangements destined to improve her means of access to the sea, she will have the good-will of the British Government and the British nation. The safety of England as against Europe lies in the support of Germany, and to secure that support we must be prepared if necessary to make the requisite sacrifices. If in this paper I have succeeded in calling attention to the general character of the sacrifices we are likely to be called upon to make, I for my part shall be well content.—EDWARD DICEY, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

DEMETER AND THE PIG.

When Mr. Newton excavated the temple and temple-plot, or *temenos* of Demeter, at Cnidos, he made two discoveries of very different character, and very great value. He first unearthed and restored to the light that beautiful marble statue of the Earth Goddess which is now one of the chief treasures of the British Museum. Even critics who find in Greek art a lack of expression are satisfied with the sweet melancholy and regret of the bereaved Demeter.

The Demeter Cnidos is the *Mater Dolorosa* of classical religion. The statue represents a woman still lovely, though no longer very young, seated in the attitude of grief, and her sweet and majestic face is worn with long regret. So may Demeter have sat by the sacred well, near the Eleusinian way, or on the *mirthless stone* of Eleusis, where, according to the myth, she brooded over her human sorrow, while nature mourned for sympathy, and the fields and vineyards ceased to bear fruits and grain. In this melancholy Demeter the happy faith of Hellas became a thing of sorrow, and acquainted with grief. The inevitable losses and sorrows of mortal affections were hallowed and made the more endurable to the religious mind by the example of the sorrowing Goddess, and by the hope, shadowed forth in the Mystery of the Return of Proserpine, that death does not bring an eternal separation. Nor was it merely the mystic promise of Hope that the belief in Demeter offered to the faithful. Her legend and her ritual are founded on and suggest to men's hearts the maternal sympathy of Nature. Like the lives of mortals, the life of Nature has its hours of hope and regret, seed-time and harvest, the passing of the grain into the darkness below the soil, and the raising again of

the wheat in summer, the Descent, in mythic language, and the Resurrection of Coré, of the maiden Persephone. Here, then, are points where the religion of Hellas touches hands with the Christian faith and sentiment: both declare that a God has shared human grief, and Eleusis with her Mysteries repeats that parable of Saint Paul's concerning the burial and the resurrection of the seed sown.

This is the religious aspect of the myth of Demeter; such were the hopes and consolations known to the poet of the Homeric hymn, and to Pindar, and many who, in later days, occupied themselves with the meaning of the Mysteries. "Happy, whosoever of mortal men has looked on these things, but whoso hath had no part nor let in this sacrament, hath no equal fate, when once he hath perished, and passed within the pall of darkness." Of such rites we may believe that Plato was thinking, when he spoke of "beholding apparitions innocent and simple, and calm and happy, as in a *Mystery*." Nor is it strange that, when Greeks were seeking for a sign, and especially for some creed that might resist the new worship of Christ, Plutarch and the Neo-Platonic philosophers tried to cling to the promise of the Mysteries of Demeter. They regarded her secret things as "a dreamy shadow of that spectacle and that rite," the spectacle and rite of the harmonious order of the universe, some time to be revealed to the souls of the blessed. It may have been no drawback to the consolations of the hidden services, that they made no appeal to the weary and wandering reason of the later heathens. Tired out with endless discourse on fate and free will, gods and demons, allegory and explanation, they could repose on mere spectacle and ceremonies, and pious ejaculations, "without any evidence or proof offered

for the statements." Indeed, writers like Plutarch show almost the temper of Pascal, trying to secure rest for their souls by a wise passiveness and pious contemplation, and participation in sacraments not understood.

Such, then, was the refined, religious, and purely Hellenic aspect of Demeter and her myth. All is summed up in the face and attitude of the statue discovered at Cnidos. But this statue was not Mr. Newton's only *trouvaille* in the neighborhood of the Temple Court. If his Demeter personified the noblest things in Greek religion, he also unearthed relics of the opposite element in Greek faith, the magical, fetichistic, and properly speaking savage element. He discovered one of the sacred subterranean chambers which Greek ritual language called *μεγάρα*, or *σέβοποι*—pits or crypts which were peculiar to the rites of the Chthonian or subterranean deities. The crypt opened by Mr. Newton was originally circular in form, but had been compressed, probably by an earthquake. Among the contents were certain small figures of pigs, in marble, and, at the very bottom, the bones of swine, and of some other animals.

Now what was the connection between Demeter and these porcine images, and remains of dead swine? To answer this question is to present, in a single example, the two extremes of Greek polytheism, the rational, natural, and beautiful element, as personified in the statue of the desolate mother—the mourning Demeter—and the irrational, magical, and savage element, as represented by the pigs, and by their share in the rites and mysteries. This is that element in Greek faith which must be illustrated by magical practices and peculiarities of ritual that exist or are known to have existed among barbarous nations remote from Europe, and ignorant of Greece. It

has not escaped mythologists like Maury, in France, nor anthropologists like Mr. Tylor, that the worship of the Earth-Mother (as the name of Demeter means) is not peculiar to Greece, nor to the Aryan race. In America, as in old Germany, and by the Gypsies, and in America among Pawnees and Shawnees, as also in Greece, the Earth-Mother's sacrifices were buried in the earth, or cast down into natural crevices or artificial crypts. Tanner, the white man who was captured by Indians, and who lived with them from childhood, mentions how an Indian "disturbing with his foot a pile of dry leaves, found buried under it a brass kettle, inverted, and containing a quantity of valuable offerings to the Earth." The earth is called Mother-Earth (*Me-suk-kum-mik-O-kwi*), and Indians, when they dig up medicine roots, "deposit something as an offering to her."* Without lingering over the Earth-Mother of Mexico, of Peru, or of the Tongan Islands, let us follow up this rite of burying offerings to Demeter. To study all the savage parallels to the Greek cult would occupy too much space. But it may be noted, in passing, that the priest of Demeter, in Arcadia, "smote the earth with rods," when at her yearly feast he summoned the Earth Goddess, and called "on those below the earth." The Zulu diviners also bid people who consult them "smite the ground with rods for the spirits."

Let us now examine more closely the ritual of Demeter, and ascertain the part played in it by the pig. Among the feasts of Demeter, only the Eleusinia were more famous and popular than the Thesmophoria, a festival common to many towns, but best known at Athens. The Thesmophoria were the rites of seed-time, practiced in October,

* All this is confirmed by the Jesuit father, De Smet, in his *Oregon Missions*.

and especially attended by the women. As among the Red Indians (a fact familiar from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*), strange feminine mysteries were supposed to aid the fertility of the crops, and preserve them from blight. In the Attic and other Thesmophoria, there was a certain licentious element. Demeter of the Thesmophoria presided over human birth and fruitfulness; it was she who, as Homer says of the re-united Odysseus and Penelope, had introduced the *θεσμός*, or rite of marriage:

οἱ μὲν ἔπειτα
Ἀσπασίῳ Λέκτροιο παλαιῷ θεσμὸν ἱκόντο,

What, then, were the secret rites of the Thesmophoria? Here the pig comes in, and Mr. Newton's discoveries are perhaps explained.

A curious account of what was actually *done* at the Thesmophoria is given in a very corrupt *scholion* on the second of Lucian's *Dialogues of Courtesans*, and is borne out by passages in the Fathers and in Pausanias. A girl in Lucian tells her lover, who is about to marry a modest rival, that she has seen her adversary at the Thesmophoria, and "does not think much of her." On this hint speaks the scholiast. He says that the mystery is connected with the legend that, when the earth opened and let out Hades to carry off Persephone, the pigs of a certain swineherd, Eubouleus, fell into the chasm. We shall translate the *scholion*, which does not appear to have been present to Mr. Newton's mind, when he wrote his account of what was found at Cnidos:

"It is in honor of Eubouleus, the herdsman of the swine, that pigs are thrown into the caverns (*χάσματα*) of Demeter and Persephone. Then certain women named (*ἀντήτριαι*) [they who draw up anything, usually drawers of water] bring up the decaying remnants of the pigs into the *megara*, after purifying themselves for three days. And they go down into the recesses and fetch the

remains of the pigs, and place them on the altars. *And it is believed that whoever takes of this flesh and mixes it with the seed-corn will have the richer harvest and abundance.* Also it is said that there are serpents in the caverns, which eat the more part of what has been thrown in, wherefore the women make a rattling din when they draw up the flesh, *and when they deposit again the well-known images,* to the end that these snakes, which they call guardians of the caverns, may depart thence."

These rites are called "The carrying of things not to be spoken, and they are performed in the same way for the fruitfulness of fields and of human kind." Thus we are enabled to understand the inmost secret of the rite of Demeter in the month of seed-sowing. Pigs were driven down certain chasms or caverns, their flesh was hallowed on the altars, part of it used was to mix with the seed-corn, by way of magically adding to its fertility, and, finally, images of pigs (πλάσματα, probably in terra cotta) were stowed away again by the women in the caverns. It seems a plausible conjecture that when Mr. Newton found not only the images, but also the bones, of swine in the chamber of Demeter at Cnidos, he had hit on a deposit of things employed in this magical part of the Thesmophoria, of objects and sacrifices used in the fertilization of the corn.

The whole rite seems sufficiently savage, and singular facts recorded by Clemens of Alexandria deepen the impression. We are able to illustrate the fundamental idea of the mystery from the ritual of the Khonds of India and the Pawnees of the North American continent. By both these widely severed peoples the flesh of the victim offered to the Earth Goddess is cut piecemeal and mixed with or buried with the seed-corn. Among Pawnees and Khonds, women take a considerable part in these savage Thesmophoria—the part, indeed, of victims. The Khonds also sacrificed men, as the

Meriah, or victims of the Earth God. In America and in India, the human victim was always of a foreign tribe. Strangely enough, in the hill regions of Goomsar, the offering was mingled, a swine and a human victim were slain together, the blood of the hog flowed into a place where the *Meriah* was suffocated. The fragments of flesh were carried away and buried on the boundaries of fields.

The Khonds are said to have prayed that their pigs might become so numerous that their rooting snouts might plow up the ground without need for human labor. Not improbably the swine's habit of rooting and grubbing in the earth caused him, in Greece as among the Khonds, to be the victim and favorite animal of the Earth-Mother. The initiated, during the Eleusinian Mysteries, used to go and bathe in the sea each with the pig he meant to offer to the Goddess. One unlucky worshipper, while swimming with his pig, was bitten in two by a shark.*

The Pawnee custom of sacrificing a girl of another tribe, Sioux for choice, and fertilizing the seed-corn with her blood, was practiced in the middle of the present century. As among the Aztecs, the unconscious victim was petted and kindly treated till the day of her doom, when she was set on a pile of wood and shot with arrows. A Jesuit father has given a minute description of the hideous rite.†

From these examples of early agricultural customs, it appears that the Athenians, like the Khonds and Pawnees, hoped to secure a good harvest by sowing, with the seed-corn, fragments of the victims of the Earth-Mother. The Athenian civilization declares itself in the substitution of pigs for the Pawnee human victims, or for the pig-

* Plutarch, *Phocion*, chap. xxviii.

† De Smet, *Oregon Missions*.

and-man sacrifice of the Khonds. The whole character of Greek religion, its humane and rational, and its wild and magical aspects, are thus combined in the lovely Cnidian statue of Demeter, and in the fragments of bones of sacrificed swine, and images of pigs, which lay in her subterranean cell.

The legend of Demeter has many other savage elements, notably in the myth of her adventures in the form of a mare. But the most curious of all savage analogies we find in the Eleusinian legend itself, in the story which is told in the Homeric hymn, and which was indubitably acted out in the Mystery Play of Eleusis. The tale may be condensed from the Homeric hymn. There we read how Persephone, the daughter of Demeter, was gathering flowers, when Hades, Lord of the Land of the Dead, bore her away, and how Demeter sought her daughter with torches burning, and came at last to the well of Celeus, King of Eleusis, in the likeness of an old wife. There she dwelt with Celeus, as a nurse to his son, whom she would fain have made immortal. There Demeter abode long without eating, or drinking, or speaking, till she tasted of a mixture of barley and water, *cyceon*, and smiled at the mirth of the maid Iambe, and laid aside her utmost anger. Yet still she abstained from the gathering of the Immortals, and still the earth bore not its fruits till Hermes brought back her daughter, Persephone. But Persephone had tasted one pomegranate seed in the under-world, and therefore was fatally constrained to dwell there for a part of every year. But now Demeter was comforted. Earth bore fruits once more, and the goddess herself declared to the chiefs of the Eleusinians all her sacred mysteries, and the ritual of their due performance.

Such was the famous Eleusinian legend. The chief elements are these:

The loss by Demeter of her child, who has passed to the under-world. The wrath of the goddess, clad in mourning, "the black Demeter" of the Arcadians. The partial comforting of the goddess when she had tasted the *cyceon*, or mixed draught, and laughed with Iambe. The restoration of Persephone for two-thirds of the year. The reconciliation of Demeter, the Queenship of Death confirmed to Persephone, and the establishment of the chief Mysteries of Greece to commemorate these events.

It is one of the most singular facts in mythology that a perfectly recognizable form of this myth exists among the North American Indians, where it is told to account for the origin of the chief Mysteries, or Medicine dances (*Meda*, or *Me-tai*). The main difference is that, in Greece, the Mysteries are instituted to please a divine mother deprived of her daughter, while; in America, the *Me-tai* are instituted to comfort a divine being, a brother deprived of his favorite brother. Tanner refers to the story as a legend that the Indians "sing;" the chant, apparently, was one of the sacred or magical hymns noted down on birch bark in picture-writing. But the tale was told at length to De Smet by a Potawatomie, who included it in the general legend of his people. De Smet noticed resemblances to the Flood, the Fall, and other Biblical stories, but did not remark on the following Indian variant of the Eleusinian myth. The story is stolen by Schoolcraft:—

"The Manitos were jealous of Manabozho and Chibiabos. Manabozho warned his brother never to be alone, but one day he ventured on the frozen lake, and was drowned by the Manitos. Manabozho wailed along the shores. He waged a war against all the Manitos. . . . He called on the dead body of his brother. He put the whole country in dread by his lamentations. He then *bemearled his face with black*, and sat down six years to lament, uttering the name of Chibiabos. The Manitos consulted what

to do to assuage his melancholy and his wrath. The oldest and wisest of them, who had had no hand in the death of Chibiabos, offered to undertake the task of reconciliation. They built a sacred lodge close to that of Manabozho, and prepared a sumptuous feast. They then assembled in order, one behind the other, each carrying under his arm a sack of the skin of some favorite animal, as a beaver, an otter, or a lynx, and filled with precious and curious medicines culled from all plants. These they exhibited, and invited him to the feast with pleasing words and ceremonies. He immediately raised his head, uncovered it, and washed off his besmearments and mourning colors, and then followed them. They offered him a cup of liquor prepared from the choicest medicines, at once as a propitiation and an initiatory rite. He drank it at a single draught, and found his melancholy departed. They then commenced their dances and songs, united with various ceremonies. All danced, all sang, all acted with the utmost gravity, with exactness of time, motion, and voice. Manabozho was cured; he ate, danced, sang, and smoked the sacred pipe.

"In this manner the Mysteries of the Great Medicine Dance were introduced.

"The Manitos now united their powers to bring Chibiabos to life. They did so, and brought him to life, *but it was forbidden to enter the lodge*. They gave him, through a chink, a burning coal, and told him to go and preside over the Country of Souls, and reign over the Land of the Dead.

"Manabozho, now retired from men, commits the care of medicinal plants to Misukumigakwa, or the Mother of Earth, to whom he makes offerings."

Here, then, we have, instead of a goddess mother robbed of a daughter by the lord of the dead, a divine being robbed of a brother, by death. Here we have the long mourning of Demeter and Manabozho. Here we have the return of gladness after the drinking of a mixture offered by way of consolation. Then we have the complete recovery of the mourner, the institution of Mysteries to commemorate the events, and the appointment of the lost brother to be, like Persephone, powerful over the dead.

Is all this similarity to be accounted for by borrowing, by transmission, or

by a natural community of ideas as entertained by early men? The answer would be the solution of the problem of Mythology. Meanwhile is it not certain that, even in the worship of Demeter, Greece presents many ideas and rites held in common with Khonds, Pawnees, and Zulus? Are we not aided to understand the meaning of the Arcadian priests, when they beat the ground with rods, in the ritual of Demeter Chthonia, by the similar Zulu method of invoking "those that be under the earth?" Do not the Khond and Pawnee sacrifices for seed-time explain the purpose of the ἀρρητοφορία in the Attic mystery? By such chains, not wholly golden, the races of men are bound about the feet of gods.—ANDREW LANG, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CELTIC AND SAXON PLACE-NAMES.

A wide field of inquiry for information touching changes in the aspect of the country is supplied by the etymology of place-names. These names, at least those of them that date from old times, possess a peculiar value and interest as abiding records of the people who gave them, and also, in many cases, of the circumstances in which they were given. We are at present concerned only with those that embody some physical fact in the topography. Many of these are as appropriate now as they were at first; for the features to which they were applied have remained unaltered. Ben Nevis is as truly the "Hill of Heaven" to-day as when the earliest Celtic tribe looked up to it from the glens below. The big stones on the summit of Penmaenmawr still stand as memorials of the British people who erected and named them. But in

innumerable instances the appositeness of the designation has been lost. The name has, in fact, been more permanent than the feature to which it was applied. The one has survived in daily speech from generation to generation: the other has wholly passed away. By comparing the descriptive epithet in the name with the present aspect of the locality, some indication, or even, perhaps, some measure of the nature and amount of the changes in the topography, may still be recovered.

Now in researches of this kind the liability to blunder is so great, and many able writers have blundered so egregiously, that the inquiry ought not to be entered upon without due preparation, and should not be continued without constant exercise of the most scrupulous caution. The great danger of being betrayed into error by the plausibilities of phonetic etymology should never for a moment be lost sight of. Where possible the earliest form of the name should be recovered, for in the course of time local names are apt to be so corrupted as to lose all obvious trace of their original orthography.

The Celtic place-names are as a whole singularly descriptive. The Celtic tribes, indeed, have manifested, in that respect, a keener appreciation of landscape and a more poetical eye for nature than their Saxon successors. Who that has ever stood beneath the somber shadow of the cloud that so often rests on the shoulders of the Grampians will fail to recognize the peculiar fitness of the Gaelic name for the highest summit of the chain—Ben-na-muich-dubh, "the mountain of dark gloom?" Or who has ever watched the Atlantic billows bursting into white foam against the cliffs of Ardnamurchan and did not acknowledge that only a poetic race could have named the place "the headland of the great sea." The colors of

mountain and river have been seized upon by these people as descriptive characters that have suggested local names. Swiftmess and sluggishness of flow have furnished discriminating epithets for rivers. Moors, forests, woodlands, copses, groups of trees, solitary bushes, lakes, mosses, cliffs, gullies, even single boulders, have received names which record some aspect or character that struck the imagination of the old Celt. Many of these names have never found a place on any map, but they are well known to the Welsh and Gaelic inhabitants who in the more mountainous and trackless regions have often a wonderful acquaintance with the details of the topography.

Here, then, in the Celtic place-names of the country lies a wide and practically as yet untouched domain for exploration. Civilization has advanced less rapidly and ruthlessly in the Celtic-speaking parts of the country. In these districts, too, there are fewer historical records of progress and change. But the topographical names when carefully worked out will doubtless supply much information regarding former aspects of the country. Taken in connection with a minute examination of the present topography, they may be found to preserve a record of former conditions of surface whereof every other memorial has forever perished.

Our Saxon progenitors also gave appropriate local names, but with a sturdy self-assertion, and prosaic regarded for plain fact, they chose to couple their own *cognomina* with them. If a settler fenced in his own inclosure he called it his "ton" or his "ham." If he felled the trees of the primeval woodlands and made his own clearance, it became his "fold." If he built himself a mud cottage it was his "cote," or if he attained to the dignity of a

farm he called it his "stead." As he and his brethren increased their holdings and drew their houses together for companionship and protection, the village kept their family name. But besides these patronymic epithets, which are of such value in tracing out the early settlement of the country, the English gave more or less descriptive local names. In their "holts" and "hursts," "wealds" and "shaws," we can still tell where their woods lay. In their "leighs," "fields," and "royds," we can yet trace the open clearings in these woods. But for the broad landmarks and larger natural features of the country, the Saxons were generally content to adopt, in some more or less corrupt form, the names already given by the Celtic tribe who had preceded them.—ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, in *Mac-Millan's Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE LUCKY PRINCE OF WALES.—The English newspapers do not always speak in the most enthusiastic manner of the Royal Personage who, in the ordinary course of nature, will be their king at no very distant day. Thus the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"The *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* informs us that the Prince of Wales is regarded on the Continent as having a singularly lucky hand at games of chance. 'The day before the earthquake he appeared in Monaco, and tried his luck in jest at *trente et quarante*. His success was so satisfactory that the Prince resolved to venture at roulette the sum which he had won at the other game. Here again luck followed him like a dutiful servant, and in a very short space of time he left the salon with a gain of six hundred pounds sterling.' The incident reminds the Vienna journal of the equally fortunate play of the Prince a year ago, when he was the guest of Count Tasilo Festetics at Buda-Pesth. 'In one single night the future ruler of England won nearly a quarter of a million gulden in a well-known

aristocratic club. The Prince told his fellow-players that he would give them an opportunity for revenge as soon as he returned from his hunting tour. Fourteen days later he appeared to the club, according to his promise. The *revenge*, however, cost his opponents eighty thousand florins. It appears from the same journal that the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, the Crown Prince Rudolph, is not quite so prodigal and reckless in gaming as the Hungarian nobles. He will only play for very small stakes, like the aged German Emperor, who thinks that a sum of fifty pfennig is as much as a King or Prince should venture at a time.

"The Prince of Wales is at this moment perhaps in one of the most uncomfortable positions which he has ever occupied. He has constituted himself Beggar-General in Ordinary for the Imperial Institute, and nothing can exceed the pertinacity with which he picks up such unconsidered trifles as five-pound notes for the institution which is to be the crowning memorial of the Year of Jubilee. When the Heir Apparent is reduced to such straits as to refuse to attend a football meeting unless the gate money is given to the Imperial Institute, some idea can be formed of the fix in which he finds himself. All this might have been endured if as a reward for all his begging he had even the remotest chance of succeeding. Unfortunately all his efforts cannot avert failure, and that a failure which by its hideous completeness may even throw into the shade the shameful and humiliating experience of this preliminary touting for cash."

A MAGAZINE IN MADAGASCAR.—For the following notice of a periodical, otherwise quite unknown to us, we are indebted to the English journal, *Nature*.:—

"The last number of the *Antananarivo Annual and Madagascar Magazine* (Christmas, 1886) consists, besides a reprint of Mr. A. R. Wallace's chapter on the fauna of Madagascar, mainly of papers on linguistic topics and on Malagasy folklore. M. Grandidier's paper on the channels and lagoons of the east coast of the island is translated, with some interesting remarks by Mr. Sibree appended. Mr. Sibree points out that it would only require about thirty miles of canals to connect all these lagoons, and so create a safe and extensive internal water-way of the greatest commercial value. The Rev. W. Montgomery contributes a paper on the Malagasy game of 'fanerana,' in many respects resembling chess."

THE CALL OF SAVONAROLA.

The fifteenth century is the April of modern history. The buds swell with sap, the leaves put forth shoots, the shoots burst into flowers, the flowers paint themselves in every variety of color and secrete honey, the honey summons the bees, while the petals tempt the butterflies; the butterflies leave their dark chrysalis to assume their airy forms; the springs leave their winter prisons to bubble in the valleys; up above in the tops of the trees the birds practice their choirs, from the mated larks, who rise to salute the dawn with their mystic psalmody, down to the amorous nightingale, who through the night sings to his bride as she sits on her nest, and awakes in all hearts the thoughts of spring. So in the fifteenth century the printing-press comes to give permanence to thought; ruins choked with flowering weeds show, as in a living sepulcher, the statue which is to bring perfection to art; Constantinople, humiliated by its defeat at Lepanto, falls into the dungeon of slavery, while the soul of ancient Greek literature, revived in Florence, flows like new blood through the cold sluggish veins of the human race; scholastic philosophy acts, as the chrysalis on the butterfly, repressively, but Florentine Platonism illuminates the depths of Heaven and of the soul with the ideas of the sublimest of philosophers; the ocean, too, in order that everything may be marvelous, presents America with its virgin forests and overflowing life to renovate and fire Nature itself, as though the Universe were a divine poem written across the immensity of space in starry letters for man's spirit to read.

The fifteenth century is Easter Resurrection following on the Good Friday of the Middle Ages—when the altars

were dressed in mourning, the temples vacant and open, the virgins alone, the Saviour in His tomb, the Cross raised above the Universe, the angels weeping, the Miserere of penitence filling the darkened air with tears;—after this Good Friday comes Easter-day, that second Nativity in which Jesus Christ rises from His sepulcher to ascend into the heavens, whereupon the Te Deums rise from the Churches, and merry peals of bells meet the hosannas of the angels; religious inspiration fills the air, the hallelujah of mystic joy mingles with the humming of the bee, the flight of the butterfly, the odor of flowers, the murmuring of the brook, the sparkling of the stars, the songs of the nightingale and of the lark, the new tide of hope.

Throughout this Easter-tide society seemed to delight in satisfying all the wants and aspirations of the mind. Some instrument was needed to rend the feudal rock, to split and break it into fragments—nay, to crush it to powder. To open up earth's shores, to verify the legendary voyages of our new Argonauts, the Portuguese and Spanish sailors, a fixed point in the heavens, and another fixed point on board the ship, were called for, and then providentially came the compass to point unerringly to the North amidst continual motion. A fresh type was required for art, and there came the newly discovered statues to decorate our cathedrals and the palaces of our Popes. There was wanted a means to search out the recesses of the heavens, even as printing had been made to vanquish time, and the compass to master space: so in the tubes of an instrument came by chance certain glasses, which were converted into a telescope and superseded the old astronomy of Alexandria. After that, Conscience also needed to be renewed, the Church reconstructed, Christianity

remoulded; Conscience had to be idealized, in order to rise higher and find its altars above, even as it had been with science and art and all the institutions of the human mind. To say that all the mental faculties advanced, and that only Feeling and Faith flagged, were to state the impossible. Faith must needs be revived, as everything was revived, in this period of universal regeneration. And to fulfill the ministry of the renewal of faith, without severing it from its traditions, ideas, and dogmas, came the luminous soul of the immortal Savonarola.

All men have in common the humanity to which they belong, and all have the particular characteristics of their special individuality. And yet there is nothing more common than to demand of persons of the highest powers, whose vocation is assigned them by a voice from above, for very special purposes, the whole range of human faculties, as though it were possible for one man to grasp universal mind and discharge all human obligations. Thus, a politician assumes to sit in judgment on Savonarola, and calls him a clumsy and incapable prophet, because he did not practice the intrigues of politics; again, a mystic, a religious fanatic, constitutes himself his judge, and brands him as an ambitious tribune because he blended the cloister with the political arena, the pulpit with the rostrum, because he worshiped both religion and democracy, because he made himself the champion of the Gospel and of the Republic. An idle task, to judge a great man from a single point of view! Savonarola represents two things vitally necessary at the moment in which he appears: first, the revival of religious consciousness; and secondly, the renewed application of the conscience to the reform of social life. To satisfy the desires of so many great souls, to

fulfill the testaments of the last canonical Councils, to restore Christian thought to the mind, and then to bring down conscience, rejuvenated and remoulded, into the bosom of society—this was his herculean task, his historic mission.

We will now examine whether his labor was a failure and his ministry unsuccessful. We will then ask on whom the responsibility falls that the labor was lost, and that the mission failed; it may fall upon him, or it may fall upon his implacable enemies. We will next inquire whether the revolution was brought on by the failure of Savonarola's ideas, hopes, and projects. That which we must demand is, that a man summoned to a task so superhuman, born in such an epic period, called to work out so concrete an issue, constrained to sow, in so restricted a field, the seed of his ideas which were to spread all over the world, should not be required to display powers incompatible with the ministry which he came to fulfill. As a Monk, he will have to see things of the world through the walls of the cloister; as a politician, he will have to look upon the cloister through the atmosphere of the world; as a mystic, he will have to convert moral and religious rules into coercive laws; as a politician, he must give to prayers, sermons, and penitential services a certain revolutionary tone, certain warlike complexion: but with all these contradictions—possibly on account of these contradictions—no one in history personifies and represents with better right that new birth of the religious spirit presented in the Gospel of Christ which has come down into the midst of society like a leaven of life, quickening all its institutions as with a new soul.

Savonarola, like Livy, came from Padua. These Venetian cities have been marvelously fertile in illustrious

children. Padua in point of antiquity surpasses Venice, which dates later than the fall of Rome and the irruption of the barbarians. And as its antiquity is greater than that of Venice, so it has a German-Latin character not to be found in Venice, which was exclusively occupied in receiving the fugitives who escaped the fire and sword of the barbarians. One must see these regions, as I have seen them, to comprehend all their grandeur and explain many of the enigmas which history preserves in her hieroglyphic emblems. Here, upon these plains where the poplars are interlaced with the vines; where we look on the Lagoon of St. Mark; where the waters sparkle that flow from the dazzling Adriatic; as our thoughts wander through these great cities, peopled with the spirits of bygone generations, it becomes manifest to us that the inhabitants could not surrender themselves to the effeminacy and luxury of Oriental Venice.

Padua, rising up at the entrance of the envied Venetian lake, had to be well sentineled and to engage in constant warfare. The shocks which never reached the great mercantile city frequently plowed up its soil and made deep furrows in it, just as the surface of great volcanoes is cut up by the streams of lava. The man of Padua of old distinguished himself by his energy, developing great powers in all athletic exercises, as became one reared on the cross-ways of so many military roads and amid so constant and terrible wars. Savonarola had somewhat of this native energy, for as by food and air we assimilate part of the soil on which we live, so by tradition and by education we assimilate likewise the tone of the race, of the family, of the city, of the generation, to which we belong.

Padua, which belonged soul and body to the League of Guelphic cities,

afterward fell into the hands of the greatest Ghibelline tyrant that was ever known in the history of Italy: at times trodden under foot by the Imperial troops and at other times by those of the Pope, finally, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, she yielded to the power of her most terrible rival—of abhorred Venice. Savonarola's ancestors must have acquired amid these tragedies, so well calculated to steel the soul, much of the energy and fortitude which they transmitted to their immortal descendant, a constant combatant in the bloodless warfare of mind.

In all Italian cities the strength, the energy, the valor, which they acquired from a soil steeped in blood, were greatly tempered and softened by the constant presentation to their eyes and to their imagination of marvelous works of art. Padua in the fifteenth century, although fallen from her ancient splendor, preserved memorials fitted to elevate the ideal above all things else for those who cultivate the high faculties of the mind. Giotto left upon the walls of her temples those angelic figures which were surely inspired—seen in dim vision through the clouds of the Empyrean; St. Anthony left floating in her air discourses which fire the mind with passion and give fiber to the Italian nation; Marsilio left in the halls of her universities the mysterious figures of those political problems that carried with them the bases of a new society; and in the lines of her churches, architects and sculptors like the Pisani wreathed in enamel such ideas as distill sublime inspiration upon the intelligence and upon the heart of a great nation. Hence, a family so well versed in the sciences as was that of the Savonarolas ought to combine, with the energy which characterized the people of Padua, the delicacy of perception, the catholicity of

taste, and the exaltation of character which works of art are wont to confer upon those who study and enjoy them. And here also we find some explanation of the combination of various qualifications that distinguishes Savonarola's character—his force of will joined to the manifold impulses which made him both orator and poet.

Savonarola's family was attached to the University of Padua. As we can at this day form no just idea of what cathedrals were in the Middle Ages, so no more can we conceive the universities of those times. Just as a cathedral and its cloisters served even a religious people for market-place, exchange, theater, and cemetery, so the nascent universities savored somewhat of the state and somewhat of the court of justice, with their great coercive powers, with their independent tribunals, with their peculiar privileges, with their numerous bodies of students, who thought themselves unworthy of their name if they did not sustain the glory of their class, if they did not enter, with all the ardor of youth, into gambling, drinking, fighting, and love-making. Above these turbulent troops of students stood the severe patrician class of professors, who paid external obedience to the law, to the church, and even to the state, but made no conscience of interfering in matters of church and state, as they were enabled to do by the natural power of their ideas and by the special character of their duties. They opposed the old Roman jurisprudence to feudal and canon law; they met the disintegration of the Middle Ages with the strong civil unity of the Imperial state, which they found, as it were, petrified in the Pandects. In this fashion they at once pulled down the theocratic and the military aristocracies—the two pedestals upon which was raised the majestic edifice of the Middle Ages. We

must say that in point of fact there were among these professors juriconsults who exercised greater political and social influence than doctors of medicine—a phenomenon only to be explained by the special conditions of the society of that day. Devoted as was the Middle Age to hierarchies, contemptuous as it was of manual labor, and far, very far, from comprehending the common origin and the common destiny of all sciences and the sacred equality which forms, as it were, the basis of their various manifestations, it was held—even in democratic Italy itself, that land where such social dignity is seen among hand-workers—that the office of a medical man was inferior to that of a lawyer or theologian. It is necessary that this be well retained in the memory, for it was Savonarola's misfortune to belong to a family which practiced medicine, and this settled his fate, and and brought about his seclusion in a cloister. These circumstances of country which affect a family and a profession affect also the state, and they all have to be taken into consideration ere one can comprehend and explain one of those souls whose light is reflected through the ages over the boundless horizons of history, and whose life succeeds in carrying new ideas into the remotest recesses of human consciousness.

The person who most powerfully influenced the destiny of Girolamo Savonarola was his paternal grandfather, Michael, the celebrated physician. Studying this singular man, and reviewing the list of his books, we find a key to some part of the monk's nature. Michael Savonarola wrote with the greatest ease upon medicine, politics, and ecclesiastical matters. Besides a practical treatise upon diseases, he left a theoretical work on the pulse, a tract on hygiene, private and public, and a historical essay on the traditions of

Padua. With equal facility he wrote one book on the natural development of fever, and another on the canon laws as to confession. Thus he counselled the dyspeptic upon diet and the nations as to the most eligible form of Republic. This faculty for dealing with everything, this wealth of information, brought him universal renown, and gave him undisputed social pre-eminence amongst his contemporaries. It may be added that he not only possessed the widest grasp of science, but had also, as its proper complement, the most tender sympathy. Thoughts were not, for this model physician, pure abstractions, limited in their scope to an exalted but frigid conscience, but were alive, and in their life fruitful in the distribution with lavish hand of beneficence among the sick and necessitous. Justly proud of a lofty intelligence, of an energetic nature, of whole-heartedness, of a lively imagination, he was indignant at the vices practiced by the powerful, while he hastened to succor want among the poor. His universal charity was balanced by his universal indignation against wrong and wrongdoers. Therefore study well this man, and you will undoubtedly find in him the germs of those qualities which were subsequently to spring forth and to increase in his grandson—scientific combined with religious culture; love of retirement tinted with the impulse to go forth and fight the world's battles; love of meditation counteracted by desire to wrestle in political strife: contrasted qualities such as form great minds and strong wills, implanted in those whom Providence destines to exercise wide and permanent influence over society, and to bear imperishable names in the annals of history.

Michael Savonarola yearned with inexpressible tenderness over his grandchild, and did all he could to secure that the boy who would bear his name

should prosecute his science. Age loves infancy enthusiastically by virtue of those harmonies between contraries which constitute, as it were, the immortal basis of our nature. A grandfather, on the eve of his departure from this life, feels that he sees renewed the innocency of his own soul, his youth, the illusions of his fancy, the hopes and affections of his heart, all the paradises long lost in the abysses of time, when he plays with the little grandchild at his feet; while the child, in its looks, in its smile, in its gambols, recalls some features of beloved ones who made bright the path of his life, removes from his furrowed brow the crown of thorns, and substitutes for it a heavenly aureole. When the old physician Michael felt that his strength was now exhausted, that his eyes were dim, and his days come to a close, the delicate child with its rosy lips brought him that promise of rejuvenescence that gilds with glory the death-bed, and inspires the dying with exalted hope in the last hour. It was Michael's desire that he should be personally reproduced in his grandchild, and to this end he destined him to follow the medical career, in order to make him, what he had been himself, an ornament of courts and a benefactor of the sick poor. But Nature must be studied and her promptings attended to in order to accomplish one's aim in the selection of a career for another—to find him a post that shall secure his own happiness, and therewith the esteem and admiration of others. If you see a child with great skill and delight in attentive observation, devote him to experimental science; but if you find that he is of nervous physical temperament, impressionable, of a moral complexion open to all ideas, emotional, imaginative, with a sensitive heart and a ductile intelligence, do not devote him to mathematics, or to experiment-

alizing, or to cold deductions—no, train him to eloquence, to art, and you will have in him one of those beings destined to move men's minds to thought, and their will to every good action.

Savonarola's education commenced with the physical sciences—a course alien to his natural disposition and contrary to his mental vocation. Fortunately, medicine was not at that time so much separated from arts and letters as it is at present. In spite of the fact that man was approaching more positive periods of science, imagination and feeling still assumed the upper hand in the crude study of Nature. The universe itself appeared to be a poem, composed by an immortal poet, in which intuition, albeit somewhat enlightened by experience, encountered a thousand magical effects calculated to dazzle the mind and to inflame the most vivid imagination. The brilliant inventions of the Arabs were brought to the knowledge of the Christian world by the enlightened efforts of Alonso X., and about the same time Roger Bacon by his treatise upon telescopes and mirrors extended the celestial horizon. Astronomy retained some remnants of astrology, just as chemistry preserved something of alchemy. Thus Peter of Albano, the author of a treatise upon the astrolabe, was burned in effigy after his death for witchcraft at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and about the middle of the same century the cultured Florentines burned alive the celebrated encyclopædist, Cecco d'Ascoli, whose experiments—put, according to the spirit of the times, into the form of a poem—gave a new impulse to meteorology. Indeed, all these sciences were only relieved of a quasi-magical character fifty years afterward by a revolution analogous in its nature to the revolution in religion.

It seems impossible that ideas appearing in history should persist and en-

dure; yet in their transformation they never lose their peculiar nature. The semi-pagan processions of Italy recall the ancient Greek shows; the lamps lighted at the feet of the patron saints of the family, the Roman *lares*. Along the shores of the Mediterranean the temples were converted into churches, and the pagan rites metamorphosed into Catholic liturgies; St. Anthony protected horses, just like the equestrian Neptune; Ceres becomes Our Lady of the Ears of Corn; the piece of money which the Greeks placed in the dead man's mouth to induce Charon to let him pass over survives in many nations; the Christmas-log burns on the hearth as did that which was burned at the feasts of Adonis, and the merry eve of St. John repeats the bonfires of the summer solstice; the augurs, the diviners, and the witches still people the air and earth, in spite of all the holy water poured over them, and of the bells ever ringing from the lofty towers to drive away evil spirits from the world. Who does not remember that in those remote times, even among the doctors themselves, it was a cardinal article of belief that epilepsy, hydrophobia, and nervous diseases were due to demoniacal possession? When they saw this unhappy man tremble as though about to breathe his last, and that other gnashing his teeth and clenching his hands with superhuman power, flashing fire from his eyes as from a volcano, and foaming at the mouth, the people of those days, ignorant of the electricity that pervades our nerves, believed that such sore diseases were due to the terrible assaults of Satan and his followers.

The Fathers of the Church considered that most devils were men possessed by Satan—an opinion which St. Thomas formulated and handed over to the naturalists and orthodox medical men; and, although Gainerio of Pavia

in 1440 raised a protest against this doctrine, the belief that only infernal spirits could produce such deep-seated and terrible disorders remained in vogue, and was held even by so celebrated a physician as the fourteenth-century Ibn-Khaldoun, who thought that a spirit could detach itself from matter, and so attain to supernatural visions. This was before the discovery of the Americas, whose appearance in history necessarily involved such profound changes in the cosmic sciences. Natural history was only a sort of handmaid to theology, using the lion, the phoenix, and other animals merely as symbols of celestial things, so that zoology and botany tended rather to nourish the fancy than to extinguish it. Debarred from anatomical study, medicine was far from holding the experimental character which the advance of time and the progress of ideas have since combined to impart to it. Besides all this, Michael Savonarola died ere he could complete the education of Girolamo, which was then taken up by his father, Nicolas Savonarola, a man better versed in the evil ways of courts than in the secret marvels of science. He restricted the training of his son to the science of the period—that is to say, to a certain acquaintance with the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, which, as is well known, represented the philosophy of Catholic dogma—as though the Reformer was not to separate himself from the Church in the smallest matter, in order that he might mysteriously fulfill his providential destiny and investigate with redoubled attention the nature of his divine vocation.

The intellectual influences which first moulded Savonarola being thus ascertained, we have now to find the moral influences, to seek out the women whose eyes and inspirations gave warmth and life to his feeling. In the intellect the father's influence should be para-

mount; the mother's more directly and naturally affects the heart. Savonarola found a great teacher in his mother, who combined elevation of mind with sweetness and gentleness of character. Her name was Elena; she belonged to the illustrious family of the Buonacorsi of Mantua. Married to the vulgar Nicolas Savonarola, she found in the love of her children and in the cultivation of their minds the satisfaction which she could not find in courtship or marriage. Of an essentially poetic and loving womanly nature, she was ever constrained to devote herself passionately to the object of her affection. Elena had two sons older than Girolamo, but in neither of them did she find the reflection of her own soul. The eldest embraced the profession of arms; the second devoted himself to the administration of finance: neither attained the elevation or the culture which Elena would have wished for them. Girolamo alone, in spite of an exterior by no means prepossessing, attracted the love of his mother by the lofty qualities which distinguished him from his infancy, by his depth of thought, his wealth of ideas and fluency of speech, by his sudden bursts of mysticism, foreshadowing his mysterious future vocation. Ideas, in passing through a woman's mind, take splendid variety of color, like light passing through a prism. Unhappy is the man who has not received the germs of his earliest thoughts from the lips of his mother; unhappy is he who has not consciously felt the springtide of his life burst into flowers under the warm breath of the woman he loved. That rare combination of energy and tenderness, of flexibility and firmness, of love and thought, of valor and gentleness, which a man requires, comes from woman, who infuses into his cup of life the honey of her maternal affection, and perfumes it forever. The mind, at

its birth, like the nestling just hatched, requires to receive its food from a mother's mouth and to find shelter for its nakedness under her careful wing. Thus, when Savonarola, even in his sudden fits of hatred, felt grieved, and reverted back to charity and to love, when he preached righteousness even before his most implacable enemies, in those frequent moments of despair and anguish of soul, a consoling angel would appear and sit down at his side; a mysterious wailing voice would sound amid the roar of tempestuous agitation. It was the gentle and blessed soul of his sainted mother that he saw beside him, like a veritable Deity of goodness and virtue, shining like a rainbow against the clouds which darkened his mind, distilling a heavenly dew upon his barren heart, giving him hope in the hour of death and the gloom of the grave.

There was another woman who was to exercise a sovereign influence over Savonarola. The Italian cities of that day were subject to sudden political convulsions, with all their incidents of condemnation, banishment, and exile. Driven away by these frequent vicissitudes and revolutions, the Strozzi had quitted Florence, and found themselves landed, the wrecks of civil discord, in the city of Ferrara. Strozzi was the representative of a patrician Florentine family, and had with him an only daughter, a girl wondrously beautiful and extraordinarily intelligent. Savonarola fell in love with her, and at this critical period of his life he might have wholly changed his profession and his destiny. Accepted, beloved, associated with a rich and noble family, with wealth and power, and children whose interests would constrain him to look to the future, with heart serene and conscience tranquil, beloved by those about him, and placed above the assaults of fortune, his nerves would not have

been discomposed, his imagination excited, his vehement temperament, fired by contact with misfortune and with grief. It is ever thus with the world's liberators. To attain the adoration of future generations, to ascend the altars of history, to reach the apotheosis of immortality, they have to sweat blood in the garden of Gethsemane, to swallow insults in courts of justice, to receive the buffet of infamy from insolent officials, to drain to the dregs the overflowing cup of gall and vinegar, to circle their brow with a crown of thorns, and to stretch their limbs upon the cross. Conceive Savonarola happy, and he would undoubtedly have been a good husband, a tender father, a man unknown to history, utterly powerless to print upon the sands of time and upon the human soul the deep trace which he has left; but misfortune came to visit him, to smite him, to crush his heart, and to impart that marked melancholy which characterizes a soul in grief, and the grief that circled his brows with a crown of thorns was also that which wreathed them with the splendor of immortality. His hopes were centered in the woman he loved, his life was set upon the possession of her, and when the family finally rejected him, partly on account of his profession, and partly on account of his person, he believed that it was death that had come upon him, when in truth it was immortality. In that moment of abandonment, of solitude, of sadness, to his eyes the horizon in every direction appeared to be obscured, and every abyss yawned under his feet; it seemed to him that the light of heaven, vouchsafed even to wild beasts, was denied him, and that all that he had to anticipate was material death, since moral death had seized on his disillusioned soul.

Imagine a field at spring time overtaken by sudden frost, and you will have an idea of Savonarola's transit

from life in the world to life in the cloister. If he were forbidden to love and to be loved—if the happiness of the domestic hearth, possibly the only one granted to our poor nature, were denied him—what motive had he to live in society, where he was condemned to lasting grief and unhappiness? So that it may be said that he now disengaged himself from the world, as from arms that could not retain him in their embrace. He did not call in suicide, as a Greek or a Roman under similar circumstances would have done. He put on, as a shroud, the coarse garb of the Dominican; he converted the cloister into a vast pantheon, and buried himself in it as a corpse in a sepulcher; he thought of no other bride than the Church, nor other posterity than his works, nor of any for his family save those whose sufferings were like his own, and who had loved as he had loved. The cloister had for Savonarola this supreme advantage, that it was a sepulcher not necessarily involving death. Thus from this supreme moment he could proceed as though there were no tie to bind him to earth, as though the last link were broken between himself and humanity. A legislator, he consulted laws which were codified but in his mind; a tribune, he rehearsed aloud before the people the secret counsels of his conscience; and thus he could threaten the men in power without occupying their posts or superseding them, and correct the lower classes without recourse to violence or oppression.

Savonarola, as represented by the most conscientious and the most enthusiastic of his biographers, the celebrated Villari, was of middling height. Nature had done her best for him in giving him the broadest of chests, which served him as the forge for his voice, and a large head to contain his breadth of thought. His composite temperament

indicated rich and varied abilities. Pre-dominance of the sanguine element did not exclude a bilious tendency. His bile affected him in the proportion that his physical bore to his moral constitution; it contributed to his profound melancholy, to his contempt of the world, to his feelings with relation to universal decline and corruption, just as his boiling blood contributed to his ardor in fight, to his almost warlike desires, to his passionate utterances in the tribune and the pulpit. In fact, he was, what we nowadays, in current speech, call a highly nervous man. The distant cloud, the electric spark flashing through the atmosphere, a change of temperature or of weather, an inward emotion, the most simple social scene or spectacle of nature, or a thought the most intimate or secret, writhed through his nerves, just as a thunderbolt made them vibrate in disorder and dissonance. Hence it was that his spirits were so easily elevated and so easily depressed; hence his heroic energy and sudden depression, incredible assaults and falls, the most violent impulses and backslidings, an aptitude for supernatural visions, and likewise for obstinate contests—all brought about by those electric chains, which are called nerves, proceeding from the two opposite poles of life. His nose, broad but aquiline, gave him a certain nobility of air; while his full lips, ready for every utterance, gave him the look of the orator; strongly marked wrinkles crossing his forehead witnessed in their deep furrows to his concentrated and fiery thought; sadness fell from his tender glance and from his melancholy smile; the simplicity of his life was indicated by the modesty and reserve manifest in his look and gesture, and all the attractive graces of his mind in a voice which, without being exactly musical, yet when warmed and expanded by his soul, proved ex-

tremely persuasive and eloquent. There is no doubt, then, that his physical and moral faculties showed that he was called to be an orator, to that highest of ministries, which, for a thousand palpable reasons, influences society and men most powerfully in the general direction of their affairs.

At twenty years of age his destiny stood fully manifest before his eyes, by that clearest of all revelations, by the revelation of grief. Finding himself without a refuge in the world, without any shelter against the inclemencies of society and of nature, without the only thing that comforts and strengthens existence—without love—he buried himself in the cloister as he might have buried himself in the grave. He fell into the flames of a hell of sorrows, which dissolved body and soul, which evaporated them and converted them into a mystic cloud of incense. Nevertheless the world did at times call on him, with repeated calls, even in those days when, almost living upon his knees, he continued to importune heaven with incessant prayer, searching after the most direct and indispensable way of life.

He was attracted to the order of preachers by the inward stirrings of eloquence, and by the profession of the ideas of that wonderful sage, the divine St. Thomas Aquinas, which he subsequently adorned. An unforeseen incident presented to him the opportunity for the fulfillment of his destiny. It occurred to him to attend a religious festival at Faenza, and to hear a first-rate Augustinian preacher. He was captivated by the address, and made up his mind to assume the monastic profession. He returned from Faenza to Ferrara as joyously as though he had found the key to all the enigmas of his life, and the port in which he was to cast the anchor of his lifelong

destiny. But when he entered his own home his eyes rested upon spots consecrated by family recollections, the walls, that vibrated with treasured-up echoes of so many holy kisses, and recalled the memory of so many bitter tears. He encountered again the look and smile of his mother, whose whole affection was centered in her son, expecting all her happiness at the close of life from his attentions; he felt his excited energies give way, and the vocation which previously seemed to him so clear began to fade.

The mother, who divined beforehand what her dear son's bodily infirmities would be, before he was assailed by them, now perceived the grief of his soul and the doubts that beset his mind. And looking on him, brooding over thoughts that profoundly occupied him, and then presently waking up to survey with affectionate interest every surrounding object, she felt an intuitive presentiment of the hidden tempests in his imperiled and storm-tossed conscience. More especially was this so, when she occasionally caught a furtive glance cast upon her, and, in his supreme and irremediable grief, she got a glimpse of something like eternal compensation, as well as of a final leave-taking. The keenest sorrow pierced that tender soul, attached to her son's by a gravitation like that which one star exerts upon another. When Savonarola looked upon her thus sorrowful he bridled the impetus of his will, and made up his mind that he would live and die in his own family. But throughout long nights of meditation and of ecstasy, and in the frequent ferments incident to his being without fixed vocation or any decided destiny—throughout those periods of sleeplessness following upon his fastings, his vigils, and his penitences, he turned to God, the earth and everything that earth has upon its face disappearing

before his ecstasies and his longings for immortality. His resolution was concealed, for now he feared to revoke or annul it.

On a certain morning in April, the trees being fully in leaf, all the birds singing, the sky resplendent with luminous clouds, he felt himself irresistibly drawn, and, taking up his lute and singing a mournful dirge, he took his leave of those whom he loved best, and of the objects that he held dearest, yielding himself to that indefinite sway which is peculiar to music. Possibly none of those to whom this dirge was sung understood it, but there was one who did understand it; the mother's heart divined that vague farewell, and seized with horror she threw herself down at her son's feet, imploring him to remain in the bosom of the family, under the sacred roof of home. The poor youth, harassed by natural doubts and by a natural incertitude, almost without looking at his mother lest what his eyes might meet should shake his deliberate resolution, rushed out of the house and swore that he had resolved to leave. With the coolness of an analyst searching the awful recesses of his spirit, as one would study a distant star, or as a soul detached from the body might scrutinize the hidden depths of its own thoughts and its violent bursts of passion, Savonarola with feverish hand committed to paper all his feelings, to serve as his last will and testament, and for a memorial to his parents, setting forth the motives of his action, and the invincible disgust for the world and its glories which had nerved him for his resolve.

It was on the 24th of April, 1475, when the city of Ferrara glowed with joyous demonstrations—for that day was the feast of its patron saint, St. George—that amid the merry peals of bells, the strains of music, the clamor of multitudes, and the festivities of

dancing and carousing, Savonarola felt himself so oppressed with intense sadness that he came to his final resolution. The house was well-nigh deserted by the servants and even by the masters; everybody had left it, either to assist at religious services or to take part in the festal scenes witnessed in the streets. Girolamo availed himself of the occasion to fly from the nest to the cloister. Never, never would he have thought it possible to accomplish his purpose, had he not come to the final resolution in that unique and overwhelming moment of depression. The day set apart for the greatest feast in the year—the day recalling the most sacred memories, the day of illusions and hopes, the day of rejoicing of happy lovers—this was the day that he selected for his departure and his death. How many reminiscences must have prompted him to stay; how many emotions must have surged within him; with what contrast must he have been struck between the general gladness and his own painful thoughts as he crossed the threshold of his home to go to his grave? Above all, his mother—his blessed mother—how she must have stood before him on the way, like one of those mystic apparitions of his religious dreams and have held him back and endeavored to persuade him not to leave her abandoned to the silent hearth that witnessed her griefs. But, as he mastered his love for the city of his birth, so did he master his love for his mother whom he adored, and he walked to the gates of the distant monastery at Bologna, where was the cell which he had chosen for his tomb.

But the fact of his having left the city on the day of its greatest rejoicings, and his family on the day of its most hallowed memorials, very clearly proved that they could neither terrify him nor detain him. Oh! the time and

the distance. At length he reached the monastery he had selected; he knocked at the door, and, like a shipwrecked sailor, he asked for shelter; he entered within its walls, like a shade into a vault, and there he found the sanctuary of his religious vocation and the place of penitential scourges to discipline his distressed conscience. As soon as he entered, he asked those who were about to become his brethren to test the scope of his desires and the energy of his will by employing him on the most menial offices. He sat down and wrote to his parents in the most affectionate terms, but expressed with the greatest firmness his irrevocable determination, which decided forever his vocation, and finally fixed the wheel of his destiny. Finding himself in the cloister, cut off from the world and from his family, he did not intend that his sacrifice should be incomplete—he accepted it in its entirety, and he consummated it as does the suicide, who, in his final paroxysm and delirium, by severing the body from the soul takes his leave of life and of its enchantments. Thus contemplating him—as the first to begin the morning's work and the last to retire to rest enfeebled by fasting, emaciated by penances, with his face hidden under the dark folds of his cowl, his body mantled in a coarse serge shroud, his eyes brilliant with the light of a superhuman inspiration, his lips incessantly moving in prayer, pale as death, tragic as despair, abstracted and withdrawn from the world like a mystic and ideal person—you would have held him to be no real man, who could love as mortals love who spend their time in useful professions and in practical studies, but a pure spirit, a sort of supernatural and miraculous shade, either proceeding from earth to immortality, or come down from heaven to earth.—EMILIO

CASTELAR, in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE SPHINX DISPLAYED.

It is long since visitors to the Pyramids have seen more of the Sphinx than its head. Hor-em-Khu, the great emblem of the setting sun, has been more than half buried in sand. Every wind brings fresh drifts, and only constant care and excavation keeps the granite temple comparatively clear. Little tramways, with model wagons rather larger than wheelbarrows, are to be seen everywhere; and, for the third time in this octogenarian century, the front and one side of the Sphinx is cleared and visible.

The impression produced on a mind accustomed only to that wonderful head—*Abou'l Hol*, "the father of terror," as the Arabs habitually call it—is not favorable. The megalithic head, fashioned by some mighty sculptor out of a great standing boulder, which had probably been revered by countless ages of Egyptians, is ill supplemented by the masoned feet. One thinks involuntarily of the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, with its head of gold and its feet of clay. But the masonry is laid on a core of rock; and the high breast of the image, rising some fifty feet above the ground between the paws, is also part of the solid rock from which the head was cut. Here and there a defect is made good—darned, as it were, with a few inserted stones; but the stratification of the limestone, though it sometimes looks almost as if the great neck had been built up of huge blocks, may be carefully examined, with the result that we have indicated. The Sphinx is substantially an ancient rock, which stood on the

slope eastward of the Second Pyramid, and was surmounted, like many similar rocks in the limestone formation of the Nile valley, by an attached boulder of slightly harder character. There is no evidence now extant that the human face and the lion's paws were carved on it before the time of Thothmes IV.; but, as this monarch of the Eighteenth Dynasty lived and reigned long before Moses was born, most of us may consider it old enough. The late eminent Egyptian antiquary, Mariette, had a theory, however, that the Sphinx was older even than the Pyramids, a theory which is absolutely correct if we assert that the Pyramids are not so old as the hill they stand on, but which will require some evidence stronger than we have yet seen if we assert that it was sculptured and colored at that remote period. It is often said that to prove a negative in matters of this class is both a difficult and a thankless task.

The whole question would be at rest if we could find any mention of the Sphinx in a document contemporary with or earlier than the Pyramids. Such a document M. Mariette imagined he had found. But modern research and experience show that the so-called "Tablet of the Sphinx" belongs, not to the time of Cheops, but to that of Petukhanu; not to the Fourth Dynasty, but to the Twenty-first. Its evidence is worthless; and, searching back for something at once sound and tangible, we come to the inscription of Thothmes IV. on the granite tablet in front of the Sphinx. This tablet has been uncovered in the recent excavations, and its evidence, so far as it goes, is not to be doubted. Unfortunately, the cartouche or oval which bore the name of a Pyramid king has disappeared; but the evidence that it once formed part of the inscription seems to be authentic. If so, Thothmes IV. did not take to himself all the glory of

having reconstructed and repaired the Sphinx, but made some mention at least of a predecessor, Chafra, the builder of the Second Pyramid; and it has sometimes been very plausibly suggested that the features of the Sphinx were first chiseled by Chafra, and formed a portrait of that early monarch. There would probably be less labor involved in cutting out the face of the Sphinx in soft limestone than in carving the life-sized statue of Chafra in diorite which is now in the Boulak Museum. It must be remembered, however, that there are no ancient inscriptions making mention of the Sphinx; none, that is, older than the time of Thothmes. The Pyramid-builders did not habitually make pictures of their gods; and there is nothing more remarkable about their monuments than the absence of religious symbolism. The Sphinx as a hieroglyph is very rare; and it was not until the time of one of the very last native Pharaohs, Nectanebo, that the sign was admitted within the ring of a royal cartouche. The oldest figures of sphinxes are some in red granite with the name of Thothmes III. on their breast; but it may be that they were not specially intended as representations of the great Sphinx, but rather as human-headed lions, like the great lions in black basalt which M. Mariette found at San, and which bear the name of Apepi, or Apophis, a supposed Hyksos king. These black figures, also, it is curious to remark, have on them the name of a king whose cartouche is variously read, but whom Mr. Petrie calls Petukhanu, and the same name has been recognized in the little temple near the Pyramid of Cheops, in which M. Mariette found the so-called "Tablet of the Sphinx." Mr. Petrie in his great book on the Pyramid draws the only possible conclusion as to the age of the tablet, and his views have been reluctantly accepted by the compilers

of the Catalogue of the Museum at Boulak. In attempting to form an opinion as to the age of the Sphinx, it is best to leave this unlucky tablet wholly out of the question, as its testimony is only good for the time of Petukhanu, who reigned nearly three thousand years after Cheops, and it is difficult not to agree with Mr. Petrie when he suggests that the human-headed lions and bulls of Assyria, not the old gods of Egypt, were the ancestors of the Sphinx. In attributing the introduction of such strange forms to the influence of the Semitic invader, Mr. Petrie starts a theory as to the history of the Egyptian religion which has still to be worked out; but so far nothing has come to light during the progress of these excavations to give the Sphinx a higher antiquity as a piece of sculpture.

The countenance, as seen from below, assumes a certain aspect of majesty which has long been wanting from the higher level; the broken nose and the weather-worn cheeks destroy any illusion we may try to call up; but, standing below in the little sanctuary between the forepaws, we see the head, with its elevated chin, far above us against the blue sky, and we see little of any surrounding objects. The Sphinx appears to be alone. His plaited beard, of which the tip is in the British Museum, lies on the ground, and affords us some kind of standard by which we may judge of the greatness of the face. A Roman altar, coarsely chiseled in red granite, marks the entrance of the chapel between the paws, and further back, but not right against the breast, is the tablet, also in red granite, of Thothmes IV. It is some fourteen feet in height; but two other tablets which lined the temple on either side have disappeared. Thothmes is represented offering worship to the Sphinx, and the hieroglyphics

below describe the King's dream as he slept in the shadow of the great rock, and his fulfillment of a vow to clear away the sand and restore the oratory. How far he is responsible for the sculpture of the head and face cannot, as we have observed, be now ascertained; but it is worth while to notice that the Sphinx does not appear to be very intimately connected with any of the buildings of the Pyramid region, and especially that the remarkable causeway which was discovered a few years ago as leading from the Second Pyramid to a granite building near the Sphinx, although it passes close by, does not touch it, and evidently never did. The flight of stone steps which leads from the edge of the hill down to the level of the paws belongs to a wholly different approach. It would appear from this fact alone that the Sphinx was not an object of veneration, or at least of interest, when Chafra made his Pyramid and its temple on the hill above, and connected them by the long marble causeway with the granite and alabaster catacomb or temple below. Though he passed so near, he did not vary his straight line by an inch, and did not even trouble himself to arrange a flight of steps from the side of his causeway. The area round the Sphinx is still far from clear; in fact, only the southern side and the paws have been dug out. Mariette had an idea that, if the same could be completely removed, the great figure would be seen to crouch in the center of a wide area or amphitheater; and there are indications that he was right. He went much further, however, and believed that the Sphinx was of prehistoric antiquity, and that it marked the grave of some ancient Pharaoh—perhaps that of Menes himself. This opinion, as we have seen, is not likely to prove as correct as the other; but, in truth, very little, in the absence of documents, is to be made

out with certainty. The greatness of the breast, neck, and head contrast curiously with the paws, which are built up or cased with small stones, each about the size of a brick, very neatly laid, and originally perhaps plastered over. This work is Roman, and is, we may be sure, a restoration or imitation of older work of a similar character; but, as giving an idea of the size of the whole colossus, it may be worth while to mention that each toe is built up of a hundred stones at least. There is probably a core of rock within, as in the other places where patching has been used. The stones are covered with scratched writing, much of it Greek; and it is hoped that something more, as interesting as the verses of Arrian, which Dr. Young translated, may be found; but, as a rule, the man who cuts his name on an ancient monument is not an interesting person, and contrives to keep alive a memory which would otherwise have deservedly perished. What Arrian did under the Ptolemies or the Cæsars, 'Arry does still; and it is not long since a lady in Cairo could boast of possessing a portion of the Sphinx's face cut out for her by an obedient Arab. This vandalism has excited some comment; and it is to be hoped that, if the Museum authorities cannot protect the Sphinx, the matter may be taken in hand by a more energetic functionary.—*Saturday Review*.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

Ought we to leave Egypt? This depends upon how far the Suez Canal is of vital importance to British interests in India and the East. Australia may be excluded from the consideration, because, although the canal is for commercial purposes a great convenience, the route to Australia by it is not much

shorter than the route by the Cape of Good Hope; for if the canal were closed, though the communication with our Australasian colonies would be lengthened about 1,500 miles, it would be lengthened less in time than in distance, because some delay as well as reduction in speed is inevitable in the canal, while the increased length of ocean passage would be to our advantage, inasmuch as our ships are larger, faster, and better manned than the ships of other nations. Commercially, the canal can scarcely be said to be vital to British interests.

What are the reasons which render the canal of considerable importance to Great Britain for military purposes? Compared with the alternative route by the Cape of Good Hope, the only alternative route at present, it shortens the distance from England to Bombay 4,500 miles, or thirteen days' steaming. But it does more than this if our Mediterranean line of communication is properly organized; for, by drawing upon Malta and Gibraltar, our first reinforcements should reach Bombay seven days and four days earlier still. Of course to enable this to be done it is necessary to maintain the garrisons of these two fortresses *always at their fullest strength*. This is most important, and should never be suffered to pass out of sight; the reasons which took us to Gibraltar and to Malta, and which still keep us there, force this upon us as a military precaution of the most absolute necessity.

The canal, then though by no means an absolute necessity for us, is undoubtedly a great convenience. Nevertheless, by adopting the same precautionary measures upon the Cape-Mauritius route we may here also minimize the disadvantages of distance; upon this route we should maintain the garrisons at the Cape and the Mauritius in such strength that in the event of trouble

arising in India we may at once draw upon them for reinforcements. The garrisons of these stations should be large, and this need involve little, if any, additional charge, as the climate of each is healthy, and soldiers may as well be in garrison in them as in England.

To get back to the canal. What measures ought we to take to keep it open in war, as in peace, for our purposes? Whatever these measures may be, they must be accomplished by ourselves and by ourselves alone. And in considering this question, we should not lose sight of the possibility of Russia establishing herself upon the Golden Horn. The destiny of the Turk is to be pushed back from Europe, and if Russia does not, some other European Power will, occupy the place of the Turk, so that for Great Britain the case is only one of degree, as, by whatever Power that place may be occupied, our communications in the Mediterranean would be menaced, and an effectual stop put to such alternative routes as the Euphrates Valley Line. The route by this line is three-fourteenths shorter, say 300 miles, than the canal route. Whatever Power holds Asia Minor holds the Euphrates Valley, and it is to the interest of Great Britain that that Power should be friendly, unaggressive, and Mohammedan also.

It will clear the ground for a decision upon this question if we dismiss projects of neutralizing the canal or placing it under international guarantees. Even if such could be made binding, Great Britain would be *better without them*. Neutrality serves the *weak only*; and international guarantees—their worth may be estimated by Russia's action in the Black Sea the Treaty of Paris notwithstanding, and her recent proceedings in Bulgaria in spite of the Treaty of Berlin.

Great Britain should have unrestricted control of the canal, so that she may pass her ships through it at all times, and may exclude, in time of war, if she thinks fit, the ships of other nations. We can always close the canal to others. How can we hold it open for ourselves? We might assume the sole ownership of the canal by purchasing the rights of the remaining shareholders (it may be remarked that, if British merchant vessels ceased to use the canal, there would be an end to the Suez Canal Company, which would collapse in a very short space of time) but we should be still nearly as far as ever from the position we require. The mere ownership of the canal, whatever it might do for us morally, would not strengthen, militarily, our hold of the canal. Sometimes more than ownership is needed; we should be in a position to protect the canal and our interests in it, at all hazards, and against all comers.

In short, we should assume the protectorate of the canal. The first step to such a protectorate is a permanent footing in Lower Egypt. The canal is very vulnerable: a small party of men in a few hours can, if unhindered, render it impassable, and short as the canal is, it is difficult to secure it against injury of this nature, because it is everywhere equally easily vulnerable. Nevertheless, if the canal were held at both ends, a block-ship stationed at Ismailia, four intermediate forts constructed, two on each side, and a patrol of armed gunboats established, the risk of injury from small parties would be reduced to a minimum. The gunboats should be protected with steel, and built specially so as to fire over the banks. The expenses of the block-ship and patrol gunboats might be easily defrayed out of canal dues if the canal were vested in the British Government, and probably the forts

could be provided for in the same way.

It is not improbable that the Porte might be induced to look favorably upon an arrangement by which the Protectorate of Egypt passed to us, especially if we engaged to uphold the interests of the Caliphate in Asia Minor and Syria. The Euphrates Valley Line might then be within the reach of speculative capitalists, and, that line opened, Great Britain would be in a position to renew with Persia those relations of intimacy, commercial and other, which she once had, but which of late years have been sensibly lessened, owing in a measure to supineness on our part, but in a still larger measure to Russian intrigue and Russian unscrupulousness.

It is much to our interest to maintain intimate relations with Persia, and with Persia strong and well governed. She lies on the long line of communication from the Caspian to Herat, and if she were strong enough to regard in their true light Russia's operations in Central Asia, the security of this long line of communication would be much impaired, and Russia would find herself compelled to move more cautiously and more slowly.

And now to sum up the question.

If England remains in Egypt in the position which she now holds, she must count upon the possibility of having to fight with France sooner or later. It is useless to conceal the fact; but there can be no doubt that, whatever the French Government may say, there is a strong party in France which is altogether opposed to our remaining in Egypt, and would be prepared to go to war on the question. England should therefore carefully consider the matter, and decide whether Egypt is worth fighting for or not. If Egypt is of vital importance to Great Britain, it is worth fighting for, and we should

take it without further delay, giving Turkey a *quid pro quo*. We should get rid of the capitulations, raise sufficient money to pay off the debt, and establish a permanent government as we have done in India. This would in many ways be far the wisest course, and possibly might be effected without war. If, on the contrary, it is decided that Egypt is not of importance sufficient to make it worth our while to run the risk of war, then we should leave it at once, and should no longer expend our men and money in getting the interest for the bondholders. We should leave Egypt and Turkey to settle their own affairs in their own way, and give up all our present so-called philanthropical notions.

There is nothing to be said in favor of the middle course which we are now following. It does us no good, it does the Egyptians no good, and it keeps an open sore between England and France. To say that we may go some day is unsatisfactory; we should either go at once or remain altogether. It is for the English nation to say what course they wish followed.—*Westminster Review*.

WORD-TWISTING *VERSUS* NONSENSE.

Nothing is more characteristic of the humorists of the age in contrast with those of previous generations, than their employment of purely mechanical processes to secure a grotesque result; and just as in the decorative arts a similar change has been accompanied with a deterioration in the quality of the product (at any rate, in all highly individual work, such as that of India, China, and Japan) so we cannot help thinking that the spread of this mechanical fun is a sign of decadence.

Let us illustrate our meaning. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the modern punster by no means considers that it is necessary for the obvious and the suggested sense to be both appropriate to the context. His strokes of wit depend largely upon a conscious watching for phonetic resemblances, a shuffling of words, syllables, and initials until the desired result is attained.

Much so-called wit of the present day is nothing more than the systematic torture of words. If in their natural form they will not satisfy the sense of the grotesque, they must be twisted and dislocated, or the shades of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Ramsbotham must be invoked to wring laughter from "alien jaws." "As a word-torturer, he is unequalled," so, evidently meaning to express high praise, remarked a writer the other day of Mr. Burnand, the most characteristic representative of this method. We do not wish to speak slightly of Mr. Burnand's powers, which are very remarkable, and in the domain of legitimate parody have often been exerted with signal success; but we cannot help thinking him largely responsible for much that is idiotic and insufferable in modern strivings after fun, by having set an example so easily imitable in its vices. In Mr. Burnand's own hands, the process yields at times very ludicrous results. For example, he is credited with explaining a poet friend's choice of a mince-pie to lunch off by saying that "he evidently was getting him inspiration." But such a pun, excruciatingly good in itself, nevertheless suggests the dangers of such a method when ridden to death by inferior imitators. Employed consciously at first, it becomes almost automatic in the case of some confirmed jokers—verbal contortionists, whose conversation is as fatiguing to listen to as the dislocations of a mountebank to watch.

A very favorite device with such performers is the transposition of initials. They invite you to "poke a smipe," or tell you that it is "roaring with pain." Such habitual toying with words, as we have already hinted, tends to become mechanical, and just as a stutter has been known to be acquired by constant imitation, so it is open to conjecture that the undesirable habit of saying the wrong word—which, if not on the increase, is so curiously noticeable at the present day—may have been largely assisted by the practice we have described above. We are not speaking of the actual complaint known to medical men as *aphasia*, in which the brain and tongue refuse to work in perfect accord, with a result that would be laughable were it not painful. And then, short of *aphasia*, there is that mental haziness which has its outcome in malapropism more or less pronounced. Thus, we have heard recently of a hospitable nurse who spoke of the victim of a terrible accident as being "methyalted beyond all resignation" [mutilated beyond all recognition], and who alluded to a person of arbitrary and imperious behavior as "a regular tyradical." So, too, we know of a lady who accounted for the sudden arrival of her son from Cambridge by explaining that he "had ridden all the way on his encyclopædia," which was approaching perilously near to *aphasia*. The mere addition of an extra syllable will sometimes produce an amazing result, as in the case of "Immanuel labor," where nothing was further from the mind of the speaker than any profanity. Lastly, to end this digression upon malaprops, we hope to be forgiven by the fair author of a passing allusion to "the Roman Irene," [i. e., arena], for recording a confusion too exquisite to be consigned to oblivion.

The foregoing examples, however,

illustrate a mental habit which had existed for centuries until Sheridan immortalized it in the person of Mrs. Malaprop, a character which there are good grounds for supposing him to have drawn from the life. What we are more nearly concerned with at present is a species of dislocation or entanglement, which takes various forms, but finds its fullest development in the Portmanteau system, as formulated by Lewis Carroll in his preface to *Alice through the Looking Glass*. The writer of the present article had the privilege of working as a boy under an eminent head-master who, if at all flurried, used to transpose his words freely. "My dear boy," he once asked of a Philistine member of his sixth form, "do you mean to say that you have never heard of that magnificent statue of Michael Angelo, by Moses?"

Clergymen seem especially addicted to this habit, perhaps because their excessive anxiety to be correct renders them nervous, and to those of their congregation who are gifted, fortunately or unfortunately, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, such slips are excessively trying from the impropriety of openly testifying appreciation. "Sorrow may endure for a joy," so an Irish clergyman is reported to have read with the utmost feeling; "but night cometh in the morning!" With the transposition of initial letters, a new field of solecism is opened up, in which a living cleric, in other respects intelligent and accomplished, works with an involuntary assiduity that is most upsetting to his hearers. "My brethren," so ran one of his most startling announcements, "we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish [i.e., half-formed wish] in our hearts." With him, however, the mischief goes further, extending to the mutual entanglement of words which is terrible to contemplate. He has been known to speak of "Kin-

quering congs," and on one occasion, ever memorable to his interlocutor, addressing himself to a gentleman who had intruded upon his seat in church, he politely remarked,—“Pardon me, Sir, but I think you are occupewing my pie.” Here we are next door to the carrying out of the Portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the feats of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from “the Colostle to the Epissians,” while the other read “knee of an idol,” for “eye of a needle.” The rector of an Irish country parish whose church the writer has frequently attended, was also liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in strange fashion. Thus, we have heard him speak of the “imperfurities” of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between “imperfections” and “impurities,” and ended by amalgamating the two words into one.

Here we have arrived at the Portmanteau system pure and simple, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that an immense literary impulse has been given to the practice by the writers who not only have illustrated it, but in one case already mentioned, formulated its principles in the clearest way. In an age where so much has to be crammed into a brief compass, no doubt much might be said on the ground of economy in favor of the extension of this “oral” shorthand, a “brachylogy” of which the grammarians never dreamed. It might be hard to fix the precise date at which portmanteau-words were first used, or to decide to whom belongs the credit of having invented them. We are inclined to think that the laureate of all nonsense-poets—Edward Lear—was the initiator of the practice. “Scroobious” and “borascible” certainly are to be found in his first book of rhymes, and in the third, when the influence of Lewis Carroll had doubtless

begun to react upon him, we discover an allusion to the "Terrible Zone" which is one of the most beautiful of portmanteologisms. In calling Mr. Lear the laureate of nonsense-writers, we have not scrupled to place him above Lewis Carroll, which will doubtless seem rank heresy to many of the admirers of that delightful waiter. Our reason for so doing is that no nonsense is so absolutely devoid of *arrière pensée* as that of Mr. Lear, none so refreshingly destitute of sense or probability. Our favorite piece is the *History of the Four Little Children who Went Round the World*, a wonderful effort of sustained and imaginative absurdity. It does not lend itself well to quotation, for the illustrations are exceedingly comic. But two extracts will serve to defend our position:

"After a time they saw some land at a distance; and when they came to it, they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that, it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses with a great gulf-stream running about all over it, so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, 503 ft. high."

Our next quotation shall be from the passage describing the children's adventures in the land of the Happy Blue-Bottle-Flies:

"At this time an elderly Fly said it was the hour for the Evening-song to be sung; and on a signal being given, all the Blue-Bottle-Flies began to buzz at once in a sumptuous and sonorous manner, the melodious and mucilaginous sounds echoing all over the waters, and resounding across the tumultuous tops of the transitory Titmice upon the intervening and verdant mountains, with a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous. The moon was shining slobadically from the star-besprinkled sky, while her light irrigated the smooth and shiny sides and wings and backs of the Blue-Bottle-Flies with a peculiar and trivial splendor, while all nature cheerfully responded to the cerulean and conspicuous circumstances."

"What dreadful stuff!" some will exclaim. What delightful and un-

dulterated nonsense, we prefer to call it, free from all far-fetched equivocal, and needing for its comprehension no intimate acquaintance with the latest "gag" of the music-halls. If Mr. Lear twist words into fanciful and grotesque forms, it is with no malice prepense, with no ulterior motive. There is hardly such a thing as a pun from beginning to end of his books. Since some of his critics had shown a disposition to attach a symbolical meaning to his rhymes, he published in the preface to his third book a vehement disclaimer. "Nonsense pure and absolute has been my aim throughout." And it is just for this reason that we are inclined to attach such a high value to his contributions to the recreative literature of the day.—*The Spectator*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

SOME PHASES OF ARCADY'S FAITH.—The Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessop, who is not altogether unknown to the readers of THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE, has just put forth a charming book entitled *Arcady: for Better, for Worse*. "Arcady" is here simply a designation for the rural English parish of which Dr. Jessop is Rector. In the course of the book he gives a characteristic anecdote of a certain School Inspector, who in the course of an official examination propounded this question: "If I met you coming down the village street, and said, 'Animal! animal!' what would you say?" The right answer remains a mystery; the real one ran: "Saa! I shud saa yeow was a fule." Undaunted, the Examiner next asked why the sea is salt. He got three answers: one, "Because of the Yarmouth bloaters;" one, "To keep the drowned folk sweet;" and one from a pious little maiden, "Because God made it so." One of the pleasantest chapters in the book is entitled, "Some Phases of Arcady's Faith," one phase of which is thus illustrated:

"A new vicar was appointed some five years

ago at Crayton. He was a good man, but emphatically a townsman, and one of those worthy persons who rarely speak of God, though very frequently of 'Providence.' One of his earliest pastoral visits was a visit of condolence to a small farmer who had lost his wife and been left desolate and alone. The good vicar spake such comfort as he could, and more than once insisted on the obvious truth that the ordering of 'Divine Providence' must not be murmured at, and that 'Providence' must needs be submitted to with resignation. The sorrowing farmer listened patiently and silently for some minutes. At last he could refrain no longer, but he opened his mouth, and spoke, saying, 'That's right enef, that es! There ain't no use a gainsayin' on it; but somehow that there *Old Providence* hev been agin me all along, he hev! Whoi, last year he mos' spailt my taters, and the year afore that he kinder did for my turnips, and now he's been and got hold o' my missus! Bun,' he added, with a burst of heroic faith and devout assurance, 'I reckon as there's *One above* as 'll put a stopper on ha if a' go too fur!'"

VALUABLE EUROPEAN LIBRARIES COMING TO AMERICA.—In *The Independent* we read as follows:—

"The great historical library of Dr. Leopold Von Ranke is to come to America, it seems, the Government of Prussia having declined to buy it at the price the heirs set upon it. No contract has been drawn, but Professor Bennett, who was a pupil of the great historian, has 'verbally accepted' the library for the Syracuse University, the money being provided by a rich man, who will not have his name published. The exact price is not stated, but it is somewhat less than \$25,000. Another remarkable American purchase of the sort is the library of Wilhelm Scherer, the philologist and historian, which comes to the Adelbert College at Cleveland. The Scherer library numbers 30,000 volumes, that of Von Ranke about 15,000, besides many old manuscripts."

A "JUBILEE" GIFT FOR THE QUEEN.—Mr. James Payn writes thus in *The Independent*. With all due respect to the Poet Laureate, we think the Queen would have acted wisely had she treated the "Carmen Sæculare" as she treated the Canadian cheese:—

"Among the many foolish Jubilee offerings, "from advertisers and others," there has been which one may literally be called 'monstrous,' from a wholesale cheeseman. He has proposed

to give the Queen a cheese, weighing five tons, made from the milk of 8,500 Canadian cows, to which proposition her Majesty has graciously replied that, though she 'fully appreciates the motive,' etc., she would rather not. Good gracious! so I should think. I only hope the motive to which she attributes such an offer is the right one. To my mind the man who could give his queen five tons of cheese can hardly wish her *well*. I know nothing about Canadian cheese; but if it had been Dutch cheese, he would surely have had something done to him. It is strange to note, by the by, that when George III. had his jubilee nobody dreamed of giving him anything. In those unadvertising days people only thought of giving to those who were in want, and his Majesty himself subscribed very handsomely to the relief of small debtors. No criminals, of course, were released, but deserters and those who had transgressed regimental law were pardoned."

COURTESY OF THE ENGLISH RUSTIC.—The Rev. Dr. Jessop, in his *Arcady*,—for *Better for Worse*, seems to hold that the "Worse" preponderates over the "Better," in the Anglican Arcadia, where not only coarse manners but surely ill-nature seem the rule rather than the exception. Thus writes Dr. Jessop:—

"Thet du Hull-ly pet me aywt, thet du!' said a scowling hedger to a friend of mine a year or two ago. He was following with his fiery eye the carriage of Lady S——, who with a friend had just driven by. 'What puts you out, David?' said the other. 'What? Whoi, hayw thet should tyake tew men and tew harses to cyart they tew women abaywt.' The brutal coarseness of the fellow was all the more shocking because the lady who had just passed had been, and is, and always will be, emphatically a generous friend of the poor, and was proverbial for her delicate tact and gracious courtesy."

ENGLISH HOMES.—An American lady, writing from New York to Mrs. Anne Gilchrist, says:—

"I find I am not quite able to shake off the attractions of London even at this distance, and feel that I shall be back there again in a year or two. What is the secret of the attraction that London has to such a city-hater as I am? I often ask myself this question; it seems to attract most people who have been there in the same way; it seems to me it is because of its thoroughly domestic and home look and air. It is a vast aggregation of actual homes, and seems to exist, not for

commerce or trade, like New York, but for life; there is something in the air and in the expression of things that is different from—more tender and majestic than—anything I have experienced in cities at home. When you find time to write me—which I hope you will before long—tell me what you think about it—what this subtle charm of London, apart from its obvious advantages and benefits, is."

Compare with this the following from Dr. Jessop's *Arcady*; and notice how, after describing the "man-sties" of the rural districts, he makes them vastly less intolerable than the town-slums:—

"If you want to see what somebody has called *man-sties*, you may find them there. The aquoral is different from that which the town-slums present. These poor cottagers cannot keep out the breath of Heaven however much they may try; they have no temptation to hide their refuse under the bed; they have only to open the door and empty the pail. As for the 'filthy pieces of carpet matting' which seemed to shock Dr. Talbot so much, a man would have a perfect genius for upholstery who could find place for matting in a room nine feet square and seven feet high, with six people sleeping in it. Except where the thatched roof is still to be found, it is seldom that you meet with that horrible abundance of vermin which makes the town-slum so sickening to visit."

THE CELTS OF IRELAND.—Mr. Parker Gillmore, a Scottish Celt—in his recent work, *The Hunter's Arcadia*, a book upon hunting in South Africa—goes somewhat out of his way in order to enunciate his not very exalted estimate of his cousins, the Celts of Ireland:—

"I am a Scotchman and a Celt, but all know that there is a wide divergence between the Celt of Scotland and the Cel of Ireland—in fact, there are Celts and there are Celts. Such being the case I have carefully studied those differences which separate the Celt of Ireland from the Celt of Scotland. Coming to no hasty conclusion, and giving due weight to the matter, that is worthy of more than ordinary consideration, I find that of all the races that I have become acquainted with, none so much resemble the baboon as an Irishman who claims his direct descent from Finn M'Coul, or some king whose name begins with an 'O' or 'Mc'. Kings were as

plentiful as blackberries in those days. What a delightfully aristocratic place Ireland must then have been to reside in! I have stood upon heights in Connemara that overlook the broad Atlantic, and I have rested upon the bluffs that back Carlisle and Camden Forts in County Cork, and I believe that the sight of angry breakers and turbulent ocean has a natural tendency to make a ferocious people. In the Drakensberg, where they attain their lofty summits, commanding the undulating pastures of Natal, or the widespread flats of the Free State, there baboons exist in numbers. Irishmen of the lower orders have the Atlantic Ocean to gaze upon, the baboons have their waving plains; the one has water, the other has land as a prospect; but the result is wonderfully similar in producing likeness in physiognomy. . . . Note the Connemara Irishman, with his heavy jaw, his protruding upper lip and teeth, that, if it were possible for them to be hid, it would be a charity to hide them. But an idea arises in my mind, supposing human beings were suddenly gifted with tails, they would at first be naturally repulsive to look upon, because an innovation on our present structure."

GRADUATED TAXATION.—The operation of the new scheme of taxation which has recently been adopted by the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, will be closely watched by all who take an interest in politico-economic questions. From *Science* we take the following abstract of the leading features of this law:—

"The practical working and effects of the law will be closely studied. The project is undoubtedly popular; for when put before the people, as is necessary for the enactment of a law in Switzerland, it was passed by very large majorities. This new Vaudois law divides real property into three classes, according as it falls below \$5,000, between \$5,000 and \$20,000, or over \$20,000 in value. The proportion of tax is be 1 per 1,000 for the first class, 1½ per 1,000 for the second class, and 2 per 1,000 for the third class. Personal property falls into seven classes, the lowest class being less than \$5,000 in value, and the highest over \$160,000. The rates of taxation on these classes are to be in the proportion of 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 3½, and 4, respectively, per 1,000. Incomes from earnings are similarly put in seven classes; but, in estimating the amount to be taxed, a deduction is made amounting to \$80 for each person legally dependent on the head of the family for his support."

THE IMAGINATIVE ART OF
THE RENAISSANCE.

[IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.]

I.

The painters of the late thirteenth and early fourteenth century, using up the suggestions contained in the bas-reliefs of the Pisan sculptors and in the medallions surrounding the earliest painted effigies of holy personages, produced a complete set of pictorial themes illustrative of gospel history and of the lives of the principal saints. These illustrative themes—definite conceptions of situations and definite arrangements of figures—became forthwith the whole art's stock, universal and traditional; few variations were made from year to year and from master to master, and those variations resolved themselves continually back into the original type. And thus on, through the changes in artistic means and artistic ends, until the Italian schools disappeared finally before the schools of France and Flanders.

Let us take a striking example. The presentation of the Virgin remains unaltered in main sentiment and composition, despite the two centuries and more which separate the Gaddi from Titian and Tintoret, despite the complete change in artistic aims and methods separating still more completely the men of the fourteenth century from the men of the sixteenth. The long flight of steps stretching across the fresco in Santa Croce stretches also across the canvas of the great Venetians; and the little girl climbs up them alike, presenting her profile to the spectator, although at the top

of the steps there is in one case a Gothic portal and in the other a Palladian portico, and at the bottom of the steps in the fresco stand Florentines who might personally have known Dante, and at the bottom of the steps in the pictures the Venetian patrons of Aretino. Yet the presentation of the little maiden to the High Priest is quite equally conceivable in many other ways and from many other points of view. As regards both dramatic conception and pictorial composition, the moment might have been differently chosen; the child might still be with its parents or already with the priest; and the flight of steps might have been turned to face the spectator, upward or down, or again, been suppressed altogether. This is merely one instance in a hundred. If we summon up in our mind as many as we can of the various frescoes and pictures representing the chief incidents of Scripture history, we shall find that, while there are endless differences between them with respect to drawing, anatomy, perspective, light and shade, color and handling, there are but few and slight variations as regards the conception of the situation and the arrangement of the figures. The monotony is so complete that any one of us, almost, knows what to expect, in all save technical matters and the choice of models, on being told that in such a place there is an old Italian fresco, or panel, or canvas, representing some principal episode of gospel history.

The explanation of this fidelity to one theme of representation in an art which was the very furthest removed from any hieratic prescrip-

tions, in an art which was perpetually growing—and growing more human and secular—must be sought for, I think, in no peculiarities of spiritual condition or national imagination, but in two facts concerning the merely technical development of painting, and the results thereof. These two facts are briefly that at a given moment—namely, the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth—there existed just enough power of imitating Nature to admit of the simple indication of a dramatic situation, without further realization of detail; and that at this moment consequently there originated such pictorial indications of the chief dramatic situations as concerned the Christian world. And secondly, that from then and until well into the sixteenth century, the whole attention of artists was engrossed in changing the powers of indication into powers of absolute representation, developing completely the drawing, anatomy, perspective, color, light and shade, and handling, which the Giottoesques had possessed only in a most rudimentary condition, and which had sufficed for the creation of just such pictorial themes as they had invented, and no more.

Moreover, the Giottoesques—among whom I include the immediate precursors, sculptors as well as painters, of Giotto—put into their Scripture stories an amount of logic, of sentiment, of dramatic and psychological observation and imagination more than sufficient to furnish out the works of three generations of later comers. Setting aside Giotto himself, who concentrates and diffuses the vast bulk of

dramatic invention as well as of artistic observation and skill, there is in even the small and smallest among his followers, an extraordinary happiness of individual invention of detail. I may quote a few instances at random.

It would be difficult to find a humbler piece of work than the so-called Tree of the Cross, in the Florentine Academy: a thing like a huge fern, with medallion histories in each frond, it can scarcely be considered a work of art, and stands halfway between a picture and a genealogical tree. Yet in some of its medallions there is a great vivacity of imaginative rendering; for instance, the Massacre of the Innocents represented by a single soldier, mailed and hooded, standing before Herod on a floor strewn with children's bodies, and holding up an infant by the arm, like a coat or a dead hare, preparing slowly to spit it on his sword; and the kiss of Judas, the soldiers crowding behind, while the traitor kisses Christ, seems to bind him hand and foot with his embraces, to give him up, with that stealthy look backward to the impatient rabble—a representation of the scene, infinitely superior in its miserable execution to Angelico's Ave Rabbi! with its elaborate landscape of flower and fruit trees. Again, in a series of predella histories of the Virgin, in the same place (No. 14, first room), also a very mediocre and anonymous work, there is extraordinary charm in the conception of the respective positions of Mary and Joseph at their wedding: he is quite old and gray; she young, unformed, almost a child, and she has to stand on two steps to be on his level, raising her head

with a beautiful, childlike earnestness, quite unlike the conventional bridal timidity of other painters.

Leaving these unknown mediocrities, I would refer to the dramatic value (besides the great pictorial beauty) of an entombment by Giotto, in the corridor of the Uffizi: the Virgin does not faint or has recovered (thus no longer diverting the attention from the dead Saviour to herself, as elsewhere), and surrounds the head of her son with her arms; the rest of the figures restrain themselves before her, and wink with strange blinking efforts to keep back their tears. Still more would I speak of two small frescoes in the Baroncelli Chapel at Santa Croce, which are as admirable in poetical conception as they are unfortunately poor in artistic execution. One of them represents the Annunciation to the Shepherds: they are lying in a gray, hilly country, wrapped in gray mists, their flock below asleep, but the dog vigilant, sniffing the supernatural. One is hard asleep; the other awake suddenly, and has turned over and looks up screwing his eyes at the angel, who comes in a pale yellow winter sunrise cloud, in the cold, gray mist veined with yellow. The chilliness of the mist at dawn, the wonder of the vision, are felt with infinite charm. In the other fresco the three kings are in a rocky place, and to them appears, not the angel, but the little child Christ, half-swaddled, swimming in orange clouds on a deep blue sky. The eldest king is standing, and points to the vision with surprise and awe; the middle-aged one shields his eyes coolly to see; while the youngest, a delicate lad, has already fallen on his knees, and

is praying with both hands crossed on his breast. For dramatic, poetic invention, these frescoes can be surpassed, poor as is their execution, only by Giotto's St. John ascending slowly from the open grave, floating upward, with outstretched arms and illumined face, to where a cloud of prophets, with Christ at their head, enwraps him in the deep blue sky.

These pictorial themes, invented by the Pisan sculptors and the painters of the school of Giotto, were not merely as good, in a way, as any pictorial themes could be: simple, straightforward, often very grand, so that the immediately following generations could only spoil, but not improve upon them. They were also, if we consider the matter, the only pictorial representations of scripture histories possible until art had acquired those new powers of foreshortening and light and shade and perspective which were sought for only after the complete attainment of the more elementary powers which the Giottesque never fully possessed. Let us ask ourselves how, in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, any notable change in general arrangement of any well-known Scripture subject could well have been introduced; and, in order to do so, let us realize one or two cases where the same subjects have been treated by later masters.

Tintoretto's Last Judgment, where the Heavenly Hosts brood, poised on their wings, above the river of hell which hurries the damned down its cataracts, is impossible so long as perspective and foreshortening will barely admit (as is the case up to the end of the fifteenth century) of figures standing

firmly on the ground and being separated into groups at various distances. In Rembrandt's and Terburg's Adoration of the Shepherds, the light emanates from the infant Christ; in Ribera's magnificent Deposition from the Cross, the dead Saviour and his companions are represented, not, as in the entombment of Perugino and Raphael, in the open air, but in the ghastly light of the mouth of the sepulchre. These are new variations upon the hackneyed themes; but how were they possible so long as the problems of light and shade were limited (as was the case even with Lionardo) to giving the modeling, rather in form than in color, of a face or a limb?

One of the earliest and greatest innovations is Signorelli's treatment of the Resurrection in the chapel of San Brizio, at Orvieto; he broke entirely with the tradition (exemplified particularly by Angelico) of making the dead come fully fleshed and dressed as in their lifetime from under the slabs of a burial-place, goaded by grotesque devils with the snouts and horns of weasels and rams, with the cardboard masks of those carnival mummers who gave the great pageant of Hell mentioned by old chroniclers. But Signorelli's innovation, his naked figures partially fleshed and struggling through the earth's crust, his naked demons shooting through the air and tying up the damned, could not possibly have been executed or even conceived until his marvelous mastery of the nude and of the anatomy of movement had been obtained.

Indeed, wherever, in the art of the fifteenth century, we find a beginning of innovation in the con-

ception and arrangement of a Scripture history, we shall find also the beginning of the new technical method which has suggested such a partial innovation. Thus, in the case of one of the greatest, but least appreciated, masters of the early Renaissance, Paolo Uccello. His deluge, in the frescoes of the green cloister of S. Maria Novella, is wonderfully original as a whole conception; and the figure clinging to the side of the ark, with soaked and wind-blown drapery; the man in the tub trying to sustain himself with his hand, the effort and strain of the people in the water, are admirable as absolute realization of the scene. Again, in the Sacrifice of Noah, there is the foreshortened figure of God, floating, brooding, like a cloud, with face downward and outstretched hands over the altar, something which is a prophecy, and more than a prophecy of what art will come to in the Sixtine and the Loggie. But these inventions are due to Uccello's special and extraordinary studies of the problems of modeling and foreshortening; and when his contemporaries try to assimilate his achievements and unite them with the achievements of other men in other special technical directions, there is an end of all individual poetical conception, and a relapse into the traditional arrangements; as may be seen by comparing the Bible stories of Paolo Uccello with those of Benozzo Gozzoli at Pisa.

It is not wonderful that the painters of the fifteenth century should have been satisfied with repeating the themes left by the Giottesques. For besides this positive heritage, the Giottesques had

left them a negative heritage, a programme to fill up, of which it is difficult to realize the magnitude. The work of the Giottesques is so merely poetic, or at most so merely decorative in the sense of a mosaic or a tapestry, and it is in the case of Giotto and one or two of his greatest followers, particularly the Siennese, so well-balanced and satisfying as a result of its elementary nature; that we are apt to overlook the fact that everything in the way of realization as opposed to indication, everything distinguishing the painting of a story from the mere telling thereof, remained to be done. And such realization could be attained only through a series of laborious failures. It is by comparing some of the later Giottesques themselves, notably the Gaddi, with Giotto, that we bring home to ourselves, for instance, that Giotto did not, at least in his finest work at Florence, attempt to model his frescoes in color. Now the excessive ugliness of the Gaddi frescoes at Santa Croce is largely due to the effort to make form and boss depend, as in Nature, upon color. Giotto, in the neighboring Peruzzi and Bardi chapels, is quite satisfied with outlining the face and draperies in dark paint, and laying on the color, in itself beautiful, as a child will lay it on to a print or outline drawing, filling up the lines, but not creating them. I give this as a solitary instance of one of the first and most important steps toward pictorial realization which the great imaginative theme-inventors left to their successors.

As a fact, the items at which the fifteenth century had to work are too many to enumerate; in many cases each man or group of men

took up one particular item, as perspective, modeling, anatomy, color, movement, and their several subdivisions, usually with the result of painful and grotesque insistency and one-sidedness, from the dreadful bag of bones anatomies of Pollaiuolo and Verrocchio, down to the humbler, but equally necessary, architectural studies of Francesco di Giorgio. Add to this the necessity of uniting the various attainments of such specialists, of taming down these often grotesque monomaniacs, of making all these studies of drawing, anatomy, color, modeling, perspective, etc., into a picture. If that picture was lacking in individual poetic conception; if those studies were often intolerably silly and wrong-headed from the intellectual point of view; if the old themes were not only worn threadbare, but actually maltreated, what wonder? The themes were there, thank Heaven! no one need bother about them; and no one did. Moreover, as I have already pointed out, no one could have added anything, save in the personal sentiment of the heads, the hands, the tilt of the figure, or the quality of the form. Everything which depends upon dramatic conception, which is not a question of form or sentiment, tended merely to suffer a steady deterioration. Thus, nearly two hundred years after Giotto, Ghirlandaio could find nothing better for his frescoes in S. Trinità than the arrangement of Giotto's St. Francis, with the difference that he omitted all the more delicate dramatic distinctions.

I have already alluded to the poetic conception of an early Marriage of the Virgin in the Florence

Academy; that essential point of the difference of age between Joseph and Mary was never again attended to, although the rest of the arrangement was repeated for two centuries. Similarly, no one noticed or reproduced the delicate distinctions of action which Gaddi had put into his two Annunciations of the Cappella Baroncelli; the shepherds henceforth sprawled no matter how; and the scale of expression in the vision of the Three Kings was not transferred to the more popular theme of their visit to the stable at Bethlehem. In Giotto's Presentation at the Temple in the Arena chapel at Padua, the little Mary is pushed up the steps by her mother; in the Baroncelli frescoes the little girl, ascending gravely, turns round for a minute to bless the children at the foot of the steps. Here are two distinct dramatic conceptions, the one more human, the other more majestic; both admirable. The fifteenth century, nay, the fourteenth, took no account of either; the Virgin merely went up the steps, connected by no emotion with the other characters, a mere little doll, as she is still in the big pictures of Titian and Tintoret, and quite subordinate to any group of richly dressed men or barebacked women.

The absence of individual invention, implying the absence of individual dramatic realization, strikes one more than anywhere in the works of Angelico; and most of all in his frescoes of the cells of St. Mark's. For, while these are evidently less cared for as art, indeed scarcely intended, in their hasty execution, to be considered as paintings at all, they are more strictly religious in intention than

any other of Angelico's works; indeed, perhaps, of all paintings in the world, the most exclusively devoted to a religious object. They are, in fact, so many pages of the gospel stuck up, like texts in a waiting-room, in the cells of the convent: an adjunct to the actual written or printed Scripture of each monk. For this reason we expect them to possess what belongs so completely to the German engravers of Dürer's school, the very essential of illustrative art—imaginative realization of the scenes: an attempt to seize the attention and fill it with the subject. This is by no means the case; for Angelico, although a saint, was a man of the fifteenth century and, despite all his obvious efforts, he was not a real follower of Giotto. What impressiveness of actual artistic arrangement these frescoes really possess, is due, I think, to no imaginative effort of the artist, but to the exigencies of the place. These pale angels and St. Dominicks and Magdalens, these diaphanous, dazzling Christs and Virgins of Angelico's, shining out of the dark corner of the cell made darker, deeper, by the dark green or inky purple ground on which they are painted; are less the spiritual conception of the painter than the accidental result of the darkness of the place, where lines must be simple and colors light, if anything is to be visible. For in the more important frescoes in the corridors and chapter-room, where the light is better, there is a return to Angelico's hackneyed, vapid pinks and blues and lilacs, and a return also to his niminy-piminy lines, to all the wax-doll world of the missal painter,

The cell frescoes are, to the highest degree, what all absolutely pious art must be, *aids to devotion*. Their use is to assist the monk in that conjuring up of the actual momentary feelings, nay, sensations, of the life of Christ which is part of his daily duty. They are such stimuli as the Church has given sometimes in an artistic, sometimes in a literary form, to an imagination jaded by the monotonous contemplation of one subject, or over-excited to the extent of rambling easily to another: they are what we fondly imagine will be the portraits of the dear dead which we place before us, forgetting that after a while we look without seeing, or see without feeling. That this is so, that these painted gospel leaves stuck on the cell walls are merely such mechanical aids to devotion, explains the curious and startling treatment of some of the subjects, which are yet, despite the seeming novelty and impressiveness, very cold, undramatic and unimaginative. Thus, there is the fresco of Christ enthroned blindfold, with alongside of Him a bodiless scoffing head, with hat raised and in the act of spitting; buffeting hands, equally detached from any body, floating also on the blue background. There is a Christ standing at the foot of the cross, but with his feet in a sarcophagus, the column of the flagellation monumentally or heraldically on one side, the lance of Longinus on the other; and above, to the right the floating face of Christ being kissed by that of Judas; to the left the blindfold floating head of Christ again, with the floating head of a soldier spitting at Him; and all round buffeting and

jibing hands, hands holding the scepter of reed, and hands counting out money; all arranged very much like the nails, hammer, tweezers and cock on roadside crosses; each a thing whereon to fix the mind, so as to realize that kiss of Judas, that spitting of the soldiers, those slaps; and to hear, if possible, the clink of the pieces of silver that sold our Lord. How different, these two pictorial dodges of the purely mechanical Catholicism of the fifteenth century from the tender or harrowing gospel illustration, where every detail is conceived as happening in the artist's own town and to his own kinsfolk, of the Lutheran engravers of the school of Dürer.

Thus things go on throughout the fifteenth century, and, indeed, deep into the sixteenth, where traditional arrangement and individual conception overlap, according as a new artistic power does or does not call forth a new dramatic idea. I have already alluded to the fact that the Presentation of the Virgin remains the same, so far as arrangement is concerned, in the pictures of Titian and Tintoret as in the frescoes of Giotto and Gaddi. Michelangelo's Creation of Adam is still inherited from Paolo Uccello, who inherited it from the Pisan sculptors. On the other hand, the Resurrection and Last Judgment of Signorelli at Orvieto, painted some years earlier, constitute in many of their dramatic details a perfectly original work. Be this as it may, and however frequent the recurrence of old themes, with the sixteenth century commences the era of new individual dramatic invention. Michelangelo's Dividing of the

Light from the Darkness, where the Creator broods still in chaos, and commands the world to exist; and Raphael's Liberation of St. Peter, with its triple illumination from the moon, the soldiers' torches and the glory of the liberating angel, are witnesses that henceforward each man may invent for himself, because each man is in possession of those artistic means which the Giottoesques had indicated and the artists of the fifteenth century had laboriously acquired: and now, the Giottoesque programme being fulfilled, art may go abroad and seek for new methods and effects, for new dramatic conceptions.

II.

The other day, walking along the river near Careggi (with its memories of Lorenzo dei Medici and his Platonists), close to the little cupola and loggia built by Ghirlandaio, I came upon a strip of new grass, thickly whitened with daisies, beneath the poplars beginning to yellow with pale sprouting leaves. And immediately there arose in my mind, by the side of this real grass and real budding of trees, the remembrance of certain early Renaissance pictures: the rusty green stenciled grass and flowers of Botticelli, the faded tapestry work of Angelico; making, as it were, the greenness greener, the freshness fresher, of that real grass and those real trees. And not by the force of contrast, but rather by the sense that as all this appears to me green and fresh in the present, so likewise did it appear to those men of four centuries ago: the fact of their having seen and felt making me, all the more, see and feel.

This is one of the peculiarities of rudimentary art—of the art of the early Renaissance as well as of that of Persia and Japan, of every peasant potter all through the world: that, not knowing very well its own aims, it fills its imperfect work with suggestions of all manner of things which it loves, and tries to gain in general pleasurable what it loses in actual achievement; and lays hold of us, like fragments of verse, by suggestiveness, quite as much as by pictorial realization. And upon this depends the other half of the imaginative art of the Renaissance, the school of intellectual decoration, of arabesques formed, not of lines and of colors, but of associations and suggestions.

The desire which lies at the bottom of it—a desire masked as religious symbolism in the old mosaicists and carvers and embroiderers—is the desire to paint nice things, in default of painting a fine picture. The beginning of such attempts is naturally connected with the use of gilding; whether those gold grounds of the panel pictures of the fourteenth century represented to the painters only a certain expenditure of gold foil, or whether (as I have suggested, but I fear fantastically) their streakings and veinings of coppery or silvery splendor, their stenciling of rays and dots and fretwork, their magnificent inequality and variety of brown or yellow or greenish effulgence, were vaguely connected in the minds of those men with the splendor of the heaven in which the Virgin and the Saints really dwell. It is the cunning use of this gilding, of tools for ribbing and stenciling and damascening, which turn Simon Memmi's Annu-

ciation, a poor and disagreeable piece of invention and drawing, into one of the masterpieces of the Florentine Gallery; this, and the feeling for wonderful gold-woven and embroidered stuffs, like that white cloth of gold of the kneeling angel, fit, in its purity and splendor, for the robe of the Grail king. The want of mechanical dexterity, however, prevented the Giottesques from doing very much in the decorative line except in conjunction with the art—perhaps quite separate from that of the painter, and exercised by a different individual—of the embosser and gilder.

It is with the fifteenth century that begins, in Italy as in Flanders (we must think of the carved stonework, the Persian carpets, the damascened armor, the brocade dresses of Van Eyck's and Memling's Holy Families) the deliberate habit of putting into pictures as much as possible of the beautiful and luxurious things of this world. The house of the Virgin, originally a very humble affair, or rather, in the authority of the early Giottesques, a no-place, nowhere, develops gradually into a very delightful residence in the choicest part of the town; or into a pleasantly situated villa, like the one described in the Decameron, commanding a fine view. The Virgin's bed-chamber, where we are shown it, as, for instance, in Crivelli's picture in the National Gallery, is quite as well appointed in the way of beautiful bedding, carving, and so forth, as the chamber of the lady of John Arnolfini of Lucca, in Van Eyck's portrait. Outside it, as we learn from Angelico, Cosimo Rosselli, Lippi, Ghirlandaio, indeed, from almost

every Florentine painter, stretches a pleasant portico, decorated in the Ionic or Corinthian style, as if by Brunellesco or Sangallo, with tessellated floor, or oriental carpet, and usually a carved and gilded desk and praying stool; while the privacy of the whole place is guarded from the noisy street by a high wall, surmounted by vases, overtopped by cypresses, and in whose shelter grows a row of well-kept roses and lilies. Sometimes this house, as I have said, becomes a villa, as is the case, not unfrequently, with the Lombards, who love to make the angel appear on the flowery grass against a background of Alpine peaks, such as you see them, rising blue and fairylike from the green rice fields about Pavia. Crivelli, however, though a Milanese, prefers a genteel residence in town, the magnificent Milan of the Galeazzo and Filippo Visconti. He gives us a whole street, where richly dressed and well peruked gentlemen look down from the terraces, duly set with flower-pots, of houses ornamented with terra cotta figures and medallions like those of the hospital at Milan. In this street the angel of the Annunciation is kneeling, gorgeously got up in silk and brocades, and accompanied by a nice little bishop carrying a miniature town on a tray. The Virgin seems to be receiving the message through the window or the open door. She has a beautiful bed with a red silk coverlet, some books, and a shelf covered with plates and preserve jars. This evident appreciation of jam as one of the pleasant things of this world corresponds with the pot of flowers on the window, the birdcage hanging up:

the mother of Christ must have the little tastes and luxuries of a well-to-do burgess's daughter. The cell of St. Jerome, painted some fifty years later by Carpaccio, in the Church of the Slavonians, contains not only various convenient and ornamental articles of furniture, but a collection of knickknacks, among which some antique bronzes are conspicuous.

The charm in all this is not so much that of the actual objects themselves; it is that of their having delighted those people's minds. We are pleased by their pleasure; and our imagination is touched by their fancy. The effect is akin to that of certain kinds of poetry, not the dramatic certainly, where we are pleased by the mere suggestion of beautiful things; and quite as much by finding in the poet a mind appreciative and desirous of them, constantly collecting them and enhancing them by subtle arrangements; it is the case with much lyric verse, with the Italian folk rhymes, woven out of names of flowers and herbs, with some of Shakespeare's and Fletcher's songs, with the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, Keats, some of Heine, and, despite a mixture of unholy intention, Baudelaire. The great master thereof in the early Renaissance, the lyricist, if I may use the word, of the fifteenth century, is of course Botticelli. He is one of those who most persistently introduce delightful items into their works: elaborately embroidered veils, scarves, and gold fringes. But being a man of finer imagination and more delicate sense of form, he does not, like Angelico or Benozzo or Carpaccio, merely stick pretty things about; he

works them all into his strange arabesque, half intellectual, half physical. Thus the screen of roses behind certain of his Madonnas, forming an exquisite Morris pattern with the greenish-blue sky interlaced; and those beautiful, carefully-drawn branches of spruce fir and cypress, lace-like in his *Primavera*; above all, that fan-like growth of myrtles, delicately cut out against the evening sky, which not merely print themselves as shapes upon the mind, but seem to fill it with a scent of poetry.

This pleasure in the painter's pleasure in beautiful things is connected with another quality, higher and rarer, in this sort of imaginative art. It is our appreciation of the artist's desire for beauty and refinement, of his search for the exquisite. Herein, to my mind, lies the secret of Botticelli's fantastic grace; the explanation of that alternate or rather interdependent ugliness and beauty. Botticelli, as I have said elsewhere, is an admirer of the grace and sentiment of Perugino, of the delicacy of form of certain Florentine sculptors—Ghiberti and those who proceed from him, Benedetto da Majano, Mino, and particularly the mysterious Florentine sculptor of Rimini; and what these men have done or do, Botticelli attempts, despite or (what is worse) by means of the realistic drawing and ugly models of Florence, the mechanism and arrangement of coarse men like Filippino. The difficulty of attaining delicate form and sentiment with such materials—it cannot be said to have been attained in that sense by any other early Tuscan painter, not even Angelico or Filippo Lippi—makes the desire but the

keener; and turns it into a most persevering and almost morbid research. Thence the extraordinary ingenuity displayed, frequently to the detriment of the work, in the arrangement of hands (witness the trying, clutching hands, with fingers bent curiously in intricate knots of the Calumny of Apelles), and of drapery; in the poising of bodies and selection of general outline. This search for elegance and grace, for the refined and unhackneyed, is frequently baffled by the ugliness of Botticelli's models, and still more by Botticelli's very deficient knowledge of anatomy and habit of good form. But, when not baffled, this desire is extraordinarily assisted by those very defects. This great decorator, who uses the human form as so much pattern element, mere lines and curves like those of a *Raffaelesque arabesque*, obtains with his imperfect, anatomically defective, and at all events ill-fashioned figures, a far-fetched and poignant grace impossible to a man dealing with more perfect elements. For grace and distinction, which are qualities of movement rather than of form, do not strike us very much in a figure which is originally well made. The momentary charm of movement is lost in the permanent charm of form; the creature could not be otherwise than delightful, made as it is; and we thus miss the sense of selection and deliberate arrangement, the sense of beauty as movement, that is, as grace. Whereas, in the case of defective form, any grace that may be obtained affects us *per se*. It need not have been there; indeed it was unlikely to be there; and hence it obtains the value and charm of the

unexpected, the rare, the far-fetched. This, I think, is the explanation of the something of exotic beauty that attaches to Botticelli: we perceive the structural form only negatively, sufficiently to value all the more the ingenuity of arrangement by which it is made to furnish a beautiful outline and beautiful movement; and we perceive the great desire thereof. If we permit our eye to follow the actual structure of the bodies even in the *Primavera*, we shall recognize that not one of these figures but is downright deformed and out of drawing. Even the Graces have arms, and shoulders, and calves, and stomachs all at random; and the most beautiful of them has a slice missing out of her head. But if, instead of looking at heads, arms, legs, bodies, separately, and separate from the drapery; we follow the outline of the groups against the background, drapery clinging or wreathing, arms intertwining, hands combed out into wonderful fingers; if we regard these groups of figures as a pattern stenciled on the background, we recognize that no pattern could be more exquisite in its variety of broken up and harmonized lines. The exquisite qualities of all graceful things, flowers, branches, swaying reeds, and certain animals, like the stag and the peacock, seem to have been abstracted and given to these half human, and wholly wonderful creatures; these then, ill put together, unsteady youths and ladies. The ingenious grace of Botticelli passes sometimes from the realm of art to that of poetry, as in the case of those flowers with stiff tall stems, which he places by the uplifted foot of the middle

grace, thus showing that she has trodden it over, yet, like Virgil's Camilla, without crushing it. But the element of sentiment and poetry depends in reality upon the fascination of movement and arrangement, fascination seemingly from within, a result of exquisite breeding in these imperfectly made creatures. It is the grace of a woman not beautiful, but well dressed and moving well; the exquisiteness of a song sung delicately by an insufficient or defective voice: a fascination almost spiritual, since it seems to promise a sensitiveness to beauty, a careful avoidance of ugliness, a desire for something more delicate, a reverse of all things gross and accidental, a possibility of perfection.—VERNON LEE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MIXED OR SEPARATED SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.*

The question of separating public institutions against any class of citizens on account of race, color, condition, or any qualification whatever, is a fallacious theory and damaging within itself. It is retrogressive instead of progressive, and the party discriminated against is

* In a recent number of THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE we gave a paper by Hon. S. M. Finger, of North Carolina, advocating separate schools and churches for the colored people of the South. We now copy from the *African M. E. Church Review* a paper by Mr. H. C. C. Astwood, U. S. Consul at San Domingo, opposing such separate schools and churches. The two papers, taken together, present a fair statement of the arguments adduced on both sides of this question.—ED. LIB. MAG.

subject to endless conflicts and retarding influences. The position taken by F. L. Cardoza, the eminent scholar and Principal of the Minor School, Washington, D. C., in the *African Methodist Episcopal Church Review* of October, 1886, does not seem tenable at all; but it does seem strange that a man of such large resources should view this subject upon such a narrow basis. Taking the school question as the basis of an argument, we have an institution within itself divested of all social preferment, an institution where men of all classes should enter to learn to fight successfully the battle of life, to fit themselves for the social claim for which the professor seems to be ultimately contending.

If the colored citizens of the United States are to meet with the whites in contending for the necessities of life and in gaining for themselves the common rights of common citizenship, to be equal in the contest they must be educated side by side, and by determination, will, and ability fight down the barriers of prejudice and override the sarcasms of both pupil and teacher. I cannot, with Principal Cardoza, admit for the Church and the school the same conditions socially, as I do for the parlor and the ordinary social gatherings of life. In the church we ask a place in common with all, of no social preferment, but simply one of common adoration; not to be man-pleasers and society-seekers, but with heads bowed low and hearts humiliated to "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." In the school we ask a place to kneel at the shrine of wisdom, with our eyes closed to prejudice, our ears deaf to social

criticisms, while we plod the path of knowledge to prepare us for the common race of life. We want to stand side by side with the enemy to ward off his blows, and at last by our persistency to conquer over every foe. The parlor is the upper sanctum, which can only be gained by tried merit through the institutions of learning and moral training. Contact in the school will force it in the church and in the parlor; separation in the school will continue it indefinitely in the church, in the parlor and in all the social relations of life.

Principal Cardoza asks boldly the question, What is the best method of development for the colored people in this country, so far as schools are concerned? Would it be better for them to be educated in mixed schools with the whites, or in separate schools of colored children exclusively? And concludes, that it would be better for them to be educated separately. In the discussion he presents three considerations: *first*, the object or end in view; *second*, the relative condition of the two classes; *third*, the best means of attaining the end in view. Experience teaches me to differ radically with Principal Cardoza on all of these points, especially in his reflections regarding intellectual superiority. The Principal may well shrink from an argument with those who differ from him regardless of their opinions.

In the races there seems to be no superiority of native intellectual powers at all; each is capable of equaling the other with like advantages, and both are capable of the same degradation when deprived of civilizing influences. The position

of the Principal will in the end create for the colored man the very position he seeks to escape from. Separate institutions are doing more injury to the colored race in the United States than any other influence I know of. Close up our colored schools and open to our colored citizens the doors of the common schools, the mechanics, our technological institutions and colleges, and in less than a decade prejudice will be forgotten. Contact and association beget harmony. We will admit that the great lack of our people is that of wealth; this is not self-creating, it is gotten by labor and push. It cannot be gained by preaching to the colored man his intellectual inferiority, or forcing him to feel it by training him in separate institutions, instilling into his mind his individual inferiority and menial position. No; throw him in contact with his neighbor, train him up in the same school, and he will be his equal in all things.

In the British colonies we have an abundance of evidence as to these facts. I know in a particular colony, thirty and more years ago, before the public schools were founded, that there were private schools, and no teacher dared to take a colored child into his or her school no matter how elevated the position in life, or the school would be boycotted. Teachers were not as plentiful then as they are now, consequently the array of ignorance was appalling. The Government saw this and was forced to meet the issue. Public schools were formed without distinction or discrimination, in consequence of which the white children would not attend the

public schools. Competent teachers were brought from England, who knew no prejudice, but labored for their money, and the colored children soon began to outstrip the white. The parents of the white children soon found that the colored boys and girls were getting a better education for sixpence a month than theirs were getting for sixteen shillings, gracefully accepted the situation, and the colored children and the whites were educated side by side, contending successfully in the school, in the trades, in commerce, in the mechanics and in the church, drawing the lines nowhere save in their social circles, and this was not based upon color but upon condition. The white mechanic could no more associate with the merchant and the professional than could the colored, but in their business relations, church, political and civil gatherings, they were one and the same.

The object in view then was equal rights to all, and can this only be achieved by common contact in the training institutions of the country? In Hayti and San Domingo the races associate and marry indiscriminately; in France and England the same. The President of Hayti is married to a white French lady. The black youths of Hayti, educated in the academies of Europe, intermingle and marry, and nobody seems to bother much about it. I don't see that it is any more criminal to associate legally than it is to do so clandestinely. A quad-roon or mulatto of natural relations cannot be more heinous than one of illicit relations. The condition of the races to-day in the United States is the consequence of the partial

administration of the statutes. Colored men appear at a disadvantage because their advantages are inferior—not their intellectual powers. All the doors of our Southern, and many of our Northern institutions of learning, are barred against him; he is shut out from our commercial exchanges, our trades-unions and the skilled mechanical arts, etc., consequently he can only be a hewer of wood and drawer of water as long as he is set aside by himself, drawing thereby an inseparable partition by the maintenance of separate schools and separate churches.

The objections to separate schools are so numerous that it would be vain to attempt to discuss them. They are so revolting to the sense of justice, that it is a wonder that an intelligent advocate of such abominable institutions can be found. The Principal, in referring to the ostrich, rather turns the joke upon himself, for while seeking to elevate himself and his race, he hides his head within the walls of a separate colored school. The best method of obtaining our highest possible development is by abolishing these separate schools and educating all citizens alike, in the common schools of the commonwealth. Race distinction is only a sentiment, it falls to pieces by the merest contact. Bassett, as our ex-minister to Hayti, will testify to this, so will Langston; Douglass is proving it in his travels; and my daily contact with our commercial men and the confidence reposed by them in me in the management of their affairs is an evidence of which the Principal does not seem to aware. I take the opposite view, and say that separate schools and churches will maintain race distinc-

tion for centuries, while mixed schools will abolish it in decades. I hold that the evidence of the distinction is not *color*, but *condition*, and these conditions cannot be changed as long as the practice of separate education is maintained.

Then if the real point at issue be narrowed down to this: Are mixed schools the best means of accomplishing the end, viz.: abolishing the odiousness of the distinction of race? the evidence implies—yes. It is so in France, it is so in England, it is so in Germany, it is so in most of the West Indian Islands, and it is so in some of the States of the United States.

The question is asked: On what does the odiousness depend? Evidently the former relation of the races—that of master and slave—and all that that relation implies. This disproves that color is the basis of the distinction. I am convinced that had the slaves of the United States been whites they would have been just as obnoxious to their masters. The serfs of Russia were just as much despised by their lords as the slaves of America. Let us notice the condition of master and slave. We find color to have been a non-essential. The white babe nursed at the breast of the black slave; the master's relation with many was that of man and wife; the slave was taught in the trades and in the mechanics; he was placed in every conceivable position where gain was brought to the master; and it was only after that gain was gone, and the slave became free, that the distinction was so rigidly enforced; hence the prejudice of color to-day is not half so strong in the South as in the North. The

opposition is based more or less upon political affiliation. Put the same laws in the South that exist in the North, break down party lines or enforce the right of suffrage, then in less than a score of years color distinction will become a thing of the past. The superiority of the master was based upon his means and the circumstances of his condition rather than upon his color.

The object in developing the same natural powers by education to the same extent is not based so much upon time as upon opportunity. Abolish separate schools to-day, open the doors of our mechanical and industrial schools, and the present generation will be abreast. The best means of solving the question at issue is to set the races side by side, let them study together and not in separate schools.

I am not among those who believe that the difference of race will always prevent a full and perfect equality, etc. We have historical evidences of these developments, with notable instances in our own country, where colored men have reached positions of great eminence, demonstrating equal abilities with their competitors, notwithstanding the Chinese wall which debars them from equal privileges. Outside of the United States these results are too common to need mention. The scores of colored merchants and public men who come to the great metropolis, New York, yearly, are so absorbed by our white business men that they are lost sight of by Principal Cardoza and even our leading colored journalists; their color is no barrier to them, they are courted for their wealth and their position. The employes of

our stores and public houses are more ready to serve them than their own kind; this experience can only be gained by travel and contact.

The separate school system of Washington reminds me of a little personal experience. A short time ago, after I had traveled all over New England, Boston, Philadelphia and New York, with white men as my companions, receiving marked attention at the public places and private homes, I returned to Washington, the capital of the nation, and only remembered that I was a colored man when I stepped into a barber's shop on Pennsylvania avenue, near Fourth street, where some colored barbers were employed. These advocates of separate institutions reminded me that they could not shave colored men. What a shame to have been thus reminded under the very wing of the capitol. Preserve your separate schools, and Washington will always be in the rear, standing ready to remind colored men of their supposed inferiority.

In viewing the issue from a practical standpoint the Principal is at fault. We look not to the future for results, but to the present; side by side with the same Principal stands Professor Terrell, a graduate of Harvard, one of the first white colleges of the land, and we have somewhere—I think at Washington—Professor Bailey, educated from the same college; our present Minister to Hayti came from Princeton, and has three children in the Franklin School at Topsham, Maine, who experienced no inconvenience at all; the boy when prepared will go to Bowdoin College, and the two girls to some female white college

without any conflict. We look not to the future for the solution of this question. It is being solved now; we alone are the obstacles, preaching as we do our inferiority. I visited the New York *Freeman's* office, and found the editor and his assistants harmoniously working in partnership and in the most perfect relations with a dozen white printers. I am in part ownership of a large vessel with a white merchant who is my personal friend, and confides in my advice in all commercial matters. If time and space allowed I could go on quoting instances at length, plainly showing that the greatest obstacles we have to our complete development are the arguments used by Principal Cardoza and the maintenance of the institutions he advocates.

Hence the objections presented against mixed schools are not tenable. *First*, They have social ostracism to contend against from the white pupils. *Second*, They would not, as a rule, have the same attention, probably, and probably not the same sympathy from the teacher, who would, of course, be white. *Third*, They would not have the same incentive to study to become teachers, as their color and circumstances would exclude them from such positions. *Fourth*, They would be unable to prove their capacity as teachers, and would lose the emoluments as teachers, etc.

In a general way all of these objections have been met, but I shall briefly consider them with the Principal. *First*, I cannot admit that social equality is an essential point to equal educational facilities. The social ostracism spoken of would be no barrier to the colored

child's progress, and it would naturally give way as he advanced in the studies employed and prove for himself equal intelligence and ability. The colored man is aggressive; oppression makes him stand up; opposition develops his persistency, and if the Principal is not aware of this, he little knows the nature of the pupils under his training. Place the two races on equal conditions, the dissatisfaction, antagonism and implied or expressed contempt spoken of will disappear. Separate them and you prolong it indefinitely. *Second*, We have no assurance that the teachers would be all white; this is presumption, and the assumption is not necessarily warranted by facts. The position taken and maintained by colored men will not admit of a comparison. We place ourselves in separate institutions, we advocate these principles, we proclaim to the white men our inferiority as the Principal does, and then assume that he will always be our master. This becomes a natural fact, but protest against this outrage, demand a place in the common schools and I feel assured that "that harmonious rivalry necessary to orderly and healthy development will be achieved, and the colored student will force for himself a place within the circle of white teachers, principals and professors." *Third*, Teaching is not the only incentive to our perfect development; one-half of the influence put in our commercial circles that we have in the scholastic departments of to-day would go farther in destroying the barriers of race distinction than centuries of separate school instruction. While it is true that the position of a teacher is a very

elevated one, yet it is not the all-important one to our success; how many educated fools we have to-day for the lack of practical relations with our industries, skilled labor and commercial pursuits. It is painful to see our graduates serving at tables and filling other menial positions entirely shut out from the trades, the industries and the general commerce of the nation. Educate the races together, and the white boy who sits side by side with the colored accountant, knowing his ability will not scruple to employ him in his counting room; the son of the manufacturer will not fail to find a place for his colored school-mate in his father's factory; and so on in all the avenues of life. We do not want a race entirely of literary men, versed only in Latin and Greek, the arts and the sciences and the dramatic characters. These are very good embellishments; but give us mechanics, and tradesmen, and merchants, and planters, and mariners—these are the producers of wealth, which can only be obtained by contact and educational equality. Such a contact and such associations would by no means destroy the ambition of the pupil, and instead of impeding their progress would be a greater incentive to study.

The whole argument in the third proposition of the Principal is a negative, building up as it does for the colored student the very calamity he would escape, diverting him or her indefinitely from the profession they might adorn, and obscuring at least the credit due to the race. The fourth difficulty proposed by the Principal is also a presumption, and falls to pieces of its own weight. We have no more right to

suppose that teachers would find any greater ostracism than our public men who have forced themselves steadily to the front, against the combined effort of National and State influences. The white race are not all heartless; they have the same feeling of sympathy that we have, and while we might find opposers, we will find, as we have always found, noble and bold defenders. We could not be objected to upon the ground of incompetency if educated under the same influences, but would be if educated as we are in our separate institutions, no matter how competent we may be.

The colored people of the United States need elements of cohesion, unity of action; an overthrow of selfishness engendered by the teaching of our separate institutions, dividing among ourselves in the aspiration for places within the gift of these separate institutions, instead of uniting against a common foe. The Irish-American, the German-American, the Jew, and all races, create no separate institutions for themselves, but claim an equal part in those of the country. We do not find them divided into factions in meeting any of the great issues of the day, but voting solidly against parties or measures discriminating against their common rights. Not so with the colored men, their sole aim seems to be to differ among themselves, and unite upon nothing save the abuse of each other, thereby impressing upon the white men the fact of his (the colored brother's) inferiority, as will be displayed to every impartial reader of Principal Cardozo's criticisms upon separate schools.

The comparison between Boston and Washington is lame in the extreme. Give to Boston, with its free institutions, the same ratio of colored population as we have in Washington, then our eminent Judge Ruffin and representative Capell would not stand alone. But still in Boston we have a merchant-tailoring establishment competing successfully with all others of its kind, pointing to commercial success; and I am told of a colored *modiste* who does business to the extent of \$20,000 per annum. How does this compare with Washington and its separate institutions. The \$150,000 received by Washington colored teachers to maintain separate schools is the most expensive luxury known to the race in the United States. Emancipate the capital of the nation, overthrow these discriminating institutions within the sound of the voices of our law makers within the walls of the National Congress, then for the colored men the year of jubilee will have come.

I have said sufficient to maintain my position in favor of mixed schools, and will say, in conclusion, that the African M. E. Church has done a good work; it was begun in ante-bellum days and has completed its task well, proving that colored men are capable of organization and have administrative ability. Allen, Payne, Campbell, Ward, Brown and all of our bishops have built for themselves imperishable monuments. Tanner and Lee have proven themselves bold defenders of our liberties, and now the time has come when, as one of the votaries of that denomination, I proclaim

for union and liberty of the races in our civil, religious, and educational institutions.

I hope the day is not far distant when the convention will be called to pull down the barriers of separate churches and separate schools, and the whole fabric be united upon one common basis: liberty and equality to all of our citizens alike. I think I have successfully proven that the time has already come when there can be no further use for separate schools and churches, etc.—H. C. C. ASTWOOD, in *The A. M. E. Church Review*.

THE WISDOM OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

The kind of laughter which is irresistibly provoked by the spectacle of a poor child vainly struggling to reproduce information which it has but half acquired has never been more successfully excited than by Mark Twain in an article in the *Century Magazine* for April to which we recommend all light-minded readers. It appears that an unknown or unnamed gentleman has for some time past been collecting curious replies which have been made in the public schools of America in response to examiners' questions. All these replies are guaranteed as serious and genuine, and the collection has been sent to Mark Twain, with a request for his opinion whether it is worth publication or not. His answer is that it forms "a darling literary curiosity," as it plainly does, and he has been responsible for urging that it should be printed.

We may gather handfuls from this delicious article, and yet leave the harvest practically unspoiled. The errors and misconceptions may roughly be divided into two classes—those which are the fault of the teachers, and those which arise from the unteachableness of the taught. The following definitions of the difficult word "quaternions" may perhaps be judged to belong to the latter:—

Quaternions, a bird with a flat beak and no bill, living in New Zealand.

Quaternions, the name given to a style of art practiced by the Phœnicians.

Quaternions, a religious convention held every hundred years.

There is something showy about these replies, which seems to suggest that no slight labor of hapless educators had preceded these efforts. But this is of a simpler stupidity:—

Republican, a sinner mentioned in the Bible.

On the whole, however, we think that the schoolmasters themselves are mainly to blame for the errors into which their poor little charges so innocently fall. If there is one thing more than another which these grotesque mistakes prove, it is that sufficient care is not given to facilitate the understanding of hard words. Dr. Johnson's question, "Can anything be more ridiculous than to teach a child Cato's Soliloquy who does not know how many pence there are in sixpence?" is very much to the purpose. There is not enough attention paid, it is certain, to the channels through which information has to pass from the child's brain into its reply. We ourselves were once present at the examination of a school in a village where the most familiar of

sights, "uncommon common on a common," was the goose of commerce. We heard a class of children, familiar each one from infancy with every peculiarity of this well-known bird, vainly asked from top to bottom what was "the feminine of *gander*." At last the long silence was broken by a little girl, who modestly murmured "*Gandress*?" To this section—that is to say, to the kind of information, possessed indeed, but "frozen at its marvelous source," we may probably attribute the following replies, which we cull from the pages of the *Century*:—

Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle, because it is so beautiful and green.

The only form of government in Greece was a limited monkey.

By the Salic law no woman or descendant of a woman could occupy the throne.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth, and extends to the stomach.

Parasite, a kind of umbrella.

Parasite, the murder of an infant.

More often the child's ear has faintly caught the sound of a word, and has unintelligently reproduced it in assonance. This is a very terrible form of error, because it at once suggests to the mind that, if the power of parrot repetition had been a little greater, the pupil would have received praise where now it is doomed to a reprimand. The number of such mistakes quoted by Mark Twain is extraordinary:—

Eucharist, one who plays euchre.

Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets.

We suspect the latter of these of being conscious wit; the former is probably a joke. But in the following instances the blank ignorance of the poor child is apparent:—

Mercenary, one who feels for another.

Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.

The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America.

This last would have passed as perfectly correct but for the interpolation of "insane." The stock phrase "found an asylum" had evidently been used by the teacher without the slightest attempt being made to explain what it meant. The child silently reflected on the only kind of asylum he had ever heard of, and formed a picture of what the Puritans found which was worthy of the *Arabian Nights*.

Cape Hateras is a vast body of water surrounded by land and flowing into the Gulf of Mexico.

Russia is very cold and tyrannical.

Edgar A. Poe was a very curdling writer.

Physilloggy is to study about your bones stummick and vertebry.

The appalling evidence which this article of Mark Twain gives of the manner in which young minds are not fed, but crammed and choked, must sooner or later stifle the laughter with which the particular errors are at first received. In the face of all this, we cannot but ask ourselves how long our educators are going to be satisfied with the mechanical kind of teaching which is now in vogue. Professor Ravenstein has pointed out that such questions as "Where are the following rivers — Pisuerge, Sakaria, Guadalete, Jalon, Mulde?" and "Name the length and breadth of the streams of lava which issued from the Skaptar Jokul in the eruption of 1783?" are habitually put to infants of tender years whose capacity for such geographical puzzles is proved by their statements that "Hindoostan flows through the

Ganges, and empties into the Mediterranean Sea," or that "The five seaports of the United States are Newfunlan and Sanfrancisco." There could be no parallel more suggestive than is drawn in these cases between the pedantic ambition of the teacher and the helpless dullness of the pupil.

We believe that in a majority of instances the astounding grotesqueness of the replies which from time to time amuse the outer world of education arises from error in delivering or indistinctness of utterance on the part of the teacher. We can give an instance in point, which is quite as striking as any of Mark Twain's, and has never been printed. A clergyman who was listening to the recitation of a hymn by a little girl, was suddenly startled by hearing these lines glibly and clearly repeated:—

Here thou did'st a pigeon show;
Oh! make me a pigeon too!

He glanced with surprise at the mother of the child, who was standing by, but found no change of expression on her smug and well-satisfied face. He asked the child to repeat the lines; again it cheerfully expressed this wish to be a pigeon. The clergyman had an idea; he asked the mother herself to repeat the lines, which she immediately did. The couplet ran:—

Here thou did'st obedience show;
Oh! make me obedient too!

The mother had the slovenly provincial pronunciation "obejance" and "obejant;" the child had not understood a word of what she was saying, and had repeated her "pigeon" twenty times without the

fact ever attracting the attention of the complacent parent.

In reading those replies which include statements of dates, we find ourselves absolutely bewildered. The year in which a special event occurred seems to be learned by rote, without the slightest reference to comparative views of history. Here, for instance, is a statement calculated to whiten the locks of the educator:—

Thomas Babington Makorlay graduated at Harvard, and then studied law, he was raised to the peerage as baron in 1557 and died in 1776.

It would appear that one good solid date has got rammed down into the brain of the average American child. He may believe that "Alfred the Great reigned 872 years," and that "Luther introduced Christianity in England a good many thousand years ago;" but he is quite sure that something happened, and something of vital importance to America, in 1492. Hence, as Mark Twain says, whenever he is asked the date of anything, and is in doubt, "he always rips out his 1492." He is recorded to have thought and written that George Washington was born in that year, and that he wrote the Declaration of Independence in it, that "St. Bartholomew was massacred," and that "the Britons were the Saxons who entered England under Julius Cæsar" in this universal year 1492. And there was one child, of limited imagination, who carried this date into another sphere, that of geography, and who declared that the world was 1,492 miles in circumference.

It is to be expected that this beautiful recklessness should pro-

duce some fine results when concentrated on the study of literary history. Here are some pleasant specimens. In the first we seem to hear with our physical ears, the very voice of young America:—

A sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems.

Ben Jonson survived Shakespeare in some respects.

A question regarding Chaucer produced a cluster or posy of replies, four-leaved educational shamrock, which is worthy to adorn the button-hole of every earnest-minded school inspector. We can imagine no employment more delightful than to converse on topics of English literature with the dear little boys who perpetrated these four replies:—

In the Canterbury Tale it gives account of King Alfred on his way to the shrine of Thomas Bucket.

Chaucer was the father of English pottery.

Chaucer was a bland verse writer of the third century.

Chaucer was succeeded by H. Wads. Longfellow, an American Writer. His writings were chiefly prose and nearly one hundred years elapsed.

Whose writings were chiefly prose, and between what two events did nearly one hundred years elapse? These are questions which the Sphinx may ask and no public-school Œdipus be found to answer. Perhaps we shall know when we have discovered what song it was that the Sirens sang.—*Saturday Review*.

A GREAT "FIND" AT SIDON, SYRIA.*

About a mile north-east of the city of Sidon, in an open field, above

* This letter to the *London Times*, bearing date of March 12, 1887, is from the

the line of the gardens, as found a shaft, open at the top, about 30 feet square and 35 feet or 40 feet deep. When this was excavated, doors were found on the four sides of the perpendicular walls leading to as many chambers. Entering the south one first, we found it about 15 feet square, cut out of a solid rock, roof and sides all of rock, but a built wall between it and court of shaft. Entering, two sarcophagi met the eye, the one on the right of black marble, highly polished, with lid of peaked shape, very little ornament; the other on the left of purest white marble of dazzling brilliancy and enormous size. Remembering that we saw these only by the flickering light of a candle, and in an atmosphere so dense with carbonic acid gas that a candle held near the bottom went out and that one soon became faint, it will be easy to see that guesses at measurements may be very faulty.

This sarcophagus was 11 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 12 feet high. The body was of one piece, and also the top of another solid block. The top

Rev. W. K. Eddy, American Missionary in Syria. It was forwarded, through the British and Foreign Bible Society, by Dr. H. Jessop, of Beyrout. It will be observed that Mr. Eddy closes by saying that he had not seen the west room of the tomb. Dr. Jessop, however, writing a little later says: "The west chamber is found to contain a marble sarcophagus, with painted figures (sculptures) in lavish profusion, of the most exquisite designs—a very gem of Greek art.—According to the Turkish law, the finder of antiquities has a third of the proceeds, the owner of the land a third, and the government the remaining third. We find it stated elsewhere that the finder (a poor Protestant) had been offered £500 for his share; and that the government has forbidden all further access to the tomb. —ED. LIB. MAG.

was a grand arch of shining marble, the front of which was divided by a line into two panels, and so the back. At the four sides were four projections with noble lions' heads. On each panel was a symbolical figure, body of animal, head of eagle, with uplifted wings facing each other. Below, on the front of the tomb, beneath a very elaborate cornice, were two Centaurs facing each other, and trampling on a warrior who strove to defend himself by a shield. On the sides, which were alike, were first, two human figures with four spirited horses ahead of them; some of the horses have their heads turned back; and beneath the horses' feet a lion on the one side, and a boar or hyena on the other; then two more figures with four more horses.

At the back, in the upper part were also figures, bodies of birds, heads of men (if I remember aright), with beautifully extended wings. Below, two Centaurs carrying a captured stag between them. The cloaks falling from the shoulders of these Centaurs had lions heads in the corners. One Centaur carries the branch of a tree like a gigantic arrow upon his shoulders. Below these figures all around was a band of figures quite small and exquisitely cut, representing hunting scenes, etc. This was partly covered with stones, so that we could not see it. The workmanship of this was good, but not remarkable. A hole had been broken in the front through which the contents had been rifled, but in general it was in a fine state of preservation. Three skeletons and five dogs' heads. From the long noses of the latter it is easy to infer they were hunting dogs.

The east chamber had also two

sarcophagi, one small and plain, but on the left; while the larger one was on the right. This was the finest thing I remember to have seen in stone. A Greek temple, formed of finest marble, translucent as alabaster. The roof is slanting and carved to represent flat tiles, with strips of metal covering the joints, and pretty carved knobs where these strips cross the ridge. At the ends of the ridges are carved ornaments. The sides of the sarcophagus rise up above the eaves.

On the upper projection was a representation of the funeral procession, mourning women, two horses without saddles or trappings, but with men walking by them. A chariot with four horses—man in the chariot—then four more horses drawing the funeral car, more figures. In front three figures above and three on a strip below, all symbolizing grief. This top is all of one piece, and has the right upper corner broken open in order to rifle the tomb. The great beauty was the body of the temple, with a porch of columns all about it; and in the porch between these stood eighteen statues, about three feet in height, not discolored nor touched by dirt, as beautiful as if finished yesterday; of the finest art, muscles and form showed through the drapery. Each one of these eighteen would be a gem of itself—not a scratch nor a flaw anywhere. All the carving on this temple, cornices, friezes, columns, etc., in perfect lines, as perfect and sharp as could be wished. Below is a band covered with representations of hunting scenes, etc. The imperfect view we could get of this was enough to fill us with enthusiasm. I cannot describe all

the details—dragons, dogs' heads, mourners, etc.; thirty human figures above this band, etc.

North room, plain sarcophagus. West room has four sarcophagi, which I have not yet seen.

I forgot to say that this temple has painted figures—cloaks, flowers, eyes with black pupils; paint mostly now gone. West room is said to be the finest of all.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

CRIME BEGINNINGS.—Mr. W. M. F. Round, Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, writes, in the *Independent*, a thoughtful paper on "Crime Beginnings and Crime Prevention." He says:—

"I have been speaking of crime beginning and crime prevention in these families only which are called respectable. A very large proportion of our embezzlers, forgers, and many of our thieves, come from such families. There is a smaller portion from this class that commit what are known as crimes of passion. For these too there is greater blame to be put upon the parents than often is put there. Many a passionate child rules the household. The little baby on its mother's knee goes into a passion because its dinner is withheld from him, or some toy denied him. He shrieks, and strikes his mother, and the mother says: 'Poor little boy, he has such a passionate nature; he can't be crossed,' and yields to him. She ought to spank him—spank him hard, for being in a passion, and give him nothing till his passion had cooled. The child, though he be so young that he cannot speak, if he be old enough to lift his fist and strike a blow, deserves punishment; needs to have a lesson of repression taught it. The mother who neglects this, increases the chances of her son's going to the gallows. When the child is older, there are better disciplinary

punishments than spanking; but when the child reaches such an age that they are useful, it may be too late, his temper may have grown into a dominating force in his character, that cannot be eradicated. Mothers sometimes say when a child shows a vile temper and shrieks a great deal, that it would endanger his life to punish him. Perhaps so; but you still more endanger his future if you don't punish him. Many a gallows tragedy has had its beginning on the mother's lap."

COLUMBIA COLLEGE'S NEW DOCTORS.—On April 15, Columbia College, New York, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. One pleasing part of this celebration was the announcement by President Barnard that an endowment of \$100,000 was expected from certain Hebrew gentlemen for a chair of Rabbinical Literature for the School of Comparative Philology. On this occasion the venerable and vigorous institution was unusually liberal in her distribution of Honorary Degrees. As we count, there were 23 persons who received the degree of Doctor of Letters; 28 that of Doctor of Laws; and 8 that of Doctor of Divinity—59 in all. The great majority of these, however, had already received one or more of these Honorary Degrees from other Colleges and Universities in America or Europe. Among those who were thus honored by Columbia, we note the following names:

L.D.: Andrew D. White, Francis A. March, Richard S. Storrs, Horace H. Furness, Henry Barnard, George William Curtis, Alice E. Freeman, Martin B. Anderson, George Bancroft, Francis J. Child, William D. Whitney, Amelia B. Edwards.—*LL.D.*: Abram S. Hewitt, Julius H. Seelye, James B. Angell, John C. Dalton, Simon Newcomb, Maria Mitchell, Daniel C. Gillman, Francis A. Walker, Morrison R. Waite, John Tyndall, Lewis M. Rutherford, John W. Dawson, Daniel Manning, Edward S. Holden.—*D.D.*: Frederick D. Huntington, George W. Smith, Albert Z. Gray, Henry A. Coit, Philips Brooks, John R. Magrath. We believe that all of the D.D.'s belong to the Episcopal Communion.

HISTORY AND THE PRACTICE OF LAW.*

In this age of accumulated knowledge, he who would know any one thing well must be content to remain ignorant of many others. When one like Mill urges that there is time for all learning, the old as well as the new, it is well to remember that but few can bring to the task the leisure, and still fewer the mind of a Mill. The question is ever being asked, "How can I best employ a few years in preparation for active life?" To the average young man who has but a limited time to prepare for the work of his life before he will be compelled to enter upon it, the answer to this question is of vital importance. I will suppose this question to be asked by one who has chosen the profession of law.

It may safely be said that no other professional man finds use for so wide a range of knowledge as the lawyer. The nature of the law is such that its practice touches the practical life of man at every point. There is no relation in life; there is no transaction among men, that may not become the subject of judicial investigation. There is no branch of learning that may not, at some time, be of great use to the lawyer. The doctor's profession covers a wide domain of knowledge, but there is no branch of his practice that may not furnish the basis for a suit for malpractice, to successfully conduct which the lawyer must cope with the physician in the knowledge of his art. The management of a vast railroad system requires

special knowledge of the several arts and sciences involved in it; yet in fixing the responsibility for an accident, the lawyer may have to know something of them all. He, however, who would master all knowledge as a preparation for the bar will never enter the lists. Merely because a lawyer may be called upon to try a cause involving the proper construction of a Brooklyn Bridge, it would not be advisable for him to master civil engineering before coming to the bar. That his first case may be one growing out of malpractice in the setting of a limb, is not a sufficient reason why the mastery of surgery should form a part of his preparation. That chemistry, natural history, geology, and even theological creeds, may enter into the subjects of his investigation, would not justify the lawyer in attempting to master these branches of learning as a part of his preparation for active life. He must necessarily depend largely upon experts in these various branches of knowledge, when it may become necessary for him to use them. These and kindred sciences are merely incident to the practice of the law; and while a knowledge of them may occasionally be of great value to the lawyer, an attempt to master them would leave no time for the practice of his profession. On the other hand, there are some branches of learning which, in their methods of investigation, as well as in the knowledge they impart, are so closely allied to the study and practice of the law, that no one who would stand high in that profession can afford to neglect them. Foremost among these stands History.

In estimating the practical value of any branch of learning as a dis-

* Read before the Nebraska State Historical Society, Jan. 12, 1887.

ciplinary study, for a particular object, we naturally inquire what faculties are brought into activity, and what is the tendency or bias given to these faculties by such study. For instance, the mathematics employ pure reason. The mathematician deals with the absolute. When his premises are granted, the conclusion inexorably follows. That the prolonged and exclusive study of such a science gives a peculiar bias to the faculty employed, there can be no doubt. The natural scientist reaches a conclusion which, while not so absolutely certain as that of the mathematician, yet has the highest degree of probability. While reason is still our guide we feel much less certain of the ground on which we tread. We have now left the domain of the absolute, and entered upon that of the relative. Here we can no longer draw our conclusions with absolute certainty: we are now called upon to weigh the evidence and determine the preponderance of proof. Probability—very strong probability—may be reached, but not certainty.

On the other hand, the historian is compelled to content himself with conclusions whose probability falls far below that which attaches to the conclusions of the natural scientist. Here we are met at the very outset with the most contradictory evidence coming from sources which seem to be equally credible. From the very beginning we are compelled to test the credibility of our witnesses, to balance the probabilities of their testimony, and after all remain content with conclusions supported only by a greater or less degree of likelihood. It is certainly no disparagement to any branch of learning to

say that the study of one furnishes the best discipline for one pursuit, and that of another for another pursuit.

To my mind it is this very inconclusiveness of its conclusions that renders the study of history so valuable to the lawyer. The historian and the lawyer alike deal with the affairs of men—the most uncertain of all subjects of investigation. The lawyer is to-day dealing with that ever-changing life of man which, centuries hence, will employ the future historian. The conclusions of the historian must always contain an element of uncertainty, because the subject of his investigation is human affairs, and his evidence is usually human testimony. Not only may this testimony be willfully false, but the witness may have been mistaken, or so prejudiced as to render his testimony of little or no value. The first lesson for the student of history, is to learn the peculiarities of his author, and to estimate the influence of his bias or prejudice upon his testimony; or, as the astronomer would say, we must first eliminate the *personal equation*. It is from such a mass of contradictory evidence, taken from sources of varying degrees of credibility, and in itself containing various degrees of probability, that the historian is to gather his facts and reach his conclusions.

The study of history is a daily exercise in the weighing of evidence and drawing conclusions of such probability as the proof may warrant. The conclusions, while never absolutely certain, may reach that high degree of probability upon which we would all be willing to act in our own affairs, even though

property or life itself were at stake. What better training than this can be given to one whose business of life it will be to try the differences between man and man upon the diverging and often contradictory testimony of living witnesses? The rules which he has learned to apply in settling a controverted point in history are equally applicable in the settlement of controversies at the bar. For instance, should several witnesses narrate a transaction exactly alike in every detail, the historian, as well as the lawyer, would at once conclude that either the several narratives were copied from a common original, or were the result of conspiracy. Should the narratives agree in the main, but differ as to details, this would indicate an endeavor to tell the truth; and should the several witnesses who differed in the details of their narratives, yet all agree as to a certain fact, the existence of this fact would reach a high degree of likelihood. In short, the general principles upon which the preponderance of evidence is ascertained are the same whether applied by the historian or the lawyer; whether the question involved be the fate of a dynasty or the cause of a railroad accident. The historian must ascertain the facts from such evidence as he may be able to command: never absolutely conclusive, seldom entirely satisfactory; yet always the best that can be obtained. These facts, however well they may be proven, if unorganized are of little or no value. It is their relation to life, their bearing on the course of human affairs, that gives them value. It is then a part of the duty of the historian to bring these facts, thus ascertained, into

their natural relation to each other, and thus show, if he can, their influence upon the course of events.

The value of this training to the lawyer is apparent when we look at the twofold duty of the bar. While the lawyer is not the tribunal that in the last resort ascertains the facts in issue, yet it is his duty to assist in so doing; While the jury or court is to find the facts, it is the office of the lawyer to establish them by such evidence as a very imperfect and sometimes very corrupt human nature may render available. When the facts are thus ascertained, or should they be conceded, it becomes necessary to determine to what relief these facts entitle the client. In other words, it now becomes necessary to apply the general rules of law to the facts of the particular case. At first thought this would seem a very simple matter. Suppose, however, the point at issue is one which has never been decided in our jurisdiction; suppose it be a question of common law, and our own state decisions do not cover the point: we must then draw our precedents from the decisions of nearly forty independent States, having as many independent jurisdictions whose decisions are by no means harmonious, even on elementary principles of common law. Add to these a vast system of Federal courts, as well as English and Colonial, and we have a mass of independent and often contradictory adjudications from which the lawyer is to determine what rule applies to the facts of his own particular case. These decisions, however conclusive upon the rights of the parties determined by them, cannot be considered the law itself; for the law cannot contradict itself.

They are rather evidences of the law, and from them we must determine, if we can, the true principle applicable to the facts in hand. But where the adjudicated cases are hopelessly contradictory, what shall be our guide? The plaintiff presents an armful of authorities holding that the facts entitle him to recover, and the defendant, an equal number holding that the facts constitute no cause of action. What now shall be done? The later Roman lawyers solved this problem by the simple rule of addition. The court was required to count the authorities holding for the plaintiff, and then those holding for defendant, and then to decide with the majority. If the number cited was the same for either side, and Papinian was among them, his side should prevail. And as Papinian had expressed an opinion on most questions likely to come up, it was a rare chance indeed if a judge needed any acquirements beyond simple addition to enable him to decide the most important and complicated cases. The modern court asks for the basis upon which the decisions rest. The weight to be given to an adjudicated precedent will depend largely upon its historical soundness. No precedent, however well established by adjudications, can stand long in the face of modern juridical criticisms unless it comport fairly with historic truth. No case to-day is so uncertain as that which stands on precedent alone, with neither reason nor justice to support it. The law is not an artificial mechanism, but a natural growth. There is a unity and continuity in the law that will tolerate no prece-

dent law that does not harmonize with the spirit of its growth.

The history of the growth of the law is but a part of the more general history of the race, and no mere *ipse dixit* of the law courts can stand long against the admitted truth of history. The lawyer of to-day who relies merely on precedent, is having his foundation gradually sapped from under him. He must learn that error, however often repeated, does not cease to be error. He must learn that truth, even though unknown to Coke and Blackstone, is the best authority upon which to rest his case, and that justice is his most eloquent argument. It is the chief glory of the common law that it had its origin in the customs of the people, and that it is ever changing to meet their needs. Century by century, principles and rules become obsolete, because the life to which they applied has become extinct. On the other hand, new principles and new rules arise as the necessary accompaniment of the new life born of every advance of the race. The historical law—the law of the past—vanishes unobserved, and a new law—the law of the present—is ever arising to take its place. The great mass of the law is found in the habits and customs of a people long before it is to be found on the shelves of the lawyer. When the members of a community have assumed certain relations toward each other, and such relations have existed so long that all have a right to rely on their continuance, and important rights depend upon such continuance, courts of justice recognize the relations, and enforce the rights based upon

them. It is therefore clear that when the circumstances which gave rise to any rule of customary law have ceased to exist, the rule itself ought no longer to be applied. Where there was no express enactment of a law there is no need of an express repeal. It is therefore one of the familiar maxims of the law that when the reason of a rule ceases, the rule itself ceases. Before the lawyer can decide whether any principle or rule of the common law is now the law, he must know what circumstances gave rise to this particular principle or rule, and whether those circumstances still exist. Then whether or not the given proposition is the law of to-day, depends not upon whether it is found in Blackstone or Kent, but upon its history.

A forcible illustration of the doctrine just set forth is furnished by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Kansas. The owner of a building in Leavenworth rented the same for a term of years at an agreed rent of \$250 per month. The landlord insured the building for \$10,000. Ten days after the execution of this lease the building was totally destroyed by an accidental fire, and the landlord received the full amount of the insurance. The tenant thereupon refused to pay the rent, and suit was brought to recover it. Counsel for the landlord presented a vast array of authorities that showed beyond doubt that at common law, as taught in the books, the destruction of the building was no defence to a claim for the rent agreed upon. Judge Brewer, after a masterly review of the authorities, said:

"The general doctrine of the common law, unquestionably was, that upon a covenant in a lease of lands and buildings for a term of years to pay rent, the rent could be recovered after a destruction of the buildings leased, by accidental fire. The express contract and promise was not discharged by an act for which the lessor was not responsible. . . . This doctrine is challenged by the counsel for the defendants, and it is urged that it has no foundation in natural justice; that the reasons for its existence have disappeared with the changed conditions of society; and that it ought not to be recognized as the law of leases in Kansas. . . . The feudal system shaped and modified the common law concerning real-estate. Land could not be taken on execution. Alienation was difficult and expensive. The landlord was but the successor of the ancient feudal lord, and his rights were correspondingly sacred; but now, the holder of real estate has little or no vantage over the owner of personal property. The distinctions growing out of the feudal system are disappearing, and this distinction between the lease of real property and the hiring of chattels is one which sooner or later will cease to exist. Insurance, now so common, works a change in the relative position of the parties. Formerly, the landlord was to a great extent at the mercy of the tenant, who might put an end to his liability by firing the building, and being in possession could do it easily, and without probability of detection. The burden of such a loss would fall upon him who had so little means of prevention or detection; hence one source of protection was to continue the liability for rent; but to-day the rule is insurance. By this, fire only changes the character of the owner's property from buildings to money—often a welcome change—and if the landlord gets the value in money, which he may put at interest, he certainly ought not to receive rent for that which has ceased to exist, and thus double his profits, and especially when the insurance premiums are paid by the tenants. In this case it appeared that the landlord had \$10,000 insurance on the building, which he has received. In other words, that amount he may put at interest, while demanding rent for the use of property no longer existing whose price that is."

Had Judge Brewer been one of those who yield a servile obedience to long-established precedent, closing his eyes to the truth of history, and turning a deaf ear to the cries of justice, he would have given the landlord double profits on his wealth, and compelled the tenant to pay rent for the use of that which did not exist. And all this, not because it is just or reasonable, not because the safety of society of our day demands it, but because another people, in another age, found it a necessary restraint on lawlessness. This the court refused to do. Guided by the light of history, recognizing the changed conditions of the business world, and moved by the manifest injustice of the demand, it swept away a long line of venerable authorities and established what may be called a new dispensation of the law of leases.

That the lawyer should be familiar with the history of every people among whom any branch of our law has had its growth, may be illustrated by an example from the Roman law. We borrow almost the whole of our law governing the liability for negligence from the civil or Roman law. The terms in which its principles are expressed are taken almost exclusively from the Latin, and their exact meaning can be learned only from the history of the people who used them. A striking instance of this is found in the use of the word *paterfamilias*. By the Roman law, which is also our own, a specialist who undertakes to do that which is within the scope of his specialty is bound to exercise such diligence as is commonly exercised by a *diligens, bonus, studiosus paterfamilias*, and he is liable

for damages resulting from his failure to do so.

The diligence of the ordinary *paterfamilias* as known to English and American civilization, would hardly come up to our ideas of the duty of the modern specialist. We would shudder at the thought of placing our property, our health, and even life itself, in the hands of one from whom the law exacted no greater diligence than that commonly exercised by the head of a family in his own affairs. The *paterfamilias*, as we know him, would afford a very doubtful criterion of diligence and care. But when we learn that the family of classical Rome was indeed a principality, and its head was a monarch, whose descendants, be they ever so remote or ever so scattered, yielded implicit obedience to his almost unlimited authority, whose daily life required the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind, we get quite a different idea of the diligence commonly exercised by the *paterfamilias*. The doctor, the druggist, the railroad engineer are no longer excused by showing the diligence of the head of a family, as known to our civilization, but they are required to exercise "the diligence shown by a good and trustworthy specialist, when dealing with his particular duties."

When we enter upon the construction of constitutional and statutory law, a thorough knowledge of local history is of the utmost importance to the lawyer. The best guide to the correct interpretation of a constitution or statute is the condition of the people who adopted it, the wrongs which were to be remedied, and mischief to be prevented by it. No one who does not under-

stand the history of the colonies, their unsuccessful efforts to establish a general government, the wrongs they suffered and mischief they foresaw, would be a safe counselor in the interpretation of the Constitution by which our sister States are held together. No one who does not know of the controversies, differences, clashings of interest, and final compromises, that took place in that remarkable convention, could safely undertake to interpret the instrument they finally adopted. In 1824, in one of the most important causes ever decided by the Federal Supreme Court, Chief Justice Marshall, speaking for the court, held that the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the States was exclusive of State control, and that the laws of New York granting a monopoly of steam navigation in the waters of that State were therefore unconstitutional and void. With no precedent to guide him, the great Chief Justice drew the arguments with which he sustained his position almost wholly from the history of the colonies, at and before the adoption of the Constitution. It was in the consideration of these great constitutional questions, untrammelled by precedent, guided only by the history of the past, that Marshall's pre-eminent abilities shone at their best. The concurring opinion by Justice Johnson is based almost entirely upon "the history of the times," and upon "the general understanding of the whole American people when the grant was made."

A good example of the value of local history in construing constitutional and statutory law may be found in a decision of the Supreme

Court of Michigan. When that remarkable tide of immigration so rapidly turned the sparsely settled Territory of Michigan into a populous State, the spirit of western enterprise demanded a vast system of internal improvements. Accordingly when the people formed the Constitution under which Michigan was, in 1837, admitted into the Union, they recommended therein an extensive system of railroads and canals, to be constructed by the State at public expense. The legislature in carrying out this recommendation, burdened the people with a debt of millions; and after destroying public credit, stopped but little short of a disgraceful repudiation. For all this burden and disgrace the State had nothing to show, except some unfinished railroads which were soon sold for a small portion of the money expended on them. When the Constitution of 1850 was adopted, the people, still feeling keenly the burden and disgrace brought upon them by these visionary schemes, provided in the new instrument that the State should in no manner aid works of internal improvement. Thus the people of Michigan absolutely prohibited in 1850 that which they had recommended in 1837. Soon there occurred one of those unaccountable oscillations in popular judgment upon financial questions, to which the American people seem to be peculiarly subject. In 1869 the legislature, yielding to popular demand, provided by a general law for the granting of aid to railroads by the several municipal subdivisions of the State. Millions of debt had already been contracted by the cities and towns of Michigan, under this statute, when its constitutionality was

first presented to the Supreme Court of the State in 1871.

That court, in an opinion delivered by Justice Cooley, held the law unconstitutional and void. It was urged that other States had construed a similar provision in their Constitution as prohibiting only the State as such from incurring debts in aid of such enterprises, while it left the subdivisions thereof free to give such aid as they saw fit, and pay the same by general taxation. In reply to this argument the learned Justice said, that whatever might be the just and proper construction of this provision when found in the Constitution of other States, whose history had been different, the public history of Michigan left no doubt that its people intended to deprive, not only the State as a whole, but its component parts as well, of the power to repeat the folly of the past. This decision has become a part of the history of the State, and has determined its policy ever since on the question of internal improvements. It is referred to here because the construction there given to an important constitutional provision is based solely upon the public history of the State, and the well known feeling of the people at the time of its adoption. Here then we find one of America's foremost constitutional lawyers recognizing and adopting the public history of a State as the best guide in the interpretation of its fundamental law.

When we reach the broader domain of International Law, we must rely wholly upon history for our precedents. Here there is no supreme power to prescribe rules of action; no court with jurisdiction to decide or power to enforce its de-

crees. The laws by which nations are to be judged, in war or in peace, are to be learned only from the public history of the nations we call civilized; and the history of the intercourse of one nation with another is so intimately connected with the internal history of each, that no one can understand the former without some knowledge of the latter.

Much might be said on the value of history in solving the ever-recurring problems involving the security of life, liberty and property. All these questions have arisen and been answered in some way by every civilized people. The communistic and nihilistic tendencies of the present would seem to indicate that these problems have not been finally disposed of, and that the lawyer of the near future may be called upon to reconsider, and perhaps readjust them. In any discussion of these great questions, involving as they do the rights of all, the practical answers given to them by other nations, in other times, must always be of the highest importance.

It is perhaps needless to say that the study of history—to yield the benefits here indicated—must be something more than the daily conning of a given number of pages in a textbook. What the student needs to be taught is not the facts of history, but how to find them for himself. In no branch of study is it more important that the student should do the work himself than in history. No one would now attempt to teach chemistry and botany without requiring of the student practical work in the laboratory and the field. What the laboratory is to the student of chemistry, what the fields are to the student of botany,

the well furnished library is to the student of history. The text-book and the instructor are valuable as guides; but, after all, that which is most valuable is obtained only by the individual research of the student himself. In this research the student should be led as near as possible to the original sources from which the facts are to be ascertained. Our own national history furnishes a fertile field for investigation, and the ease with which its primary and secondary sources may be obtained, renders it peculiarly inviting. And may we not hope that at no very distant day, the archives of this Society may contain material for a comprehensive study of the history of our own commonwealth.

The range of history, like that of law, is limited only by the boundary that circumscribes the life of man. The historian deals with life as found entombed in the mute records of the past; the lawyer struggles with life governed by the passions, the prejudices, the hopes, and the fears of the present. Both alike, in reaching their conclusions, must tread upon uncertain ground, and remain content with proof far short of the absolute. Law stands foremost among the practical sciences, as an aid to history, and history in turn becomes the interpreter of law. As the lawyer gathers the facts of his case from the uncertain memories of living witnesses, as he draws his principles from the contradictory statements contained in his books, so the student of history must cross-examine his authors, probe their motives, estimate the influence of their prejudices, balance their testimony against that of others, and finally determine, by a preponderance of

proof the point at issue. So intimate is the relation between history and law that the best preparation for the study of either is found in the thorough study of the other. — HENRY H. WILSON.

THE IMAGINATIVE ART OF THE RENAISSANCE.

[IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.]

The imagination of pleasant detail and accessory, which delights us by the intimacy into which we are brought with the artist's innermost conception; develops into what, among the masters of the fifteenth century, I should call the imagination of the fairy tale. A small number of scriptural and legendary stories lend themselves quite particularly to the development of such beautiful accessory, which soon becomes the paramount interest, and vests the whole with a totally new character: a romantic, childish charm, the charm of the improbable taken for granted, of the freedom to invent whatever one would like to see but cannot, the charm of the fairy story. From this unconscious altering of the value of certain Scripture tales arises a romantic treatment, which is naturally applied to all other stories, legends of saints, biographical accounts, Decameronian tales (Mr. Leyland possesses Botticelli's illustrations of the tale of Nastagio degli Onesti, the hero of Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*, and our National Gallery a set of the story of Griseldis, attributed to Pinturicchio), and mythological episodes. Some of these have the

value of an episode of Boiardo or Spenser; others that of a mere old nurse's story; but they have all of them the charm of the fairy tale. There is, for instance, the story of a good young man (with a name for a fairy tale too, *Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini*), showing his adventures by land and sea and at many courts, the honors conferred on him by kings and emperors, and how at last he was made Pope, having begun as a mere poor scholar on a gray nag; all painted by Pinturicchio in the Cathedral library of Siena. There is the lamentable story of a bride and bridegroom, by Vittore Carpaccio: the stately, tall bride, St. Ursula, and the dear little foolish bridegroom, looking like her little brother; a story containing a great many incidents: the sending of an embassy to the king; the king being sorely puzzled in his mind, leaning his arm upon his bed and asking the queen's advice; the presence upon the palace steps of an ill-favored old lady, with a crutch and basket, suspiciously like the bad fairy who had been forgotten at the christening; the apparition of an angel to the princess, sleeping, with her crown neatly put away at the foot of the bed; the arrival of the big ship in foreign parts, with the bishop and clergy putting their heads out of the portholes and asking very earnestly, "Where are we?" and finally, a most fearful slaughter of the princess and her eleven thousand ladies-in-waiting. The same Carpaccio—a regular old gossip from whom one would expect all the formulas, "and then he says to the king, Sacred Crown," "and then the Prince walks, walks, walks, walks,"

"A company of knights in armor nice and shining," "three comely ladies in a green meadow," and so forth, of the professional Italian story-teller—the same Carpaccio, who was also, and much more than the more solemn Bellini, the first Venetian to handle oil paints like Titian and Tintoret, painted the fairy tale of St. George, with quite the most dreadful dragon's walk, a piece of sea-sand embedded with bones and half-gnawed limbs, and crawled over by horrid insects, that any one could wish to see; and quite the most comical dragon, particularly when led out for execution among the minarets and cupolas and camels and turbans and cymbals of a kind of small Constantinople.

But the fairy tale, beyond all others, with these painters of the fifteenth century, is the antique myth. No Bibbienas and Bembo and Calvos have as yet indoctrinated them (as Raphael, alas! was indoctrinated), with the *real spirit of classical times*, teaching them that the essence of Antiquity was to have no essence at all; no Ariostos and Tassos have taught the world at large the real Ovidean conception, the monumental allegoric nature and tendency to vacant faces and sprawling, big-toed nudity of the heroes and goddesses, as Giulio Romano, and the Caracci so well understood to paint them. For all the humanists that hung about courts, the humanities had not penetrated much into the Italian people. The imaginative form and color was still purely mediæval; and the artists of the early Renaissance had to work out their Ovidean stories for themselves, and work them out of their own material.

Hence the mythological creatures of these early painters are all, more or less, gods in exile, with that charm of a long residence in the Middle Ages which makes, for instance, the sweetheart of Ritter Tannhäuser so infinitely more delightful than the paramour of Adonis; that charm which, when we meet it occasionally in literature, in parts of Spenser, for instance, or in a play like Peele's *Arraignement of Paris*, is so peculiarly rare.

These early painters have made up their Paganism for themselves, out of all pleasant things they knew; their fancy has brooded upon it; and the very details that make us laugh, the details coming direct from the Middle Ages, the spirit in glaring opposition occasionally to that of Antiquity, bring home to us how completely this Pagan fairyland is a genuine reality to these men. We feel this in nearly all the work of that sort—least, in the most archaeological, Mantegna's. We see it beginning in the mere single figures—the various drawings of Orpheus, “Orpheus le doux meneustrier jouant de flutes et de musettes,” as Villon called him much about that time—piping or fiddling among little toy animals out of a Nuremberg box; the drawing of fauns carrying sheep, some with a queer look of the Good Shepherd about them, of Pinturicchio; and rising to such wonderful exhibitions (to me, with their obscure reminiscence of pageants, they always seem like ballets) as Perugino's ceiling of the Cambio, where, among arabesqued constellations, the gods of antiquity move gravely along: the bearded knight Mars, armed *cap-à-pie* like a medi-

æval warrior; the delicate Mercurius, a beautiful page-boy stripped of his emblazoned clothes; Luna dragged along by two nymphs; and Venus, daintily poised on one foot on her dove-drawn chariot, the exquisite Venus in her clinging veils, conquering the world with the demure gravity and adorable primness of a highborn young abdess.

The actual fairy story becomes, little by little, more complete—the painters of the fifteenth-century work, little guessing it, as the precursors of Walter Crane. The full-page illustration of a tale of semi-mediæval romance—of a romance like Spenser's “Fairy Queen” or Mr. Morris's “Earthly Paradise,” exists distinctly in that picture and drawing, by the young Raphael or whomsoever else, of Apollo and Marsyas. This piping Marsyas seated by the tree stump, this naked Apollo, thin and hectic like an undressed archangel, standing against the Umbrian valley with its distant blue hills, its castellated village, its delicate, thinly leaved trees—things we know so well in connection with the Madonna and Saints, that they seem absent for only a few minutes—all this is as little like Ovid as the triumphant antique Galatea of Raphael is like Spenser. Again, there is Piero di Cosimo's Death of Procris: the poor young woman lying dead by the lake, with the little fishing town in the distance, the swans sailing and cranes strutting, and the dear young faun—no. Praxitelian god with invisible ears, still less the obscene beast whom the late Renaissance copied from Antiquity—a most gentle, furry, rustic creature, stooping over her in puzzled pathetic

concern, at a loss, with his want of the practice of cities and the knowledge of womankind, what to do for this poor lady lying among the reeds and the flowering scarlet sage; a creature the last of whose kind (friendly, shy, woodland things, half bears or half dogs, frequent in Mediæval legend) is the satyr of Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*; the only poetic conception in that gross and insipid piece of magnificent rhetoric. The perfection of the style must naturally be sought from Botticelli, and is his Birth of Venus (but who may speak of that after the writer of most subtle fancy, of most exquisite language, among living Englishmen?): this goddess, not triumphant but sad in her pale beauty, a king's daughter bound by some charm to flit on her shell over the rippling sea, until the winds blow it to the kingdom of the good fairy Spring, who shelters her in her laurel grove and covers her nakedness with the wonderful mantle of fresh-blown flowers.

But the imagination born of the love of beautiful and suggestive detail soars higher; what I would call the lyric art of the Renaissance, the art which not merely gives us beauty, but stirs up in ourselves as much beauty again of stored up impression, reaches its greatest height in certain Venetian pictures of the early sixteenth century. Pictures of vague or enigmatic subject, or no subject at all, like Giorgione's *Fête Champêtre*, Titian's *Sacred and Profane Love*, *The Three Ages of Man*, and various smaller pictures by Bonifazio, Palma, Bassaiti; pictures of young men in velvets, and brocades, solemn women with only the glory

of their golden hair and flesh, seated in the grass, old men looking on pensive, children rolling about; the solemnity of great spreading trees, of greenish evening skies; the pathos of the song about to begin or just finished, with lute or viol or pipe still lying hard by. Of such pictures it is best, perhaps, not to speak. The suggestive imagination is wandering vaguely, dreaming; fumbling at random sweet, strange chords out of its viol, like those young men and maidens. The charm of such works is that they are never explicit; they tell us, like music, deep secrets, which we feel, but cannot translate into words.

III.

The first new factor in art that meets us at the beginning of the sixteenth century is not among the Italians, and is not a merely artistic power. I speak of the passionate individual fervor for the newly recovered Scriptures, manifest among the German engravers. Protestants all or nearly all, and among whose works is forever turning up the sturdy, passionate face of Luther, the enthusiastic face of Melancthon. The very nature of these men's art is conceivable only where the Bible has suddenly become the reading, and the chief reading, of the laity. These prints, large and small, struck off in large numbers, are not church ornaments like frescoes or pictures, nor aids to monastic devotion like Angelico's gospel histories at St. Mark's—they are illustrations to the book which every one is reading, things to be framed in the chamber of every burgher or mechanic, to be slipped into the prayer-book of every house.

wife, to be conned over during the long afternoons, by the children near the big stove or among the gooseberry bushes of the garden. And they are therefore, much more than the Giottesque inventions, the expression of the individual artist's ideas about the incidents of Scripture; and an expression not for the multitude at large, fresco or mosaic that could be elaborated by a skeptical or godless artist; but a re-explanation as from man to man and friend: this is how the dear Lord looked, or acted—see, the words in the Bible are so or so forth. Therefore, there enters into these designs which contain after all only the same sort of skill that was rife in Italy, so much homeliness at once, and poignancy and sublimity of imagination. The Virgin, they have discovered, is not that grandly dressed lady, always in the very finest brocade, with the very finest manners, and holding a divine infant that has no earthly wants, whom Van Eyck and Memling and Meister Stephan painted. She is a good young woman, a fairer version of their dear wife, or the woman who might have been that; no carefully selected creature as with the Italians, no well-made studio model, with figure unspoil by child-bearing, but a real wife and mother, with real milk in her breasts (the Italian virgin, save with one or two Lombards, is never permitted to suckle), which she very readily and thoroughly gives to the child, guiding the little mouth with her fingers. And she sits in the lonely fields by the hedges and windmills in the fair weather; or in the neat little chamber with the walled town visible between the

pillar of the window, as in Bartholomew Beham's exquisite design, reading, or suckling, or sewing, or soothing the fretful baby; no angels around her, or rarely: the Scripture says nothing about such a court of seraphs as the Italians and Flemings, the superstitious Romanists, always placed round the mother of Christ. It is all as it might have happened to them; they translate the Scripture into their every-day life, they do not pick out of it the mere stately and poetic incidents like the Giottesques.

This every-day life of theirs is crude enough, and in many cases nasty enough; they have in those German free towns a perfect museum of loathsome ugliness, born of ill ventilation, gluttony, starvation, or brutality: quite fearful wrinkled harridans and unabashed fat, guzzling harlots, and men of every variety of scrofula and wart and belly, toward none of which (the best far transcending the worst Italian Judas) they seem to feel any repugnance. They have also a beastly love of horrors; their decollations and flagellations are quite sickening in detail, and distinguished from the tidy, decorous executions of the early Italians; and one feels that they do enjoy seeing, as in one of their prints, the bowels of St. Erasmus being taken out with a windlass, or Jael, as Altdorfer has shown her in his romantic print, neatly hammering the nail into the head of the sprawling, snoring Sisera. There is a good deal of grossness too, of which, among the Italians, even Robetta and similar, there is so little—in the details of village fairs and adventures of wenches with their *Schatz*; and a

strange permeating nightmare growsomeness of lewd, warty devils, made up of snouts, hoofs, bills, claws, and incoherent parts of incoherent creatures; of perpetual skeletons climbing in trees, or appearing behind flower-beds. But there is also—and Holbein's Dance of Death, terrible, jocular, tender, vulgar and poetic, contains it all, this German world—a great tenderness. Tenderness not merely in the heads of women and children, in the fervent embrace of husband and wife and mother and daughter; but in the feeling for dumb creatures and inanimate things, the gentle dogs of St. Hubert, the deer that crouch among the rocks with Geneviève, the very tangled grasses and larches and gentians that hang to the crags, drawn as no Italian ever drew them; the quiet, sentimental little landscapes of castles on fir-clad hills, of manor-houses, gabled and chimneyed, among the reeds and willows of shallow ponds. These feelings, Teutonic doubtless, but less mediæval than we might think, for the middle ages of Troubadour and Minnesingers were terribly conventional, seem to well up at the voice of Luther; and it is this which makes the German engravers, men not always of the highest talents, invent new and beautiful gospel pictures. Of these I would take two as typical—typical of individual fancy most strangely contrasting with the conventionalism of the Italians.

Let the reader think of any of the scores of Flights into Egypt, and of Resurrections by fifteenth-century Italians, or even Giottesques; and then turn to two prints, one of each of these subjects respec-

tively, by Martin Schongauer and the great Altdorfer. Schongauer gives a delightful oasis: palms and prickly pears, the latter conceived as growing at the top of a tree, medlars, lizards at play, and deer grazing; in this the Virgin has drawn up her ass, who browses the thistles at his feet, while St. Joseph, his pilgrim bottle bobbing on his back, hangs himself with all his weight to the branches of a date palm, trying to get the fruit within reach. Meanwhile, a bevy of sweet little angels have come to the rescue; they sit among the branches, dragging them down toward him, and even bending the whole stem at the top so that he may get at the dates. Such a thing as this is quite lovely, particularly after the routine of St. Joseph trudging along after the donkey, the eternal theme of the Italians. In Altdorfer's print, Christ is ascending in a glory of sunrise clouds, banner in hand, angels and cherubs peering with shy curiosity round the cloud edge. The sepulcher is open, guards asleep or stretching themselves, and yawning all round; and childish young angels look reverently into the empty grave, re-arranging the cerecloths, and trying to roll back the stone lid. One of them leans forward, and utterly dazzles a negro watchman, stepping forward, lantern in hand; in the distance shepherds are seen prowling about. "This," says Altdorfer to himself, "is how it must have happened." Hence, among these Germans, the dreadful seriousness and pathos of the Passion, the violence of the mob, the brutality of the executioners, above all, the awful sadness of Christ. There is here somewhat of the realization

of what He must have felt in finding the world He had come to redeem so vile and cruel. In what way, under what circumstances, such thoughts would come to these men, is revealed to us by that magnificent head of the suffering Saviour—a design apparently for a carved crucifix—under which Albrecht Dürer wrote the pathetic words: "I drew this in my sickness."

Thus much of the power of that new factor, the individual interest in the Scriptures. All other innovations on the treatment of religious themes were due, in the sixteenth century, but still more in the seventeenth, to the development of some new artistic possibility, or to the gathering together, in the hands of one man, of artistic powers hitherto existing only in a dispersed condition. This is the secret of the greatness of Raphael as a pictorial poet, that he could do all manner of new things merely by holding all the old means in his grasp. This is the secret of those wonderful inventions of his, which do not take our breath away like Michelangelo's or Rembrandt's, but seem, at the moment, the one and only right rendering of the subject: the Liberation of St. Peter, Heliodorus, Ezekiel, and the whole series of magnificent Old Testament stories on the ceiling of the Loggia. In Raphael we see the perfect fulfillment of the Giottesque programme: he can do all that the first theme inventors required for the carrying out of their ideas; and therefore he can have new, entirely new, themes. Raphael furnishes, for the first time since Giotto, an almost complete set of pictorial interpretations of Scripture.

We are now, as we proceed in the sixteenth century, in the region where new artistic powers admit of new imaginative conceptions on the part of the individual. We gain immensely by the liberation from the old tradition, but we lose immensely also. We get the benefit of the fancy and feelings of this individual, but we are at the mercy, also, of his stupidity and vulgarity. Of this the great examples are Tintoretto, and after him Velasquez and Rembrandt. Of Tintoret I would speak later, for he is eminently the artist in whom the gain and the loss are most typified, and perhaps most equally distributed, and because, therefore, he contrasts best with the masters anterior to Raphael.

The new powers in Velasquez and Rembrandt were connected with the problem of light, or rather, one might say, in the second case, of darkness. This new faculty of seizing the beauties, momentary and not inherent in the object, due to the various effects of atmosphere and lighting up, added probably by a good third to the pleasure-bestowing faculty of art; it was the beginning of a kind of democratic movement against the stern domination of such things as were privileged in shape and color. A thousand things, ugly or unimaginative in themselves, a plain face, a sallow complexion, an awkward gesture, a dull arrangement of lines, could be made delightful and suggestive. A wet yard, a pail and mop, and a servant washing fish under a pump could become, in the hands of Peter de Hoogh, and thanks to the magic of light and shade, as beautiful and interesting in their way as a swirl of angels

and lilies by Botticelli. But this redemption of the vulgar was at the expense, as I have elsewhere pointed out, of a certain growing callousness to vulgarity. What holds good as to the actual artistic, visible quality, holds good also as to the imaginative value. Velasquez's *Flagellation*, in our National Gallery, has a pathos, a something that catches you by the throat, in that melancholy wearied body, broken with ignominy and pain, sinking down by the side of the column, which is inseparable from the dreary gray light, the livid color of the flesh—there is no joy in the world where such things can be. But the angel who has just entered has not come from heaven—such a creature is fit only to roughly shake up the pillows of paupers, dying in the damp dawn in the hospital wards.

It is, in a measure, different with Rembrandt, exactly because he is the master, not of light, but of darkness, or of light that utterly dazzles. His ugly women and dirty Jews of Rotterdam are either hidden in the gloom or reduced to mere vague outlines, specks like gnats in the sunshine, in the effulgence of light. Hence we can enjoy, almost without any disturbing impressions, the marvelous imagination shown in his etchings of Bible stories. Rembrandt is to Dürer as an archangel to a saint: where the German draws, the Dutchman seems to bite his etching plate with elemental darkness and glory. Of these etchings I would mention a few; the reader may put these indications alongside of his remembrances of the *Arena Chapel*, or of *Angelico's cupboard panels* in the Academy at Florence: they show how intimately dramatic

imagination depends in art upon mere technical means, how hopelessly limited to mere indication were the early artists, how forced along the path of dramatic realization are the men of modern times. The *Annunciation to the Shepherds*: The heavens open in a circular swirl among the storm darkness, cherubs whirling distantly like innumerable motes in a sunbeam; the angel steps forward on a ray of light, projecting into the ink-black night. The herds have perceived the vision and rush headlong in all directions, while the trees groan beneath the blast of that opening of heaven. A horse, seen in profile, with the light striking on his eyeball, seems paralyzed by terror. The shepherds have only just awakened.—The *Nativity: Darkness*. A vague crowd of country-folk jostling each other noiselessly. A lantern, a white speck in the center, sheds a smoky, uncertain light on the corner where the child sleeps upon the pillows, the Virgin, wearied, resting by its side, her face on her hand. Joseph is seated by, only his head visible above his book. The cows are just visible in the gloom. The lantern is held by a man coming carefully forward, uncovering his head, the crowd behind him.—A *Halt on the Journey to Egypt: Night*. The lantern hung on a branch. Joseph seated sleepily, with his fur cap drawn down; the Virgin and child resting against the pack-saddle on the ground.—An *Interior*: The Virgin hugging and rocking the child. Joseph, outside, looks in through the window.—The *Raising of Lazarus*: A vault hung with scimiters, turbans, and quivers. Against the brilliant daylight just

let in, the figure of Christ, seen from behind, stands out in his long robes, raising his hand to bid the dead arise. Lazarus, pale, ghost-like in this effulgence, slowly, wearily raises his head in the sepulcher. The crowd falls back. Astonishment, awe. This coarse Dutchman has suppressed the incident of the bystanders holding their nose, to which the Giottesque clung desperately. This is not a moment to think of stench or infection!—Entombment: Night. The platform below the cross. A bier, empty, spread with a winding-sheet, an old man arranging it at the head. The dead Saviour being slipped down from the cross on a sheet, two men on a ladder letting the body down, others below receiving it, trying to prevent the arm from trailing. Immense solemnity, carefulness, hushedness. A distant illuminated palace blazes out in the night. One feels that they are stealing him away. I have reversed the chronological order and chosen to speak of Tintoret after Rembrandt, because being an Italian and still in contact with some of the old tradition, the great Venetian can show more completely both what was gained and what was lost in imaginative rendering by the liberation of the individual artist and the development of artistic means. First, of the gain: This depends mainly upon Tintoret's handling of light and shade, and his foreshortenings: it enables him to compose entirely in huge masses, to divide or concentrate the interest, to throw into vague insignificance the less important parts of a situation in order to insist upon the more important; it gave him the power

also of impressing us by the colossal and the ominous. The masterpiece of this style, and probably Tintoret's masterpiece therefore, is the great Crucifixion at S. Rocco. To feel its full tragic splendor one must think of the finest things which the early Renaissance achieved, such as Luini's beautiful fresco at Lugano; by the side of the painting at S. Rocco everything is tame, except perhaps Rembrandt's etching called the Three Crosses. After this, and especially to be compared with the frescoes of Masaccio and Ghirlandaio of the same subject, comes the Baptism of Christ. The old details of figures, dressing and undressing, which gave so much pleasure to earlier painters, for instance, Piero della Francesca, in the National Gallery, are entirely omitted, as the nose-holding in the Raising of Lazarus is omitted by Rembrandt. Christ kneels in the Jordan, with John bending over him, and vague multitudes crowding the banks, distant, dreamlike beneath the yellow stormlight. Of Tintoret's Christ before Pilate, of that figure of the Saviour, long, straight, wrapped in white and luminous like his own wraith, I have spoken already. But I must speak of the S. Rocco Christ in the Garden; as imaginative as anything by Rembrandt, and infinitely more beautiful. The moonlight tips the draperies of the three sleeping apostles, gigantic, solemn. Above, among the bushes, leaning his head on his hand, is seated Christ, weary to death, numbed by grief and isolation, recruiting for final resistance. The sense of being abandoned of all men and of God has never been brought home in this

way by any other painter; the little tear-stained Saviours, praying in broad daylight, of Perugino and his fellows, are mere distressed mortals. This betrayed and resigned Saviour has upon him the *Weltschmerz* of Prometheus.

But even here we begin to feel the loss, as well as the gain, of the painter being forced from the dramatic routine of earlier days: instead of the sweet, tearful little angel of the early Renaissance, there comes to this tragic Christ, in a blood-red nimbus, a brutal winged creature thrusting the cup in his face. The uncertainty of Tintoret's inspirations, the uncertainty of result of these astonishing pictorial methods of attaining the dramatic, the occasional vapidness and vulgarity of the man, unrestrained by any stately tradition like the vapidness and vulgarity of so many earlier masters, comes out already at S. Rocco. And principally in the scene of the Temptation, a theme rarely, if ever, treated before the sixteenth century, and which Tintoret has made unspeakably mean in its unclean and dramatically impotent suggestiveness: the Saviour parleying from a kind of rustic edifice with a good-humored, fat, half feminine Satan, fluttering with pink wings like some smug seraph of Bernini's pupils. After this it is scarce necessary to speak of whatever is dramatically abortive (because successfully expressing just the wrong sort of sentiment, the wrong situation) in Tintoret's work: his Woman taken in Adultery, with the dapper young Rabbi, offended neither by adultery in general nor by this adulteress in particular; the Washing of the Feet, in London,

where the conversation appears to turn upon the excessive hotness or coldness of the water in the tub; the Last Supper at S. Giorgio Maggiore, where, among the mysterious wreaths of smoke peopled with angels, Christ rises from his seat and holds the cup to his neighbor's lips with the gesture, as he says, "This is my blood," of a conjurer to an incredulous and indifferent audience. To Tintoret the contents of the chalice is the all-important matter: where is the majesty of the old Giottesque gesture, preserved by Lionardo, of pushing forward the bread with one hand, the wine with the other, and thus uncovering the head and breast of the Saviour, the gesture which does indeed mean—"I am the bread you shall eat, and the wine you shall drink?"

There remains, however, to mention another work of Tintoret's which, coming in contact with one's recollections of earlier art, may suggest strange doubts and well-nigh shake one's faith in the imaginative efficacy of all that went before: his enormous canvas of the Last Day, at S. Maria dell' Orto. The first and overwhelming impression, even before one has had time to look into this apocalyptic work, is that no one could have conceived such a thing in earlier days, not even Michelangelo when he designed his Last Judgment, nor Raphael when he painted the Vision of Ezekiel. This is indeed, one thinks, a revelation of the end of all things. Great storm clouds, whereon throne the Almighty and His Elect, brood over the world, across which, among the crevassing, upheaving earth, pours the wide glacier torrent of Styx, with the boat of Charon

struggling across its precipitous waters. The angels, confused with the storm clouds of which they are the spirit, lash the damned down to the Hell stream, band upon band, even from the far distance. And in the foreground the rocks are splitting, the soil is upheaving with the dead beneath; here protrudes a huge arm, there a skull; in one place the clay, rising, has assumed the vague outline of the face below. In the rocks and water, among the clutching, gigantic men, the huge full-bosomed women, tosses a frightful half-fleshed carcass, grass still growing from his finger tips, his grinning skull, covered half with hair and half with weeds, greenish and mouldering: a sinner still green in earth and already arising.

A wonderful picture: a marvelous imaginative mind, with marvelous imaginative means at its command. Yet, let us ask ourselves, what is the value of the result? A magnificent display of attitudes and forms, a sort of bravura ghastliness and impressiveness, which are in a sense *barrocco*, reminding us of the wax plague models of Florence, and of certain poems of Baudelaire's. But of the feeling, the poetry of this greatest of all scenes, what is there? And, standing before it, I think instinctively of that chapel far off on the wind-swept Umbrian rock, with Signorelli's Resurrection. A flat wall accepted as a flat wall, no place, nowhere. A half-a dozen groups, not closely combined. Color reduced to monochrome, light and shade nowhere, as nowhere also all these devices of perspective. But in that simply treated fresco, with its arrangement as simple as that of a vast antique bas-relief, there is an

imaginative suggestion far surpassing this of Tintoret's. The breathless effort of the youths breaking through the earth's crust, shaking their long hair and gasping; the stagger of those rising to their feet, the stolidity, hand on hip, of those who have recovered their body but not their mind, blinded by the light, deafened by the trumpets of Judgment; the absolute self-abandonment of those who can raise themselves no higher; the dull, awe-stricken look of those who have found their companions, clasping each other in vague, weak wonder; and further, under the two archangels who stoop downward with the pennons of their trumpets streaming in the blast, those figures who beckon to the re-found beloved ones, or who shade their eyes and point to a glory on the horizon, or who, having striven forward, sink on their knees, overcome by a vision which they alone can behold. And recollecting that fresco of Signorelli's you feel as if this vast, tall canvas at S. Maria dell' Orto, where topple and stream the dead and the quick, were merely so much rhetorical rhodomontade by the side of the old hymn of the Last Day:—

"Mors scilicet et natura
Quam resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura."

-- VERNON LEE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE GREAT MIDRASH.*

The Midrash, or collection of Midrashim, "homiletic discourses," known among Jews as the *Midrash*

* Bibliotheca Rabbinica: Midrash Rabboth. Eine Sammlung alter Midraschim.

Rabba, is the chief literary product extant of post-Talmudic Judaism. Next to the Talmud, it is the most important and the most voluminous of the early Rabbinical books. In Dr. Wünsche's translation, it occupies no less than six closely printed octavo volumes. It embodies not alone the allegorical teaching of the Fathers of the Synagogue, ranging over the field of Pentateuch and Hagiography, but the whole mass of tradition and narrative, legend and myth, which adumbrates as with a halo of romantic fable the heroes of Jewish history. Critically speaking, the Midrash is the proper and necessary complement of the Talmud. In their origins, the works overlap. And just as the Talmud is the outcome of the "Halachic," or legalistic schools, so is the Midrash the product of the so-styled "Agadists," or popular interpreters of Scripture, known from a very early period as *darshanim*, or expounders.

The origin of midrashic literature is to be found in the early parables and illustrations of the Palestinian exegists. The more immediate beginnings of Agadic interpretation can be traced to a peculiar institution of the Synagogue, the Sabbath afternoon discourses upon the Sacred Writings. The mornings were devoted to the public reading of the Law and the Prophets only; and to make up for the neglect of the remaining books of Scripture, it was usual to deliver, after the mid-day service, popular addresses upon Bible topics, in which the Hagiography was largely drawn upon and illustrated. A survival of this ancient

custom may be noted in the Midrash on Genesis, where every division opens with a verse from the Hagiography, which the teacher connects with the portion of the Law previously read in public. These Sabbath expositions were quite distinct from the meetings for Talmudic disputation, known as "*Pirka*," in vogue during the same period; and the notes of these popular lectures made and preserved by those attending them, formed the basis of the collections of "*Agadoth*" occasionally referred to in the Talmud—such as the "*Agadta d'be Rav*" mentioned in Tractate Synhedrin. At first the Halachic teacher was also the popular preacher. Hillel and Shammai were such, and Shemayah and Abtalyon actually bore the title *darshanim*. But in course of time, as legalism grew, the functions were separated; and though there was never an absolute divorce between Halacha and Agada, certain Rabbins began to devote themselves more or less exclusively to popular exposition, and became known as "*Baale Agada*," or masters of Agadic interpretation. Later on, Midrashic teaching received a powerful impetus from without, and the Agadists came to the fore. While times were easy, and the people experienced no difficulty in obtaining the means of livelihood, they were content to listen to the long-drawn-out disquisitions of the Halachists. But with the evil days ushered in by the third and fourth centuries, a change came over the spirit of the Jews, and the masses would no longer tolerate the "legalistic" comments of the "*Pirka*," the college benches remained empty "While the *perutah* was easily earned," cries Joshua

Zum ersten Male ins Deutsche übertragen.
Von Dr. Aug. Wünsche. Leipzig: Otto
Schultze. 1880-1886.

ben Levi, "they heard Halacha; now they will hear nothing but what speaks to them of comfort and hope."

The revolt against Talmudic disputation grew apace, until the greatest teacher of the times, Chiya bar Abba, found his lecture-hall deserted, while the Agadist, Rabbi Abuhu, could not accommodate all who crowded to listen to him. The latter comforted his colleagues by telling him how two merchants came to a certain town, the one with food-stuffs and the other with precious stones and pearls, and how the former was patronized by the vulgar, while only the wiser portion of the community sought the latter. But the many among the Jews would have nothing to do with the Halachic "jewels." In vain Joshua ben Levi denounced the Agadoth, saying—"He who reads them has no profit; who reflects upon them burns himself." In vain Chiya bar Abba cried out that "even if full of good things, the hands that copied them deserved to be chopped off." In vain Rabbi Seria stigmatized them as "enigmas" and "riddles." In vain it was taught that "he who transcribes them has no portion in the world to come, he who expounds them is excommunicated, and he who listens to them has no advantage from them." Nothing would wean the poorer Jews from the Agadic or Midrashic discourses; and the close of the Talmudic epoch found the Halachic disputations forsaken for good and aye by all save a few orthodox admirers of hair-splitting casuistry.

Though the original discourses have not come down to us in their entirety—for the Midrashim we possess are all more or less fragmentary, mere notes made by the leading

teachers present for subsequent use and reference—enough remains to enable us to understand the preference shown up the people for the homiletic exercises of their *darshanim*. For the vast majority of Jews, the dialectics of the "Pirka" never had any attraction whatever. And when increasing cares of livelihood began to press upon them, when persecution began to work, and troubles came upon them, they found less and less time to devote to those ceremonial observances and minutiae upon which the Rabbinical exegists laid such stress. In distress and danger, they found little to comfort them in the teaching of the Halachists, continually adding to the number of inferential precepts which were to "magnify the Law," and increase the merits of those who observed them. The Legalists would hear of no compromise. "He who breaks through the hedge of the Law," thundered the Halachist, "the serpent shall bite him," and he clinched his argument with the needful citation from Sacred Writ, giving chapter and verse. The Agadist spoke comfortably to his hearers; he bade them rely on the goodness of the Deity, and produced his text in support of what he taught. "See God's mercy," he cried, expounding the difficult verse in Exodus, xxxiii., 19—and the parable is one of the best of its kind found in the Midrash:—

"When Moses stood before the Almighty in Heaven, the Holy One showed him the treasures of recompense laid up for the righteous. 'Whose treasure is this?' inquired Moses, pointing to one place. 'It is for those that study the Law.' 'And this?' 'For those who live righteously.' 'And this other?' 'For those who succor the orphan and the fatherless.' And so Moses

went on questioning until he came to a treasure exceeding far all the rest. 'And for whom is all this designed?' he asked. 'This,' replied the Almighty, 'is for those who have no merit of their own. To him that hath merits of his own I will give of his own recompense: but with him that hath none I will deal mercifully for mine own sake, and give him of this. For it is written, I will be gracious unto whom I will be gracious—not merely to those to whom reward is due—and I will be merciful toward whom I will be merciful.'"

Modern criticism may pronounce the exegesis faulty, and the logical connection loose. But the lesson it conveyed went home to the hearts of the solely tried Jew, and to that extent served the spiritual needs of the people for whom it was meant.

The *Midrash Rabba*, which Dr. Wünsche has translated into German, comprises five greater divisions—Bereshith, Shemoth, Vayikra, Bemidbar, and Debarim Rabba, each dealing with one of the five books of the Pentateuch; and five smaller divisions, devoted to the five "rolls,"—Ruth, Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Lamentations, and Esther. It derives its designation Rabba, "great," from the epithet bestowed upon the great teacher, Rabbi Hoshaya, whose discourse opens the Midrash on Genesis. Of the origin and redaction of the work nothing is known. Tradition has it that Hoshaya the Great was the compiler; and as the first series dealing with Genesis appears to be based upon an older work, there is possibly some truth in the tradition, for it is quite usual among Jews to ascribe to the first editor all subsequent additions made to a book. The date of its compilation may be anywhere between the years 600 and 900. The creative period of the Agadic schools

ranges from the time of Hillel to Gamaliel V., from 1 to 400; the period of collection from Gamaliel to the death of Anan the Karaite, 400 to 750; and the later redactions and compilations took place between 700 and 900.

The method of the Midrash differs in no way from that of the Talmud. In both, advantage is taken of any peculiarity of diction, any unusual phrase or construction, any grammatical irregularity for the purposes of exegesis and comment. Only, where the Halachist infers a new law or ordinance which he fixes upon the peg he thus discovers, the Agadist or Darshan makes it the basis of some fanciful illustration, myth, or fable conveying, or supposed to convey, a hidden moral. The Midrashim range from the puerile fables of the mere legend-monger to the esoteric extravagance of Cabalistic mysticism. They are, to quote Ibn Ezra's words, sometimes as fine as silk, often as coarse as sackcloth. By the side of a really fine saying such as, "The tears of the repentant sinners cool even the flames of Gehinnom," we have such absurdities as a proof, based upon the Hebrew word *chayah*, that Adam was created with a tail; the significant utterance, "The man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man, nor both of them [the union of the two] without the Divine Shechinah," is followed by a description of the articles of attire included in Eve's outfit, when, as stated in Genesis, "God made Adam and his wife garments of skin." The Midrash descends so low as to tell an absurd story about Job having been a counselor of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, who was handed over to Satan in

order to keep the latter occupied, and thus prevent him interfering with the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt; and rises to the height of that superb allegory referring to the Creation where Truth is sent from the Divine Presence to float between Heaven and Earth, an everlasting link between man and his Creator.

Seeing that no portion of the *Midrash Rabba* has ever been rendered into a modern tongue, Dr. Wünsche has had no easy task in producing the excellent German translation he has lately completed. The work is all that a student of Rabbinical literature could desire or expect. Sensible of the advantages to be derived from such a proceeding, Dr. Wünsche, who is a Protestant clergyman, submitted each part of the *Bibliotheca Rabbinica* as it appeared to three of the leading Jewish scholars of the Continent—Dr. Fürst, first of living Hebraists, Dr. Grünwald, known for his studies in the system of the Midrashim, and Dr. Strasschun. The result is seen in a vast body of notes appended to each volume, often extending to nearly a fourth of the whole contents, in which the innumerable errors and mistranslations inseparable from a work of this kind undertaken by a non-Jew are carefully indicated and corrected. A critical and scholarly introduction to the whole Midrash would no doubt have added to the value of the work; but this appears to have been beyond the scope of the translator. Dr. Wünsche has, however, done sufficient to establish his reputation as a Rabbinical scholar of the first order, and deserves the acknowledgments of those interested in this branch of Oriental study for his at-

tempts to render accessible to modern readers the only piece of popular literature—for such the *Midrash Rabba* undoubtedly is—which orthodox Jewdom has ever possessed.—*The Spectator*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

"GAIL HAMILTON."—Apropos of the discussion as whether certain "Letters to Prominent Persons" in the *North American Review*, over the signature of "Arthur Richmond," were written by the lady whose *nom de plume* is "Gail Hamilton," the *Independent*, which maintains that she is the writer of those "Letters," says:—

"Gail Hamilton, as a writer, is nearly forgotten by the present generation. We may remind our readers that she who began in *The Atlantic Monthly* with the delightful domestic story of Sardanapalus and the Sour Cherries, gradually grew sharper and sharper with her tongue until those cherries were less sour than she. Perhaps no other woman in this country has written so brilliantly, and no other one has so lost her audience by her impotency to restrain her abuse."

"SARRACINESCA"—TO BE CONTINUED.

—Mr. F. Marion Crawford has closed his novel, *Sarracinesca*; but to it he appends a note which indicates that it is to be followed by a sequel, in which some at least of the characters will re-appear. He says:—

"And so the curtain falls upon the first act, closing in the last days of Lent, in the year 1866. . . I am content if I have so far acquainted the reader with those characters which will hereafter play more important parts: . . If any one says that I have set up Del Ferice as a type of the Italian Liberal party, carefully constructing a villain in order to batter him to pieces with the artillery of poetic justice, I answer that I have done nothing of the kind. Del Ferice is indeed a type, but a type of a depraved class which very unjustly represented the Liberal party in Rome before 1870, and which, among those who witnessed its proceedings, drew upon the great political

body which demanded the unity of Italy an opprobrium that body was very far from deserving. The honest and upright Liberals were waiting in 1866. What they did, they did from their own country, and they did it boldly. To no man of intelligence need I say that Del Ferice had no more affinity with Massimo D'Azeglio, with the great Cavour, with Cavour's great enemy Giuseppe Mazzini, or with Garibaldi, than the jackal has with the lion. Del Ferice represented the sum which remained after the revolution of 1848 had subsided. He was one of those men who were used and despised by their betters, and in using whom Cavour himself was provoked into writing "*Se noi facessimo per noi quel che facciamo per l'Italia, saremmo gran bricconi*"—if we did for ourselves what we do for Italy, we should be great blackguards. And that there were honorable and just men outside of Rome will sufficiently appear in the sequel to this veracious tale."

THE POTATO IN IRELAND.—Mr. Robert Dennis, in his recently published book, *Industrial Ireland*, thus speaks of what he regards as the primary cause of Irish wretchedness:—

"Why is the potato so much grown and consumed in Ireland? It is because potato-growing and potato-eating form the simplest process by which the Irish tenant can keep body and soul together. He turns up his land, plants it, waits four or five months, and then digs the crop. The product of these operations is his sustenance. It has not, like cattle, or wheat, or any of the higher products of farming, to be turned into money before it can be made available for his own use. The complex transactions by which producers and consumers in a civilized society provide for the wants of others and secure the satisfaction of their own, do not enter into the economics of the Irish peasant. He sticks his potato into the ground, and in due time he gathers the harvest. Feeling hungry, he goes to his store, deals himself out potatoes enough for a meal, claps them into a pot, eats them, and is content. The substitution of oats for the potato would place him one degree higher in the scale of agricultural progress by processes which need not be described. We should then get the Irish tenant past the stage at which a man lives from hand to mouth on

the free yield of nature, into the stage at which agriculture becomes an industry, providing him by exchange or sale not only with mere sustenance, but with comforts of which he has hitherto had no experience."

IRON-CLADS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.—A writer in *Blackwood*, in the course of an elaborate discussion of the question, "Are Iron-clads doomed?" says:—

"It is evident that we must meet any enemy on even terms, and if rams and torpedo-boats are important factors in modern naval warfare, we must not be behind hand in placing our fleet—to use an expressive Americanism—'beyond a pre-adventure,' by being armed at all points, and we must accordingly possess similar vessels. But naval power consists in the ability to carry out other duties than that of fighting an enemy in the open sea. It is too easily assumed that in speaking of a navy we have simply to be prepared to fight a rival, who will meet us more or less on even terms; but peace service, and warfare against weaker or less civilized nations, have also to be thought of by the admiralty. In the iron-clads built ten to twenty years ago, it was thought necessary to sacrifice everything to complete armor protection: mess-decks and cabins were not allowed scuttles, skylights were tabooed, ventilation was conducted by artificial means, the axiom being that the fighting value of the ship was in no case to be interfered with. But we have changed all this; it was found that the officers and men had to live, the fight might never take place, and in case it did, it was more important to keep the living mechanism, on which, after all, everything depended, in a healthy condition, than to prevent a chance shot doing some small damage; so in our more recent ships, skylights, ports, and scuttles, giving the necessary air and light, have been allowed, with the result of corresponding comfort and efficiency under ordinary circumstances. It appears to me that this illustration shows the way in which we should consider our navy generally. It should be suitable for ordinary everyday use, and it cannot be constructed solely to meet any special theory of war."

PRE-ANGLICAN BRITAIN.*

A generation has hardly passed away since the truth was recognized that man is in large measure the creature of his environment; that his material progress and mental development have been guided and modified by the natural conditions in which he has been placed. The full extent and application of this truth, however, are probably not even yet realized by us. If the surrounding and limiting conditions have been such potent factors in human development, we may well believe that any serious change or modification in them cannot but have reacted upon man. If nature alters her aspect to him, he too will in some measure be affected thereby, and his relations to her will be influenced. What then have been the kind and amount of the mutations in the face of nature since man first appeared? In trying to answer this question I will restrict myself, for the present, to the consideration of the evidence in the case of Great Britain; but it will be understood that the principles laid down for the conduct of the inquiry with regard to this country must be of general application to other regions of the globe.

There are four obvious sources of information regarding former conditions of the land. First comes the testimony of historical documents, then that of place-names, next that of tradition, and, lastly, that of geological evidence.

But of all the sources of informa-

tion regarding bygone mutations of the surface of the land, undoubtedly the most important is that supplied by the testimony of geology. Early human chronicles are not only imperfect, but may be erroneous. The chronicle, however, which Nature has compiled of her past vicissitudes though it may be fragmentary, is, at least, accurate. In interpreting it the geologist is liable, indeed, to make mistakes; but these can be corrected by subsequent investigation, while the natural chronicle itself remains unaffected by them. Moreover, it embraces a vast period of time. Historical evidence in this country is comprised within the limits of nineteen centuries. The testimony from Celtic topographical names may go back some hundreds of years further. But the geological record of the human period carries us enormously beyond these dates. Hence, in so vast a lapse of time, scope has been afforded for a whole series of important geological revolutions. On every side of us we may see manifest proofs of these changes. The general aspect of the country has been altered, not once only, but many times. The agencies that brought about these changes have, in not a few instances, preserved tolerably complete memorials of them. We are thus enabled to trace the history of lakes and rivers, of forests and mosses: we can follow the succession and migrations of the animals that have wandered over the land, and many of which had died out ere the days of history began: we can dimly perceive the conditions of life of the earliest human population of the country; we can recover abundant evidence of the extraordinary vicissitudes of climate which

* The Changes in the Outward Aspect of Britain since Man appeared in the Country: an address given in the lecture-hall of the University Museum, Oxford, March 1st, 1887.

since these ancient times have affected, not this land only, but the whole northern hemisphere.

I come now to the second division of my subject—the character of the changes in the general aspect of Britain since man first appeared in the country. It must be obvious that only the very briefest outline of this wide range of topics is possible here. My object will be gained, however, if I can present such a rapid sketch as will show the general nature of the changes and indicate the lines along which further inquiry is needed. Much earnest investigation in all the kinds of research which I have enumerated will be required before anything like a completed picture can be given of the successive geographical phases which man has witnessed here.

Let us then try to raise a little the curtain of obscurity that hangs over that far-off time when the earliest human inhabitants found their way to this region. The first and most memorable feature in the topography of that dim antiquity is one about which there can hardly be any doubt. Britain was not yet an island. The downs of Kent ran on across what is now the Strait of Dover, and joined the downs of Picardy. A large tract of the bed of the North Sea, all the southern part at least, was then dry land—a wide plain, across which the Thames meandered northward to join the Rhine. Whether Ireland had already been separated from the rest of Britain has not yet been ascertained; but England and Scotland were parts of the continent, and prolonged the dry land of Europe boldly westward into the Atlantic Ocean. It was over these downs

now lost, and across these plains now submerged beneath the sea, that the first human population entered our region. Judged by the relics they have left behind them of their handiwork, these earliest Britons must have been a race of rude savages, fashioning their weapons and tools out of flint and out of the bones of the animals they killed in the chase: clad in skins, living in caves, rock-shelters, and holes dug in the earth; and waging incessant warfare, if not with each other, at least with a host of wild beasts of the field, and with a climate more inclement than any now to be found within the bounds of Europe.

At the time of its greatest rigor, the climate of the north-west of Europe, during these remote ages, resembled that of northern Greenland at the present day. Vast fields of ice and snow lay over all the northern and central parts of Britain. One wide glacier, descending from Scandinavia, extended across the site of the North Sea, and, joining the English ice, advanced southward nearly as far as London. The ice that streamed off the west of Scotland and Ireland went out into the Atlantic as one widely-extending wall which cumbered the ocean with icebergs. The only part of the country not then invaded by the northern ice, and, therefore, habitable by man, was the southern strip that stretched from France and the mouth of the Thames to the Bristol Channel. But so great was the cold of winter that the ground in that southern tract was probably frozen hard for some depth, and only melted at the surface in summer. The rapid thawing of the snows in warm weather gave rise to floods that swelled the streams

and deluged the surface of the country. Truly a most inhospitable time! One might well wonder what could have brought even the most forlorn race of men to these forbidding and ice-bound shores. But, in all probability, man was in the country before the climate became so severe, and was gradually driven southward by the increase of the cold and the advance of the ice.

Of the animals that were contemporaneous with man during these dreary centuries some relics have been preserved. We know that the reindeer wandered over the west of Europe as far, at least, as the south of France. The musk-sheep, too, the glutton, the arctic fox, the lemming, and other truly northern forms of life, pushed southward by the advance of the ice-fields, roamed over Britain and central Europe. With these still living species others appeared which have long been extinct, such as the hairy mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, both of which have left their bones in many parts of the south of England.

But the temperature was not continuously arctic. There came intervals of milder seasons, when the ground thawed, and the snow disappeared, and the glaciers shrank away northward. During these more congenial periods, animals of temperate and southern climes found their way into the west and north. In the valley of the Thames, for instance, elephants and rhinoceroses browsed on luxuriant herbage. Among the glades, on either side, the stag and roe and the huge-antlered Irish elk found ample pasturage. Herds of wild urus and bison moved across the plain; and in the woods the brown bear, the grizzly

bear, and the wild boar found a home. In the wake of this abundant animal life came the carnivora that preyed upon it. Among the sounds familiar to human ears all along the valley were the nightly roar of the lion, the yell of the wild cat, the howl of the hyæna, and the bay of the wolf. The river itself teemed with life. In its waters the African hippopotamus gambled and the beaver built his dams.

Slow secular changes that influenced the climate once more brought back the cold, and drove southward this abundant animal life. As the snow and ice returned, the contest between frost and warmth gave rise to floods that swept across the frozen ground and strewed it with loose deposits, among which human implements and the bones of animals, both of the northern and southern types, were mingled together. How far these animals were really coeval in the country, or whether their apparent association is not the result of the accidental mixing up of their remains, is an interesting problem not yet solved. Indeed, the story of what are called the "valley-gravels" is still very imperfectly understood, and offers many attractions to the enthusiastic observer.

Let us now come down the stream of time, across the long series of centuries that intervened between the Ice Age and the beginning of history, and look at the aspect presented by the country when the Romans entered it nineteen hundred years ago. What a momentous change had in this long interval passed over it! First and most important of all, Britain was no longer a part of the continent, but had become an island, separated then, as

now, by a strip of rough sea-channel from the nearest part of Europe. The climate, too, had changed: snow-fields and glaciers had vanished: the summers and winters had become much what they are still. Of the characteristic animals, some had disappeared, others had become rare. The lion, hyana, rhinoceros, elephant and hippopotamus, for instance, had retreated to more southern latitudes; but the wolf, brown bear, and wild boar still haunted the forest. The early tribe of men, too, who made the flint weapons found in the valley-gravels, had been driven away or been swallowed up by successive waves of immigrants from the great family of the Celts, who were now the dominant race in these islands.

In trying to account for such great changes in the character of the outer aspect of Britain a wide range of investigation opens out to us, wherein but little progress has yet been made. For example what were the circumstances under which Britain became an island? That this geological revolution was mainly due to a subsidence of the region can hardly be doubted. To this day, between tide marks, or below low water, we can still see the stumps of trees standing where they grew, and beds of peat containing nuts and other vestiges of a land vegetation. These "submerged forests" are proofs of a comparatively recent sinking, and are, no doubt, to be regarded as relics of the general mantle of wood and bog that covered the country at the time of the downward movement. The floor of the North Sea still preserves many of the features which must have marked the former wide terrestrial plain that occupied

its site. From the headlands of Yorkshire the line of cliff is prolonged as a steep submarine bank for many miles toward the coast of Denmark, broken by two gorges or valleys, in the westmost of which may have flowed the Thames, while the eastmost gave passage to the Rhine. Was the subsidence slow and tranquil, or was it sudden, and accompanied with waves of disturbance that devastated the lower grounds of western Europe?

The last connecting link between Britain and the continent was probably the line of chalk-ridge between Dover and Calais. There is some reason to surmise that it survived the submergence of the northern plain. Along this narrow ridge the earliest Celtic immigrants may have made their way. Its ultimate disappearance is probably referable rather to erosion at the surface than to underground movements. Attacked on the one side by the breakers driven against it by the southwestern gales from the Atlantic, and on the other by those of the North Sea, it would eventually be cut through. When once the tides of the two seas united, their progress for a time would be comparatively rapid in sawing down the soft chalk, in widening for themselves a passage and deepening it as far as the downward limit of their erosive power. But to this day the narrows of the strait remain so shallow that, as has often been said, St. Paul's Cathedral, if set down there, would rise half out of the water.

Since the subsidence of the great plain, other manifestations of underground energy have shown themselves within the British area. Some portions of the land have been ele-

vated, and in the salvage of uplifted coastline relics of the human occupants of the country have been found. In other places, renewed depression has been suspected to have occurred. But the evidence for these upward and downward movements deserves further careful investigation both from the geological and the historical side.

Though on the whole singularly free from those more violent exhibitions of subterranean activity which, as within the last few days, have carried death and destruction far and wide through some of the fairest regions of the earth's surface, Britain has from time to time been visited by earthquakes of severity enough to damage public buildings. The cathedral of St. David's, in its uneven floor and dislocated walls, still bears witness to the shock which six hundred years ago did so much injury to the churches of the west of England. But though a formidable catalogue has been drawn up of the earthquakes experienced within the limits of these islands, it is not to that kind of underground disturbance that much permanent alteration of the surface of the country is to be attributed.

At the dawn of history the general appearance of this country must have presented in many respects a contrast to that which we see now; and notably in the wide spread of its forests, in the abundance of its bogs and fens, and (through the northern districts) in the prodigious number of its lakes.

At the first coming of the Romans by far the larger part of the country was probably covered with wood. During the centuries of Roman occupation some of the less dense parts

of the woodland were cleared. In driving their magnificent straight highways through the country, the Roman legionaries felled the trees for seventy yards on each side of them to secure them from the arrows of the lurking foe. So stupendous was the labor involved in this task, that they gladly avoided forests where that was possible, and sometimes even swung their roads to right or left to keep clear of these formidable obstacles. For many hundreds of years after the departure of the legions, vast tracts of primeval forest remained as impenetrable barriers between different tribes. In these natural fastnesses the wolf, brown bear, and wild boar still found a secure retreat. Even as late as the twelfth century the woods to the north of London swarmed with wild boars and wild oxen. Everywhere, too, the broken men of the community betook themselves to these impenetrable retreats, where they lived by the chase, and whence they issued for plunder and bloodshed.—The forests were thus from time immemorial a singularly important element in the topography. They have now almost entirely disappeared, and their former sites have as yet only been partially determined, though much may doubtless still be done in making our knowledge of them more complete.

In connection with this subject it should be remembered that, in many instances, the areas of wood and open land have in the course of generations completely changed places. The wide belts of clay-soil that sweep across the island, being specially adapted for the growth of trees, were originally densely timbered. But the process of clearance led to

the recognition of the fact that these clay-soils were also eminently fitted for the purposes of agriculture. Hence, by degrees, the sites of the ancient forests were turned into corn-fields and meadows. On the other hand, the open tracts of lighter soil, where the earlier settlers established themselves, were gradually abandoned, and lapsed into wastes of scrub and copsewood.

The fens and bogs of Britain played likewise a large part in the attack and defence of the country in Roman and later times. They were of two kinds. One series lay on the coast, especially in sheltered inlets of the sea, and were liable to inundation by high tides. The most notable of these was the wide tract of low, swampy land at the head of the Wash, our Fenland—an area where, secure in their amphibious retreats, descendants of the Celtic population preserved their independence not only through Roman but through Saxon times, if indeed, as Mr. Freeman conjectures, outlying settlements of them may not have lingered on till the coming of the Normans. The other sort of fens were those formed in the interior of the country by the gradual encroachment of marshy vegetation over tracts previously occupied by shallow sheets of fresh water and over flat land. It was in these swamps that the Caledonians, according to the exaggerated statement of Xiphiline, concealed themselves for many days at a time, with only their heads projecting above the mire. At a far later time the peat-bogs of the debatable land between England and Scotland formed an important line of advance and retreat to the freebooters of the border, who could

pick their way through sloughs that to less practiced eyes were impassable.

One of the distinguishing features among the topographical changes of the last few hundred years has been the disappearance of a vast number of these fens and bogs. In some cases they have been gradually silted up by natural processes; but a good many of them have no doubt been artificially drained. Their sites are still preserved in such Saxon names as Bogside, Bogend, Mos-flats; and where other human record is gone, the black peaty soil remains to mark where they once lay. It would not be impossible with the help of such pieces of evidence and a study of the present contours of the ground to map out in many districts, now well drained and cultivated, the swamps that hemmed in the progress of our ancestors.

No one looking at the present maps of the north of England and Scotland would be led to suspect what a large number of lakes once dotted the surface of these northern regions. Yet if he turns to old maps, such as those of Timothy Pont, published some three hundred years ago, he will notice many sheets of water represented there which are now much reduced in size or entirely replaced by cultivated fields. If, farther, he scans the topographical names of the different counties, he will be able to detect the sites of other and sometimes still older lakes; while, if he sets to work upon the geological evidence by actual examination of the ground itself, he will be astonished to find how abundant at comparatively recent times were the tarns and lakes of which little or no human record may have sur-

vived, and often how much larger were the areas of the lakes that still exist. Owing to some peculiar geological operations that characterized the passage of the Ice Age in the northern hemisphere, the land from which the snow-fields and glaciers retreated was left abundantly dotted over with lakes. The diminution and disappearance of these sheets of water is mainly traceable to the inevitable process of obliteration which sooner or later befalls all lakes great and small. Detritus is swept into them from the surrounding slopes and shores. Every brook that enters them is engaged in filling them up. The marsh-loving vegetation which grows along their shallow margins likewise aids in diminishing them. Man, too, lends his help in the same task. In early times he built his pile-dwellings in the lakes, and for many generations continued to cast his refuse into their waters. In later days he has taken the more rapid and effectual methods of drainage, and has turned the desiccated bottoms into arable land.

Nor have the changes of the surface been confined to the interior of the country. Standing as it does amid stormy seas and rapid tidal currents, Britain has for ages suffered much from the attacks of the ocean. More especially has the loss of land fallen along our eastern shores. Ever since the submergence of the North Sea and the cutting through of the Strait of Dover, the soft rocks that form our sea-board facing the mainland of Europe have been a prey to the restless waves. Within the last few centuries whole parishes, with their manors, farms, hamlets, villages, and churches, have been washed away; and the fisher

man now casts his nets and baits his lines where his forefathers plowed their fields and delved their gardens. And the destruction still goes on. In some places a breadth of as much as five yards is washed away in a single year. Holderness, once a wide and populous district, is losing a strip of ground about two and a quarter yards broad, or in all about thirty-four acres annually. Its coast-line is computed to have receded between two and three miles since the time of the Romans—a notable amount of change, if we would try to picture what were the area and form of the coast-line of eastern Yorkshire at the beginning of the historic period.

But though the general result of the action of the sea along our eastern border has been destructive, it has not been so everywhere. In sheltered bays and creeks some of the material, washed away from more exposed tracts, is cast ashore again. In this way part of the mud and sand swept from off the cliffs of Holderness is carried southward into the Wash, and is laid down in that wide recess which it is gradually filling up. Along the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk inlets which in Roman and later times were navigable channels, and which allowed the ships of the Danish Vikings to penetrate far into the interior of the country, are now effaced. On the shores of Kent, also, wide tracts of low land have been gained from the sea. Islands, between which and the shore Roman galleys and Saxon warboats made their way, are now, like the Isle of Thanet, joined to the mainland. Harbors and towns, like Sandwich, Richborough, Winchelsea, Pevensey, and Porchester,

which once stood at the edge of the sea, are now, in some cases, three miles inland. There appears also to have been a curious gain of land on the south coast of Sussex, which has considerably altered the physical geography of that district. The valleys by which these downs are trencched were formerly filled with tidal waters, so that the ancient camps, perched so conspicuously on the crest of the heights, could not communicate directly with each other except by boat. Instead of being a connected chain of fortifications as was once supposed, they must have been independent strongholds, surrounded by water on three sides, and on the north by dense forest and impassable morasses.

But the enumeration of the minor changes of surface might be indefinitely extended. Let me only add, in conclusion, that what I have tried to say generally for the whole country must be worked out for each district. A large amount of information still remains to be gleaned; and though our knowledge of the past must always be fragmentary, it need not continue to be so vague and imperfect as it is now. The field is a wide one, where many workers are needed, and where the active co-operation of the young is especially welcome.—ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

A "FRIEND OF GOD."

There has lately been published a pretty little volume, entitled *The Following of Christ*, by John Tauler; done into English by J. R. Morell. It is not certain that the work is by

Tauler; the weight of authority and of probability is, it seems to me, against his being its author. The book has many repetitions, and a manner formal and sometimes tiresome of conducting its argument. Mr. Morell's translation is written in an English occasionally slovenly and even inaccurate. Still, this little volume should certainly not be suffered to pass unnoticed. If it does not proceed from Tauler himself, it proceeds from one of that remarkable group of German mystics—"Friends of God," as they called themselves—among whom the great Dominican preacher of Strasburg lived and worked. And the contents of the little book, notwithstanding its forms and repetitions, are full of value. Therefore we may well say in this case with the *Imitation*—which itself, also, issued from the deep religious movement felt in the Germanic lands along the Rhine in the fourteenth century:—"Ask not who wrote it, but attend to what it says." Mr. Morell's translation, finally, in spite of its occasional inaccuracy and slovenliness, is on the whole a sound and good one, with the signal merit of faithfully reproducing the plain and earnest tone characteristic of the original.

Every one is familiar with the *Imitation*, attributed to Thomas à Kempis. Tauler however, and his immediate group, are to most of us names and nothing more. *Tauler's History and Life and Twenty-five of his Sermons*, translated by Miss Winkworth, were published in 1857, with a preface by Charles Kingsley. The book is out of print and can hardly be obtained. Some of the sermons are interesting, but in

general the book, even if obtained, will disappoint, I think, those who have been attracted to it by Tauler's reputation, and to reprint it as it stands would be unadvisable. Much more interesting is the *Theologia Germanica*, also translated by Miss Winkworth, a work not by Tauler himself, but by one of his group who shared his spirit. On this short book Luther set the very highest value, and justly. But this book likewise is out of print, and scarcely obtainable.

Its merit is of like kind with that of the book translated by Mr. Morell to which I now wish to call attention. Each of the two is an answer of the sincere and deeply religious German nature to the need felt, by itself and by others, in a time such as was the middle of the fourteenth century, a time "of famine" (to use the words of the prophet Amos) "of hearing of the words of the Eternal." We read in the *Following of Christ*: "It is often said, He who suffereth a man to die of bodily hunger when he might have helped the sufferer would be guilty of the death of that man. Much more is a man guilty toward souls when he letteth them die of hunger. For just as the soul is much nobler than the body, so much more are you guilty if you allow the soul to suffer hunger." To this hunger and suffering of the soul the *Following of Christ* is a response, but a response with a special character of its own. The *Imitation* is also a response to the same hunger, but a response of a different character. "No way to life and peace but the way of the cross!" that, in sum, is the response of the *Imitation*. Tauler and his

group would have sincerely professed that they likewise adopted it; and yet the real and characteristic response of the "Friends of God" and of such works as the *Following of Christ* and the *Theologia Germanica* is far rather this, which I quote from the first-named work: "Sin killeth nature, but nature is abhorrent of death; therefore sin is against nature, therefore sinners can never have a joy." That is the negative side of the response, and its positive side is this: "They who have left sins and come to grace have more delight and joy in one day than all sinners have ever gained."

It is the natural truth of religion and of Christianity which occupies these "Friends of God." The truly natural thing is virtue, Christian virtue; and that it is so is proved by the peace and happiness ensuing from it. It is much more according to nature to work virtue than vice; for virtue places nature firmly and supports it, while vice displaces it. A thoroughly natural man is a pure man. That which maketh nature impure is a faulty accident of nature and is not the essence of nature. But in order to be "a thoroughly natural man," one who "enters into himself, listens to the eternal word, and has the life full of ecstasy and joy," a man must "set aside all things and follow Christ. Christ is the everlasting aim of all men."

I have mentioned Luther as a lover of the *Theologia Germanica*. Luther too, some hundred and fifty years after our mystics, had to provide for "a famine of the words of the Eternal." Vinet has said with perfect truth that "the re-

formers did not separate morals from dogma; Calvin, the most dogmatic of them all, is the one who most efficaciously and most constantly preached morals." Undoubtedly the reformers preached morals; undoubtedly, too, Calvin and Luther produced an immeasurably greater effect than Tauler and his group. But how was the effect obtained? After laying down the *Following of Christ*, I took up Luther's famous *Commentary on Galatians*. The Commentary deserves its reputation; it has clearness, force, unction. But on what thought does Luther rest with all his weight, as Tauler rests with all his weight on the thought: "Sin is against nature; they who have left sins have more delight and joy in one day than all sinners have ever gained?" Luther rests with his whole weight on the article of justification, that Gospel doctrine which, he says, is *suavissima et consolationis plenissima*. "All heretics have continually failed in this one point, that they do not rightly understand or know the article of justification; do not see that by none other sacrifice or offering could God's fierce anger be appeased, but by the precious blood of the Son of God."

The article of justification has been made arid and obnoxious by formalists; let us take it from the mouth of this man of genius, its earnestly convinced and unrivaled expositor. *Christ has been made a curse for us!*—that is the point; Christ has assumed, in our stead, the guilt and curse of sin from which we could not otherwise be delivered, but are delivered by believing in his having so done.

"When the merciful Father saw us to be so crushed under the curse of the law and so bound by it, that we could never through our own strength get free from it, he sent his only begotten Son into the world and laid on him the sins of all men, saying: 'Be thou that Peter the denier, that Paul the persecutor, that David the adulterer, that sinner who ate the apple in Paradise, that thief on the cross; in a word, be thou the person who has done the sins of all men; consider then how thou mayest pay and make satisfaction for them.' Then comes in the law and says: 'I find him a sinner, and a sinner who has taken unto himself the sins of all men, and I see no sin besides except in him, therefore let him die on the cross!' and so the law falls upon him and slays him. By this transaction the whole world has been purged and purified of all sins, and at the same time, therefore, been set free from death and from all evil. By giving our hearty belief to this transaction we are admitted to its benefits."

Here we have the *Cabala vera*, says Luther, the true mystery of Christianity—here, in the transaction just recorded. I will not now discuss the misunderstanding of St. Paul which Luther's message of comfort involves. I will not discuss its faults as a religious conception. I will admit that it has indeed been a message of comfort to thousands, and has produced much good and much happiness. I will simply point out that it is mythology, and that this is daily becoming more and more evident; as sheer mythology, at bottom, as Saturn's devouring his children or Pallas springing from the head of Zeus. The transaction between the magnified and non-natural man, whom Luther calls "the merciful Father," and his Son, never really took place; or what comes to the same thing, its having taken place can no more be verified, and has no more real probability in its favor, than Saturn's

devouring his children or Pallas springing from the head of Zeus. This character of mythology is a disadvantage to Luther's message of comfort now. But it was an advantage to it when the message was delivered. It gave to it an immense superiority in effectiveness over such a message of comfort as Tauler's. The one leavened a group, and individuals; the other created the Protestant Churches.

To the mass of those who seek religion, an element of mythology in it, far from being an objection, has hitherto been a recommendation and attraction; and they hold to this element as long as ever they can. Only, to moral and serious people, such as were the Germanic races who made the Reformation, it must be a moral mythology, and moreover a mythology receivable and approvable by them in the intellectual stage at which they are then arrived. The serious Germanic races, visited by that *soul-hunger* which Tauler describes, could easily be brought to recognize that much of the mythology presented to them by mediæval religion, with its machinery of Virgin and saints, Pope and priest, was unscriptural and immoral; and that good works in the current conception of them as "fasts, pilgrimages, rosaries, vows"—to adopt Luther's list—were unfruitful. A powerful spirit who went to the Bible and produced from it a new and grave mythology with a new and grave conception of righteousness, was the man for that moment. Luther's doctrine of justification, Calvin's doctrine of election, were far more effective to win crowds and found churches than Tauler's *Following of Christ*

just because the doctrines of Calvin and Luther are mythology, while the doctrine of Tauler is not. Luther's doctrine and Calvin's were a mythology appealing directly and solely to the Bible for support, and they professed, also, to deepen men's conception of righteousness; they were therefore acceptable to thousands of serious people in the intellectual and moral stage of that time. They were, however, a mythology. But as such they enlisted in their favor those forces of imagination, wonder, and awe, which men love to feel aroused within them; and they enlisted these in an immeasurably greater degree than Tauler's doctrine of the *Following of Christ*, which is not a mythology at all. Hence their immeasurably greater scale of effect and number of adherents.

And so it has been ever since, up to this day. Let us confine our view to our own country. Hitherto an element of mythology, the stronger and the more turbid the better, has been a help rather than a hindrance to what are called religious causes. To the Calvinists, to the Methodists, to the Revivalists, to the Salvation Army, have been the striking effects and the heavy numbers; to the Latitude Men, to Leighton, to Erskine of Linlatnen, as to Tauler and his friends in the fourteenth century, action on a group merely or on individuals. Men such as Butler, or Wilson of Sodor and Man, who have had far wider influence in our religious world than the mystics, and who yet at the same time were true "Friends of God" at heart, have owed their wide influence not to this character but chiefly to something

else. The true grandeur of Butler is in his sacred horror at the thought of "committing the dreadful mistake of leaving the course marked out for us by nature, whatever that nature be;" his reputation is from his embarrassed and unsatisfying apologetic. The true glory of Wilson is his living and abiding sense that "sin is against nature, therefore sinners can never have a joy;" his reputation is as the most exemplary of Anglican Churchmen.

The immense, the epoch-making change of our own day, is that a stage in our intellectual development is now declaring itself when mythology, whether moral or immoral, as a basis for religion is no longer receivable, is no longer an aid to religion but an obstacle. Our own nation is not specially lucid, it is strongly religious, we have witnessed in the Salvation Army the spectacle of one of the crudest and most turbid developments of religion with the element of mythology in full sway; and yet it is certain that, even among ourselves, over all which is most vigorous and progressive in our population, mythology in religion has lost or is fast losing its power, and that it has no future. The gross mob has ever been apt to show brutality and hostility toward religion, and demonstrations of this spirit we have often enough still. But mingled with the mere ignoble and vicious enmity against any discipline to raise, restrain, and transform, there is also in the common people now a sense of impatience and anger at what they think futile trifling with them on the part of those who offer to them, in their sore need, the old mythological religion—a thing felt to be impos-

sible of reception and going if not quite gone, incapable of either solving the present or founding the future.

This change is creating a situation much more favorable to the mystics. Whole libraries of theology have lost their interest when it is perceived that they make mythology the basis of religion, and that to take seriously this mythology is impossible. But for those groups and individuals, little regarded in their day, whom their heart prompted to rest religion on natural truth rather than on mythology, the hour of hearing and of well-inclined attention has at last come. For a long while it was heavily against them that they merely preached the following of Christ, instead of the article of justification, the article of election; now at last it is in their favor.

Let me be candid. I love the mystics, but what I find best in them is their golden single sentences, not the whole conduct of their argument and result of their work. I should mislead the reader if I led him to suppose that he will find any great body of discourse in the work attributed to Tauler, *The Following of Christ*, which Mr. Morell has translated, of like value with the detached sentences from it which I have quoted above. But the little book is well worth reading, if only for the sake of such sentences. The general argument, too, if not complete and satisfying, has an interest of its own from the natural, or, as we nowadays say, the *positive* point of view taken by the author, without regard to mythology, or conventions, or *shams*, in Carlyle's phrase, of any kind.

For instance, the book develops

the idea of following Christ, and teaches how for him who would follow Christ, poverty, both inward and outward, is necessary. Christ's is emphatically a "*poor* life." Yet to follow him and his life is really to follow nature, to be happy. And to enter into the kingdom of heaven is really nothing else than this following him, this following nature, this being happy. When Jesus said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven," this was, in our mystic's view, but another way of saying: "How hardly shall they that have riches follow me and my life, live naturally, be happy." The life poor in external goods, as Christ's was, is therefore, concludes our mystic, the happy, natural life, the life to be preferred.

But the official and current religion interprets Christ's words, as we all know, in quite another fashion, and makes him in fact say: "If you trust in riches, if you make a bad use of riches, you cannot enter after death into the paradise above the sky." Now I do not at present inquire whether the doctrine of our mystic is right or wrong, adequate or inadequate. But it is well to remark how much nearer, at any rate, he comes to the mind of Christ, how much more sincerely and faithfully he interprets it, than our official religion does. For undoubtedly what Jesus meant by the kingdom of God or of heaven was the reign of saints, the ideal future society on earth. "How hardly shall they that have riches be fit for the society of the future," was what he in fact said. One who is unfit for this ideal society does not follow Christ; he is also in conflict with

nature, cannot be happy. This is the doctrine of Jesus, and our mystic has rightly seized it. Jesus threw out the doctrine and left it to bear fruit. It has worked in many and many an individual mind since, and will work more and more. The worldly themselves have to deal with it. They can free themselves from all concern about the paradise above the sky, but from concern about the society of the future they cannot. It will arrive, its beginnings are even now. No one yet, however, has disengaged the doctrine from difficulty, has so set it forth as to make it usable and serviceable; certainly our mystic has not. But to have rightly seized it is something.

Christ's sentence on riches is but a corollary from what we call his *secret*: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, he that will lose his life shall save it." Now the infinite progress possible in Christianity lies in the gradually successful application, to doctrines like this secret of Jesus and the corollary from it, of what we call his *epieikeia*, his temper of sweet reasonableness, consummate balance, unerring felicity. Although the application has here not yet been successfully made, and the mystics have not made it, yet the secret and its corollary are unceasingly felt to have in them something deeply important, and to be full of future; at the same time that mythology, like Luther's article of justification or Calvin's article of election, is felt to be passing quite away and to have no future at all. The mystics, then, have the merit of keeping always before their minds, and endeavoring earnestly to make operative on their lives, just that in

Christianity which is not perishable but abiding.

But I ought before I end to let our mystic, whether he be indeed Tauler as Mr. Morell thinks, or another, to speak for himself at more length than I have let him speak hitherto. I have mentioned his insistence on external poverty; let us hear him on internal poverty, poverty of spirit, "a going out of yourself and out of everything earthly." A man "must perceive and listen to the eternal word, and this hearing bringeth him to everlasting life."

"Through the outer word that men hear, they attain to the inner word, which God speaketh in the essence of the soul. They who have not come to this should hear preaching, and learn and follow what they hear or read; thus they come to the real truth, and to life which is God. Even if a man is so advanced that he hear the word in himself, he is yet not at all times prepared for it, for bodily nature cannot bear it, and a man must sometimes turn to his senses and be active; but he ought to direct this work of the senses to the best end. If preaching is useful to him, he can hear it; if an outward virtue is useful to him, he can work it; and he ought to exercise himself in what he recognizes as the best. But this by no means hindereth him from hearing the everlasting word, but it furthers him to what is best. And he should drop and drive out with violence all that hindereth him in this. Then he doeth as Jesus did in the Temple, when he drove out buyers and sellers and said: 'My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' A pure heart is a temple of God; the tradesmen whom Jesus drove out are the worldly furniture and goods that rust in the heart and are hurtful to it. If now the heart keepeth the useless thoughts and tarrieth over them, it is no longer a house of prayer but a den of thieves, for the evil thoughts drive out God from his dwelling and murder him. But the man who resisteth all thoughts that keep him apart from God, receiveth

from God living divine power. This in-pouring is God's inspeaking, and that is the life full of ecstasy and joy."

The reader will recognize the strain of homage which from age to age successive generations of mystics have ever loved to uplift to "the eternal word." I will not say that it is entirely satisfying, but at least it is always refreshing, consoling, and ennobling.

Whoever turns to the little volume which Mr. Morell has translated will find plenty in this strain to give him refreshment. But he will find more than this, he will find sentences such as those of which I spoke in beginning, and to which in ending I would return; isolated sentences fitted to abide in the memory, to be a possession for the mind and soul, to form the character. "Sin killeth nature, but nature is abhorrent of death; therefore sin is against nature, therefore sinners can never have a joy." "They who have left sins and come to grace have more delight and joy in one day than all sinners have ever gained."—MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

ORTHOGRAPHY FOR NATIVE NAMES OF PLACES.

The Royal Geographical Society of London, and the Société de Géographie of Paris, have each adopted a system of geographical orthography which is intended to put an end to the existing confusion in the mode of spelling in maps and books. We fully agree with the first rule set forth by the Royal Society, "No change will be made in the orthog-

raphy of foreign names in countries which use Roman letters: Thus, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, etc., names will be spelled as by the respective nations." The second rule is, "Neither will any change be made in the spelling of such names in languages which are not written in Roman characters as have become by long usage familiar to English readers: thus, *Calcutta*, *Cutch*, *Celebes*, *Mecca*, etc., will be retained in their present form." Though this rule may give rise to some doubt as to what names have become by long usage familiar, it may be accepted. We should prefer to retain anglicized foreign names, *e.g.*, Munich for *München*, Milan for *Milano*, Normandy for *Normandie*, instead of introducing the original form, as the first rule demands. The new system does not provide for the spelling of names in languages written in foreign characters. Of course, German and Danish must be classed among the languages to which the first rule refers. But it is doubtful how Russian and Polish names shall be spelled. In the Polish language the Roman, in the Russian the Cyrillic, alphabet is used, and yet the sounds of the languages are very similar. It would be inconsistent to apply to the one the first rule, while the other is spelled merely according to the sound. It would have been desirable that the Society should have expressed its opinion on this point more precisely. The phonetic rules do not decide whether it is correct to spell "Kasimov," "Kasimof," or "Kassimov," nor will we be able to decide whether it be correct to write "Trnova," "Ternava," "Ternova," or "Tirnova."

The third rule is, "The true sound

of the word as locally pronounced will be taken as the basis of the spelling;" and the fourth, "An approximation, however, to the sound, is alone aimed at. A system which would attempt to represent the more delicate inflections of sound and accent would be so complicated as only to defeat itself." Both these rules are good, as far as they go. Any linguistic alphabet would be too complicated for the general reader, and therefore the idea of applying it must be at once rejected. The alphabet upon which the Society has decided follows the principle that vowels are pronounced as in Italian, and consonants as in English. This does away with the *ee* for the sound *i* in "ravine," and with the *oo* for the *u* in "flute." The rule that vowels are shortened in sound by doubling the following consonant is not good, as repetitions of consonants occur in many languages, and short vowels are of more frequent occurrence than long ones. Therefore it is better to mark the long ones. The French alphabet is in many respects better than the English. This is particularly true in regard to the introduction of the circumflex for marking the length of a vowel, and of the apostrophe for indicating exploded sounds. The German *ö* and *ü*, which are not in the English alphabet, are expressed by the letters *oe* and *ü*. The use of *dʰ* for the soft *th* (as in "these") is another improvement.

Both systems, though materially improving the system of orthography of geographical names, are open to criticism. Whoever has any experience in reducing languages to writing, and has compared his notes with those of other students, or even

the notes written before any knowledge of the sound and structure of the language was obtained, with later ones, will acknowledge that the sound as perceived by a traveler is in no way binding. The individuality and nationality of the author give the sound a peculiar character which not at all corresponds to the word as pronounced by the natives. In Central Africa, for instance, we find *r* and *l* or *j* and *ch* constantly interchanging, according to the nationality of the explorer.

The rules adopted by the societies named can only help the explorer who is not at all acquainted with linguistics—which every explorer ought to be—to write down the names in an intelligible form. They are in no way sufficient for determining the proper spelling. This ought to be done by linguists, and the results of their studies laid down in a gazetteer. It is impossible to decide by a rule whether it is correct write *Uganda* or *Waganda*; *Urua*, *Warua*, or *Kerua*, though the linguist will know that the first is the name of the country, the second that of the people, and the last the adjective form. On the English admiralty charts we find numerous mistakes. Native names are mistaken for English, and misspelled so as to make the meaning unintelligible. In Davis Strait we find the name "New Gummi Luck." The correct name is *Nugumiut*, and means "the inhabitants of the Cape." On the north-west coast of America we find the place "Bella Bella;" though this name has become that of a settlement, its origin dates back to a misunderstanding. The channel on which it is situated has the name "Milbank Sound." The na-

tives of that district cannot pronounce this word, and say, *Bilbal*, which is transformed into "Bella Bella" by the English traders and seamen. Similar mistakes occur everywhere. For these reasons it is impossible to lay down a few rules that would enable us to spell any geographical name correctly. The system adopted by the Geographical Society, however, is a decided improvement, inasmuch as every letter has only one meaning, and there is no room for doubt in the pronunciation of a written name. Therefore *Science* will adopt this system, with the improvements made by the French Geographical Society.

The pronunciation of letters will be as follows:—*a* as in *father*; *e* as in *there*; *i* as *ee* in *feel*; *o* as in *mote*; *u* as *oo* in *fool*; *ö* as *e* in *her*; *ü* as in German *München*; *ai* as *i* in *ice*; *au* as *ow* in *how*; *b*, *d*, *f*, *j*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *th*, *t*, *v*, *w*, *z*, *ch*, as in English; *g* as in *garden*; *h* always pronounced except in *th*, *ph*, and *gh*; *gr*, an oriental guttural; *gh*, another oriental guttural; *y* as in *yard*. Vowels are lengthened by a circumflex. Letters are only doubled when there is a distinct repetition of the original sound.—*Science*.

FREE TRADE AND WAGES.

In a great industrial community like ours, producers are in an enormous majority. Working men, by the labor they contribute, estimated to amount to one-third of the cost of production, are much more producers than consumers. The investor in home railways, tramways, water-works, gas-works, mines, or

any other kind of home stocks, is a producer; all, in fact, who earn from work done or capital employed in this country are producers, who would gain more in income by a general rise in prices than they would lose as consumers. The exceptions are those whose incomes are fixed, and the investor whose capital has gone abroad to assist the foreigner in crippling British trade. The vast majority of the community, therefore, being much more producers than consumers, it requires but little reflection to see that a higher level of prices, induced by a judicious system of protection, would be a distinct benefit to the greatest number. As a question of fact, trade never was so prosperous as when wheat was at about 50s. The body politic is like the human body—when one member suffers, all the others suffer with it. If such an important member of the body politic as its agriculture is suffering, is it possible the other members can escape suffering with it? Our exchequer would benefit by a largely increased revenue, one-half of which at least would be paid by the foreigner. Revenue must be paid somehow, and it seems but fair that the importer should be made to bear his share of the taxation at present levied from home producers.

The injunction to “buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market,” in itself admirable, did our system admit of our acting on it, is quite as misleading as the term *free* by which we persist in describing our fiscal policy, but which it would be more accurate to term, a system devised for the protection of the foreign producer. By it we are enabled to buy in the cheapest market,

but at what a cost! We must sell before we can buy, either the merchandise we produce or the labor we contribute toward that production. By our thoughtful care for the consumer and cruel disregard of the producer, we have not only reduced the latter's profits to the smallest possible margin, but we have materially enhanced his cost of production by curtailing his market. It is nothing short of mockery to tell him to sell in the dearest market, when by your system he is compelled to sell not in the dearest but the cheapest market.

The less the price of commodities, the lower must be the rates of wages, and the less the capacity of the masses to consume: a laborer has but his labor to sell, but our policy is to destroy his market.

It has hitherto been contended by the Cobden school that “British commodities are always paid for by foreign commodities, therefore the purchaser of foreign commodities encourages British industry as much as the purchaser of British commodities,” and “that every export of goods must be balanced by an import of goods.” If by this is meant that a nation shall exchange that which it produces for something it does not produce, and were it as a question of fact true that British commodities exported are always paid for by foreign commodities, we take no exception to it; but whatever M'Culloch may have intended, we know this is not the meaning of the latter-day Cobdenite. His theory is, that if by exchanging a commodity produced at home for one produced abroad—whether the latter is a product of this country or not—you can do so on better terms than

if you exchanged it for a commodity grown or manufactured at home, it is as great an encouragement to British industry as if you exchanged it for the produce of domestic industry.

Take the question of labor only: if this modern free-trade contention means anything, it means that when we pay for labor expended abroad instead of at home, the wages fund of this country is quite as much benefited as that of the foreign country. We have only to refer to the abstracts to see how utterly untenable is the assertion that "British commodities are always paid for by foreign commodities."

Having regard to the interest of the working classes, what does the decrease in the export, and rapid increase in the import of manufactured goods, but too clearly point to? It points to diminished work for them. That America, for instance, aided by her protective system, and assisted by British capital, the interest on which she pays by enormous importations of grain as well as manufactures, is not only manufacturing for herself much she formerly took from us, but is sending, in spite of having to pay double what we do for labor, her manufactures to compete with ours, and that successfully, in our home and foreign markets! A startling and flat contradiction to the dictum of the Cobden school, "that duties imposed for the protection of home industries, increase the cost of production, and make it more difficult for us to compete with foreign producers;" for be it observed, it is only since American industries have been by a high tariff protected, they have been able to compete with ours. If the

excess of the import over the export is a certain proof of increasing national wealth, it follows that the greater the excess, the greater should be the amount of that wealth, and that we shall only have attained the zenith of our prosperity when we have ceased to export, and import all we require from abroad! but what then becomes of the free-trade contention, "that every export of goods must be balanced by an import of goods?"

If further evidence were wanted of the utter collapse of the system, it is furnished in the ever-increasing number of manufacturing capitalists who have, in recent years, been driven by it to seek in foreign countries the fair play they are denied at home. Mr. Porter, of the United States Tariff Commission, tells us:—

"I found shoddy manufacturers from Batby and Dewsbury established in Aachen, Prussia; Lancashire and Scottish spinners in Rouen; Leicestershire hosiery manufacturers in Saxony; Yorkshire wool-combing establishments in Rheims; Dundee jute-mills in Dunkerque; all-wool-stuff manufacturers in Roubaix; English iron and steel mills in Belgium; and English woolen mills in Holland. Removing English capital to the Continent has secured a profitable home market, while England was near with widely open ports to serve as a 'dumping ground,' to unload surplus goods made by foreign labor superintended by English skill. In this way the English markets are swamped, and her labor undersold. Let English authorities tell the result.

"During the last twenty years of this century the linen industry of Germany has increased 300 per cent."—MULHALL

"During the last twenty years the linen industry of Great Britain has decreased 18 per cent."—*Nineteenth Century*.

"During the last ten years the exports of linen yarn from England have decreased steadily every year, until they are less than a half of what they were a decade ago."—*British Statistical Abstracts*, 1882.

"The shares of the leading flax-mills in

Germany are 20 and 22 per cent. above par. The shares of the ten principal flax-mills in Belfast are 58 per cent. below par."—*Nineteenth Century*."

In 1886 the firm of Messrs. Marshall & Co. (established 100 years ago in Holbeck, Leeds, and the largest flax-spinners in Europe), owing to keen competition from abroad, closed their works, and have gone to establish new mills in Massachusetts, taking with them their capital and many of their old hands. They employed 4,000 workmen, who are thus thrown out of employment. It is said seventy millions of yards of linen were spun daily in their works. When Germans read of this displacement of home produce by theirs, and see so many of our capitalists with their works in the Fatherland, how they must smile at the homilies we address to them on the folly of protection.

These are but a few typical cases of many which might be adduced to show how rapidly the best and wealthiest of our manufacturers are being driven, either to altogether close their works, or transfer them to a foreign country. Continental nations and America strive to keep their people at home, and as a means they foster in every way the interests of the producer, and rightly leave the consumer to his fate. We do all we can to drive our people from us, and devote our energies to cheapening in the interests of the consumer. The results we have seen. Yet we persist in maintaining a system which, scouted not only by all other nations, but even our own colonies, has now been, by this alarming migration of our capitalists, most emphatically condemned. Let

us think what this migration involves. The loss of valuable and enterprising men, their wealth and the most skilled of their artisans, the teaching of their trade to a foreign country, its enrichment, increased power to compete with us, and reduced cost of its production. Worst of all, diminished employment for our working men. Sir Theodore Martin lately stated, when addressing a meeting of miners, that owing to Spanish competition mainly, 169 lead-mines had been shut up in this country, throwing 30,000 men out of employment, and causing ruinous losses to capitalists, who had invested enormous sums in opening these mines and providing machinery. A similar fate awaits pig-iron producers, for Spain has recently begun to import hematite pig at lower prices than we can produce it. Iron girders, steel rails, window-frames, sashes, shutters, doors, staircases, coffins even; wardrobes, cabinets, chairs, pianos, and all articles required for furnishing purposes, are now being largely sent from abroad. Also railway carriages, of which between 1870 and 1876 we exported annually, on the average, 3,762 in number, but of which the export has since 1881 entirely ceased. In fact, there is hardly an industry we can name, which is not suffering from this cruel foreign competition.

"High prices and plenty," says Adam Smith, "are prosperity; 'low prices and scarcity are misery.'" "It is to no purpose," said Dr. Johnson, "to tell me that eggs are a penny a dozen in the Highlands; that is not because eggs are many, but because pence are few."—A. WILLIAMSON, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE LITERARY WORKMAN.

The dislocation of one's subject, with the avowed purpose of leaving more to be written at a future time, is, we conceive, an offence of the first class against literary morality. It is something very like trading upon an interesting name. We are by no means sure that it would not be expedient to revise altogether our code of what is permitted and not permitted by the standard of literary honor. To spin out into three volumes, for instance, what would be much better in one is a practice which is approved, nay, enforced, by the supposed practical persons involved—the publishers, whose will and wish is of so much importance to the literary artist, and has received the sanction of precedent. But if it is hopeless to overthrow this rule, there are at least other matters which we are free to examine. It is so inexpedient as to be almost criminal to reprint in hot haste as a permanent book the light utterances of our *momens perdus*, the popular article, or still more popular speech; and it is still worse to dilute and cut a subject in which the capricious taste of the public has chosen to find a special temporary interest in order to make more of it. This last is an expedient which should be approved or practiced by no man of letters worthy the name. If our young authors would but realize this law of honor, what a good thing it would be both for themselves and their readers!

We have never joined the general cry against continuous work in the way of literary production; nor have we ever been able to see why books should be the only creations

of art which are to be stopped on the way by fictitious rules as to the length of time necessary for their incubation. The literary workman, while his mind is in full career with all the impulse and force of life, and his wits quickened by exercise, is, we think, as capable of continuous production as any artist can be. He is strengthened, not weakened, by the mere force of doing; his faculties are keener to perceive; his imagination is more apt to strike out new complications, new combinations, while it is in full employment. Sparks do not rise from a cold anvil, nor is thread spun straight and fine from an unaccustomed wheel. There are writers who scamp their work, who write without a vocation, to whom their craft is neither a glory nor a joy, but a mechanical occupation; but it is not of such that we speak.

To every man who is in the constant exercise of his work, work is easier, and, we venture to say, in most cases work is better done, than when he is working half time, or hindered in the habitual exercise of his craft. And we think it an impertinence to say that this law does not apply to the literary worker. He, indeed, might have a right to claim more than any other the privilege of his craft, the advantage of that strain of feeling and faculty which cannot be turned off and on like the supplies of a water company, but flows naturally and continuously, unless dammed and obstructed by external obstacles. The writer of fiction knows how often one train of imaginary circumstances springs naturally out of another, and how the world widens and expands into ever new scenes of human life,

suggested by that upon which he is working, or leading out of it, by a succession as infallible as any other kind of growth and development. To stop the current arbitrarily, or to blame him for following it with the ardor and rapidity of artistic interest and impulse, is one of the foolish things which literary criticism takes upon itself to do, as if the principles of literary production were different from those of all other works of art. But it is not so; and except in cases of peculiar temperament or habit, the workman who is in full tide of work is he who works the best, as in every other craft under heaven. Therefore let the man work: let him go on to fresh woods and pastures new; let him exercise his gifts, and snatch his stories from the storehouse, ever full of active genius and thought. It will be time enough when the tide grows fainter, when he no longer finds the invention he requires or is able to project himself into the perpetually changing circumstances of the life about him—it will be time enough then to gather up his basket of fragments, to pick up what he has dropped by the highways and hedges in the force of his early career.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A LITERARY MARVEL

The characters in Scripture are a literary marvel. It is very hard to write characters in one country to be popular in every land and age. Especially hard in narrative. (Drama parades characters by numberless speeches, and autographs them by

soliloquy—an expedient false in nature, but convenient in art.) Hardest of all to create such world-wide and everlasting characters in few words, a bare record of great things said and done.

One test of difficulty is rarity: number, then, the world-wide characters—if any—in Thucydides and Herodotus, and observe whether Josephus—when he leaves watering the Bible and proceeds to supplement it—has added one deathless character to the picture galleries of Holy Writ. Shall we carry the comparison higher, and include poetic narrative? then go to the top of the tree at once, and examine the two great epics of antiquity.

The *Æneid*—what a stream of narrative! what fire of description! what march and music of words! But the characters?—*Æneas* mediocre, his staff lay figures. Dido just interesting enough to make one angry with *Æneas*. Perhaps the strongest color is in the friendship and fate of Nisus and Euryalus; and there a Jewish pen had shown the way.

The less polished but mightier Homer has achieved the highest feat of genius: he has made puny things grand, and fertilized pebbles. He has bewitched even scholars into thinking his Greeks wiser and braver than the Trojans; whereas, if you can shut your ears to his music, his Greeks were barbarians besieging a civilized city for a motive and in a manner incompatible with one ray of civilization. The motive: from the first dawn of civilization no country with independent states ever got those states to unite in leaving home and besieging a distant city to recover the person of

a solitary adultress. The manner: the first dawn of civilization showed men that cities placed like Troy can always be taken by one of two methods, blockade or assault. But Homer's Zulus had neither the sense to blockade that civilized city and starve it out, nor the invention to make ladders, covered ways, and battering-rams, nor the courage to scale walls, nor even to burn or break through a miserable gate. The civilized Trojans had a silver currency, the Tyrian shekel, called by scholars with Homer on the brain "the Homeric shekel." Homer never mentions it, never saw it. The uncivilized Greeks had no currency but bullocks; no trade but exchange of commodities. The attack and defence of Troy were of a piece with the two currencies: the civilized Orientals, with a silver currency, barred out the Zulus, with a bullock currency and calves' brains, like a pack of school-boys, and showed their contempt of them by coming out and attacking them in the open with their inferior numbers. Yet the genius of Homer could dazzle men's eyes, and bewitch their ears, and confound their judgments, and sing black white. So behold the barbarians gilt forever, and the civilized people smirched. *Carent quia vate sacro.*

But turn from the glories of the wondrous tale this magician has built on a sorry subject—fitter for satire than epic—to his characters, and he is no longer supreme. To be sure, he does not dose us with monotones, abstractions, lay figures; *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*: he discriminates the brute courage of Ajax and the airy valor of Tydides, the wisdom of Nestor

and the astuteness of Ulysses. But his gods and goddesses?—mere human animals; blue blood for red, and there ends his puerile invention in things divine. His leading heroes are characters, but not on a par with his descriptions, his narrative, and his music. They are the one ephemeral element in an immortal song. Achilles, with his unsoldierlike egotism, his impenetrable armor, his Zulu cruelty to his helpless foe, and his artique tender friendship, is a brave Greek of the day, but he is not for all time; two-thirds of him no modern soldier would deign to copy. The twenty-four books devoted by so great a poet to Ulysses have not engraved "the much-enduring man" on the Western heart. In short, the leading heroes of Homer's epics are immortal in our libraries, but dead in our lives.

Now take the two little books called Samuel. The writer is not a great master like Homer and Virgil; he is artless, and careless to boot; forgets what he had said a few pages before, and spoils more than one good incident by putting the cart before the horse—I mean by false transposition, by presenting events out of their true and interesting sequence: a sad fault in composition. But the characters that rise from the historical strokes of that rude pen are immortal; so solid, and full of color too, that they stand amid the waves of time like rocks, carved into statues by Phidias, and colored by Apelles. Yet this writer has no monopoly of the art in ancient Palestine; he shares it with about sixteen other historians, all Hebrews, though some of them write Hebrew and some Greek.

In our day character-painting is much attempted by certain writers of fictitious narrative; but their method excludes them from a serious comparison with Homer, Virgil, and the sacred historians. They do not evolve characters by simple narration. They clog the story with a hundred little essays on the character of each character. They keep putting their heads from behind the show, and openly analyzing their pale creations, and dissecting them, and eking them out with comments, and microscoping their poodles into lions. These are the easy expedients of feeble art. They succeed with contemporaries, and, indeed, are sure to be popular for a time, because most readers have slow or lazy minds, and love a writer who will save them the trouble of studying and penetrating character by doing it for them in the very text of the story. But it would be paying this false method—which microscopes real mediocrity into false importance—too great a compliment to compare its fruits with the characters that are self-evolved in the sacred writers, and indeed in Homer and Virgil, for their *method* was, at all events, the true one, though its results in the single particular of character were inferior.

In further support of my present position let me submit a few truths to be taken in conjunction.

First. Moderate excellence in writing is geographical; loses fifty per cent. in human esteem by crossing a channel or a frontier.

Second. Translation lowers it ten per cent.

Third. But when you carry into the West a translation of a work

the East admires ever so much, ten to one it will miss the Western mind. Eastern music is a dreamy noise to a Western ear, but one degree beyond the sweet illogical wail of an Æolian harp. Eastern poetry is to the Western a glue of honeyed words, a tinkling cymbal, or a drowsy chime. The sacred *Koran*, the Bible of a hundred million Orientals, is to your Anglo-Saxon the weakest twaddle that ever draveled from a human skull. It does not shock an Occidental Christian, or rouse his theological ire. It is a mild emetic to his understanding, and there's an end of it.

Fourth. The world is a very large place: Palestine is a small province *in the East*.

Fifth. What the whole world outside Palestine could very seldom do at all, this petty province did on a very large scale. About seventeen writers, all Israelites, some of them with what would nowadays be called a little learning, some without, some writing in Hebrew, some in Greek, all achieved one wonder. They sat down to record great deeds done, and great words spoken, in Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Palestine, which districts united are but a slice of the East, and they told them wondrous briefly, yet so that immortal and world-wide characters rise like exhalations from the record.

Written in the East, these characters live forever in the West; written in one province, they pervade the world; penned in rude times, they are prized more and more as civilization advances; product of antiquity, they come home to the business and bosoms of men,

women, and children in modern days. Then is it any exaggeration to say that "the characters of Scripture are a marvel of the mind?"—CHARLES READE, — Posthumously published in *Good Words*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH WORKING PEOPLE.—Mr. George Howell, Member of the British Parliament, contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* an elaborate paper on "Fluctuations in Trade and Wages." He thus sums up the conclusions to which he has come:—

"1. That with an increased output there has not been a proportionate increase in the number of persons employed, and that the proportion of persons employed to the aggregate output has declined in a most marked degree since 1870. 2. The necessity for cheapened production, in order to compete with the foreigner, has developed labor-saving appliances, which tend to further displace manual labor in most manufacturing industries. 3. It appears that overtime is worked to a much greater extent than is generally supposed, and more than the exigencies of trade, manufacturing industry, and commerce really require, and overtime work aggravates the scarcity of employment. 4. That the means of the masses of the working people are such that their purchasing powers are too limited to give that healthy tone to trade which it would have, were they enabled to consume more largely the manufactured articles which they are perpetually engaged in producing, more with the view of supplying other markets than for home consumption. 5. The most important fact, perhaps, which has been established in the preceding pages is that the fluctuations in trade are recurrent; that they reappear periodically with almost as much regularity as the seasons. It would seem, therefore, that they are calculable, if not determinate, and consequently the distress which accompanies depression can

be and ought to be provided for in some way—individually, or by state aid, or by local effort, or by all combined."

A MODEL LAND LAW.—Mr. Arthur Williams, M. P., in the *Fortnightly Review*, thus answers the question, "What ought it to do, this model land law?"—

"In the first place it should keep sacred and inviolable the true ownership of land. The great historical castles, the stately mansions, the old manor-houses, the beautiful parks, which now make our rural districts the envy of the world, should still continue to be a happy possession to those who really own them and a delight to the passer-by. The squire who farms his own land, the yeoman who owns the farm he occupies, should be jealously protected in the enjoyment of the land whose produce is owing to their energy, skill, and capital. While safeguarding these just rights, this beneficent law should release, as by an enchanter's wand, the occupiers of land, and of everything erected on it, from the grasp of an evil genius. It should replace the haunting fear which fills the life and breaks the spirit of the tenant farmer by a feeling of confidence and security. It should free him from the influence or intimidation or caprice of others. It should declare that so long as he paid what was justly due, he need never tremble before landlord or agent. It should make it impossible that he should ever suffer because he exercised his reason and acted according to his conscience in the discharge of his duty as a citizen of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. It should tell him that independence and true manhood would no longer have to assert themselves under conditions which might well make the strongest will and clearest conscience falter. Its rules, working with harmonious but inexorable precision, like a law of nature, should convert every farm and dwelling throughout the land into a home from which no one who occupied it could ever be turned out, so long as he dealt with it as it should be dealt with. Yet all this should be managed without depriving those who own the land of any single right to which they are justly entitled, and without spending a single penny of public money."

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

BY FRIEDRICH VON SCHÜLLER; NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

"Vivos voco; Mortuos plango: Fulgura frango."

*Firmly walled up in the earth
The mould is set of well burnt-clay;
To-day the Bell must have its birth!
Then bustle, lads! To work, away!
Holly from the brow
The sweat must trickle now,
If the work is to sound the master's praise.
But the blessing, it comes from above always.*

With our grave task were fitly blended
A grave and serious word or two:
If 'tis by goodly talk attended,
Then toil goes light and briskly through.
So let us now contemplate duly
What's shaped by our weak hands and
thews;

The man is despicable truly,
Who ne'er his handiwork reviews.
'Tis this, that man's especial grace is,
For this was reason given, that he
Within his heart and soul retraces
The things his hand has made to be

*Logs of pine now have them ready,
Dry and seasoned well belike,
That the flames, compact and steady,
May against the caldron strike,
The copper's fluxed; now in
Quickly throw the tin;
That the tough bell-metal so
Duly may combine and flow.*

What in the pit there, darkly glooming,
Our hands with help of fire shall frame,
High in the belfry turret booming,
Our doings loudly shall proclaim.
On many an ear, on many a morrow,
'Twill vibrate on to distant time,

Will with the heavy-hearted sorrow,
And with the hymnal chorus chime.
What to earth's sons, to wound or quicken,
The fitful change of fate may bring,
Upon its rim metallic stricken,
Shall far a pregnant moral ring.

*See! white bubbles now rise thickly!
Good! the mass is fluxing fast.
Stir in the potash thoroughly, quickly
Then 'twill soon be ripe to cast!
From all scum, too, free,
Must the mixture be;
So may its voice, full, clear, and round,
From the pure metal then resound.*

For when a babe some union blesses,
It greets him with a festal strain,
As, lulled by slumber's soft caresses,
His earliest step in life is ta'en.
For him as yet within time's breast
The lots of storm or sunshine rest.
A mother's cares are round him drawn,
From harm to shield his golden dawn.
Years arrowy-swift sweep on amain.
The boy, his girlish playmate spurning,
With fiery heart is bent to roam;
Through distant lands he storms, re-
turning

A stranger to his parents' home.
And now, youth's glorious light arrayed in,
As if from heaven the vision came,
Before him stands the ripened maiden.
Her cheeks with modest blush aflame.
Anon, with nameless yearnings hidden
Deep in his heart, alone he strays.
Tears to his eyes rise up unbidden,
He shuns his rough companions' gaze.

Blushing he haunts her steps, her glance is
 A joy to him all joys above,
 Fair flowers he culls, whate'er he fancies,
 To make sweet posies for his love.
 Oh, Hope entrancing, yearning tender,
 Our first love's golden time! The eye
 Sees all heaven open bathed in splendor,
 The heart is lapped in ecstasy. [time
 Ah, would young love's delightful
 Ne'er lose the freshness of its prime!

*How brown the tubes grow, have you noted?
 In I dip this wand. If it
 Come out with glaze all over coated,
 The time for casting will be fit.
 Now, my lads, draw nigh!
 Test the mixture! Try!
 If soft with hard is blending well,
 'Twill then a good result foretell.*

For where the stern and gentle, where
 The firm and mild are mated, there
 Rings music clear, and sweet and strong.
 Prove, then, ere you for life are bound,
 If heart in heart its mate have found!
 The dream is brief, the penance long.

Through the maiden's tresses stealing,
 Gleams the bridal chaplet bright,
 When the church bells, blithely pealing,
 To the wedding-feast invite.

Ah! when life's sweetest rite is ended,
 Life's Maytime glories wane and pale;
 In twain the fair illusion 's rended
 With the girdle, with the veil.

Away passion flies,
 Loves abides and takes root;
 The flower-bloom dies,
 To give place to the fruit.
 Out the husband must go
 Into life, to contend there;
 Must toil and must struggle,
 Must plant and must spend there,
 Must wrestle and juggle,
 Be wary and bold,
 If he is to get hold—
 Of gear and of gold.

Then riches stream 'in with continuous
 flow,
 Things costly and rare fill his store-rooms
 capacious;
 He adds field to field, his house grows more
 spacious.
 And paramount there
 Is the housewife, the mother;
 Her househo'd she keepeth
 Well under command,
 Directing, controlling
 With motherly hand.
 She teaches the girls,
 The boys she holds tight,
 Her hands never idle
 By day or by night;
 Makes by managing skill
 Her store greater still;
 With treasures fills presses with lavender
 spread,
 And twines round the swift-whirring
 spindle the thread,
 And stores in chests polished and spotlessly
 bright
 The shimmering wool, and the linen snow-
 white.
 And joins what is good with what 's comely
 and fair,
 And resteth ne'er.—

And from his home's high roof, with gaze
 Of rapture the father around surveys
 The good things wherewith he is richly
 blest,
 And tells them over with eager zest.
 He sees the huge sheds their shadows
 throwing,
 And the barns that are filled to overflowing,
 And the store-rooms bending beneath the
 strain,
 And the billowy sweep of the ripening
 grain,
 And says in his heart, with a tinge of pride,
 "Firm as earth's self, whatev betide,
 Stands my house in its lordly state,
 Proof against every assault of fate."

But who with the Powers of Destiny may
A compact weave, that will last for aye?
And very swift is Disaster's stride.

*Good! Now the casting may begin,
Clean and sharp is the fracture there;
Yet, or ever we run the metal in,
Send from the heart a fervent prayer!
Now strike out the tap!
God shield from mishap!
Snaking the fiery tide shoots down
The handle's arch, all dusky brown!*

The power of fire is a power of good,
When tamed by man, and its force sub-
dued,

And whate'er 'neath his shaping fingers
grows

To this celestial power he owes.

Yet dread must this power celestial be,
If she tears herself from all trammels free,
And, tameless daughter of Nature, breaks
Away by the path for herself she makes.

Woe, when she, set loose, o'erbearing
All resistance that she meets,
Hurls her firebrands wildly flaring
Through the people-crowded streets!

For whate'er men's hands create

The forces elemental hate.

From the clouds of heaven

Streams the blessed rain;

From the clouds of heaven,

For blessing or bane,

Shoots the forked levin.

Hark! What sounds from the watch-
tower swell!

'Tis the tocsin's knell!

And see, the sky

Is red as blood!

Not there the flood

Of daylight broke!

Along the street

What tumult and roaring!

Volumes of smoke

Shoot up! and fleet,

From pillars of flickering fire upsoaring,

The wind-fanned flames through all the
length

Of street rush onwards, gathering strength.
Hot as the breath from a furnace flashing
Is the stifling air, beams crackle and blaze,
Pillars are toppling, windows are crashing,
Children whimper and whine, mothers
wander a-craze.

Beasts in their stalls

Are lowing beneath the crumbling walls;
All is running and rescuing, dread and
dismay,

And night is as light as the broad noon-day.
From hand to hand, the line along,

The buckets fly, and, arching high,
Shoot sheets of water in torrents strong.

Anon the blast comes howling by,
It seizes the flames with triumphant roar,
Falls with a crash on the dried-fruit-store,
Through the long range of the granaries
spreads,

Grips the dry beams of the stalls and sheds,
And, as if with a fury fierce and frantic
'Twould tear along in headlong flight
The frame of earth, if so it might,
It grows and grows, up, up to a height
Gigantic!

Hopeless now,

Man to the might of the gods must bow;

Amazed, benumbed, he sees what made

His joy, his pride, in ruin laid.

All round, the ground

Is burnt and bare,

For the raging tempests a rugged lair.

Ghastly and drear

Are the yawning gaps that have windows

And the clouds of the welkin peer

Down on the wreck within.

One look upon the grave

Of ail was his so late

The father casts behind him, then with:

brave

Stout heart he grasps his staff, and fronts
his fate.

Though the ruthless flames have despoiled
him so,

One comfort is left him to sweeten despair,
He counts his beloved ones' heads, and lo!
Not one dear head is awaiting there.

*Now 'tis lodged within the ground,
The mould is finely filled! Ah, will
The bell come forth complete and sound,*

To recompense our toil and skill?

Has the cast gone right?

Has the mould held tight?

*Ah, while we still are hopeful, thus
Mischance perhaps has stricken us!*

To holy earth's dark womb do we
Intrust the work our hands have made;
The sower intrusts the seed, that he
Hopes forth will shoot in leaf and blade,
So heaven ordain, that this may be:
Surely a seed more precious still

We hide within earth's darkling womb,
And hope that from the grave it will
Into a brighter being bloom.

From the steeple
Booms the bell,
Dull and slow,
The funeral knell.
Sad escort are these tones that mourn
To one on life's last journey borne.
Ah, it is the wife beloved!
Ah, it is the faithful mother,
Whom the Shades' dark prince doth wrest
From a doting husband's breast,
From the group of children, whom
She bore him in her early bloom,
Whom she beheld with mother's pride
Grow up and flourish by her side!
Ah, rent is that sweet bond of home,
And never can again be knit!
For in the Shadow-land she dwells,
Whose love maternal ordered it.
No more her gentle sway is known,
No more her wakeful care and pains;
Within those widowed chambers lone
A stranger, hard and loveless, reigns.

*Till the bell cools down, we now
From our anxious toil may rest.
Free as happy bird on bough,
Each may do as likes him best.*

*At set of sun,
His duty done,
The 'prentice hears the vesper toll,
But rest there is none for the master's soul.*

The wanderer, far in the forest wild,
Quickens his pace, as he hears it knell,
To the cottage home, that he loves so well.
The sleep draw homeward bleating,
And the cattle, trooping in,
Broad of forehead, sleek of skin,
Lowling loud, as evening falls,
Fill their old accustomed stalls.
The creaking wain
Staggers in with its load of grain;
See on the sheaves
The chaplet lie,
Bright with flowers
Of every dye!
And off to the dance the young reapers fly.
Market and street grow hushed and still;
Round lamp's and hearth-fire's social flame
The houses' inmates gather,
And grating harsh the town-gate shuts.
Earth shrouds her then
In black; but night
To the citizen
Brings no affright,—
Night, that from their darkling den,
Rouses the wicked, their prowls to make;
For the eye of Law is ever awake.

Holy Order, with every kind
Of blessing fraught, who like doth bind
To like by ties, gill not nor fray,
Who did of towns the foundations lay,
And into them from wood and wild
The savage, that shuns his kind, beguiled;
Entered the hovels of men, and taught
The virtues by gentle manners wrought,
And wove, of all ties the dearest, pride
In the land where our forefathers died.

Industrious hands, their labors plying,
 Work on in friendly league, and so,
 Each in his craft with other vying,
 Their powers to higher achievement
 grow.

To guard fair freedom's sacred treasure,
 Master and man their force unite,
 Each in his station finds his pleasure,
 And pays the scorner slight for slight.
 Toil is the burgher's crown of merit,
 His guerdon some true blessing won;
 Kings from the state which they inherit
 Take honor, *us* from the things we've
 done.

Oh, blessed peace,
 Oh, Concord sweet,
 Hover, oh hover,
 With kindly sway,
 Over this town of ours, I pray!
 Oh, may it never dawn, the day,
 When grim War's ruthless crew
 Shall riot this calm valley through!
 When the heavens, which evening's mel-
 low red

Colors with hues so fair,
 Are all aflame with the ghastly glare
 Of blazing towns, and the havoc dread
 Of villages burning there!

*Now break me down the walls there! They
 In our work have done their part—
 That our successful casting may
 Rejoice both eye and heart.
 Smite, stroke on stroke,
 Till the cover 's broke!
 Ere the bell can rise from the pit below,
 The mould must into pieces go.*

The master may, when all is ready,
 Shatter the mould, for sage is he,
 But woe betide, if in fiery eddy
 The hot ore is by itself set free. [its
 With thunderous crash, blind-raging, from
 Ruptured cell, it bursts in flame,

And fiery wreck and ruin vomits,
 As though from the jaws of hell it came.
 Where brute force rules, unchecked by
 brains,

Form cannot be, mere chaos reigns;
 When the populace breaks from restraint
 away,

Alas for their weal on that woful day!
 Woe, when in cities, smouldering under,
 Fire spreads and spreads with silent force,
 And the people, tearing their chains asunder,

In self-deliverance seek recourse.
 Then, tumult tugging the ropes, the bell
 Peals on the ear like some madman's yell,
 And what was vowed only to peaceful
 things

To ravage and rapine the summons rings.

Liberty and Equality! High
 Through street and alley swells the cry!
 The peaceful citizen flies to arms,
 With gathering crowds street, market
 swarms.

And ruffian bands, that erst shunned the
 day,

Come trooping about, as they scent their
 prey.

Then women turn to hyenas there,
 And make of horrors a scoff, a jest,
 And rend with panther-teeth and tear
 The heart yet warm from some hated
 breast.

Nothing is sacred more; flung loose
 Is every tie of restraint and shame;
 The Good gives place to the Bad, and all
 The Vices run riot, uncurbed by blame.
 To rouse the lion in jungle bedded
 Is perilous, fell is the tiger's tooth,
 But of all dread things to be chiefly dreaded
 Is man, divested of reason and ruth.
 Woe to those, who hand light's heaven-
 sent torch

To the purblind fool! Its kindly ray
 Is no light for him, it can only scorch.
 And cities and countries in ashes lay.

*God unto me great joy has given.
Behold! Like any golden star,
From its shell the metal kernel riven
Shows clean and smooth, not a flaw to mar.
From crown to rim it gleams,
Bright as the bright sun's beams;
The scutcheons, clear and sharp also,
The skill of the hand that limned them show.*

Now, comrades all, this way, this way!
Close up your ranks, that so we may
Baptize and consecrate the Bell.
Its name shall be CONCORDIA!
Let her to all our townsmen say,
"In unity and loving concord dwell."
And this be the vocation still,
The Master framed her to fulfill!
With heaven's blue canopy above her,
High o'er our toils and struggles here,
Shall she, the thunder's neighbor, hover,
And border on the starry sphere;
A voice she shall be from above,
Even like the shining starry throng.
That, moving, praise their Maker's love,
And lead the circling year along.
To solemn things, and only such,
Let her metallic music chime,
And let her, swiftly swinging, touch,
Each hour, the flying skirts of time!
Let her to fate an utterance lend,
Herself without a heart to feel,
And on life's change and chance attend
With evermore recurring peal.
And, as the clang dies out, that, riding
Far on the breezes, loudly boomed,
So may she teach, nought is abiding,
All things of earth to death are doomed.

*Now tackle to the ropes and prize
The bell up from the pit, that so
She to the realm of sound may rise,
High up aloft, where the breezes blow!
Pull, pull, lads! See,
She waves, swings free!*

*Jay to our town may this portend, * [send?
PEACE the first message be forth shall
—Blackwood's Magazine.*

WASHINGTON'S IDEA OF A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.*

One year before Washington was chosen President of the United States, he was elected Chancellor of the College of William and Mary by the Board of Visitors. This was an ancient and venerable office which had been held by the Bishops of London continuously from the foundation of the College in 1693 down to the American Revolution. Washington was the first American elected to take up the historical succession to this old English ecclesiastical headship of the college. It was pre-eminently an honorary position, for besides the Chancellor, there was always a practical executive called the President, or Rector.

This was the beginning of George Washington's official connection with the cause of liberal education in America. He was now the acknowledged head of the only college in Virginia, the college which had given him his first local office many years before. Washington's Chancellorship of William and Mary antedated his Presidency of the United States and continued until the day of his death. The institution which first recognized his merits enjoyed the honor of his last public service. Although the duties of the Chancellorship were

* The following article is a portion of an extended paper on "The College of William and Mary," at Williamsburg, Virginia, by Prof. Herbert B. Adams, head of the Department of History and Political Science at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and printed by direction of the U. S. Secretary of the Interior, in the "Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education," No. 1, 1887.—ED. LIB. MAG.

never burdensome they were nevertheless sufficiently honorable and distinguished to turn Washington's attention, even while President of the United States, to the thought of representing for the entire country what he already represented for Virginia. He was the actual Mæcenas or patron of learning in his native State; what more natural than that he should advance from the local to the national in his ideas of education? This process had been characteristic of his development in relation to economics, war, and politics. It was in the same way that he came to the larger idea of his relation to science. In his mind, the College of William and Mary, which already in 1781 Washington had called a "University," was an historical stepping-stone from the idea of charity-schools in Virginia to the higher thought of a national university in the Federal City. Men's minds always move along lines of individual experience and of least resistance. There was absolutely no other experimental way by which Washington could have risen from his original purpose to his educational ideal save through his connection with the Chancellorship of William and Mary. The duties of this office were indeed trifling as compared with Washington's larger political career, but the two lines of presidential activity ran parallel with one another, and the very subordination of the one office may have suggested to Washington, in the other, the possibility of utilizing for a great national purpose the idea of higher education which William and Mary represented to him and to all Virginians. Thomas Jefferson obtained his first idea of the Uni-

versity of Virginia from his Alma Mater at Williamsburg, and Washington undoubtedly drew his national thought of education from the same local source.

It is a fact not sufficiently or generally understood that the first form of Jefferson's university idea was that of transforming the College of William and Mary into a State University. In 1779 he reported to the General Assembly of Virginia three bills for the establishment of a general system of education in his native State. The first bill provided for two grades of instruction: (1) Elementary schools, for the children of rich and poor alike; (2) Colleges for a middle degree of instruction to students in easy circumstances. The second bill proposed a university; the third, a library.

This general plan, of remarkable scope, deserves a more detailed examination, for it is the historical basis of all that Jefferson subsequently accomplished for the educational cause in Virginia. It is closely allied to his cherished scheme for local self-government in smaller units than the county. He proposed that every county should be subdivided into hundreds, wards, or townships, five or six miles square, and that in the center of each local division there should be a free English school, in which reading, writing, and arithmetic should be taught. This was the idea of common school education, free to all children in the ward or township, and supported by local taxation under State authority. This part of Jefferson's great plan was actually adopted by the General Assembly in 1796, although the execution of the law was left optional with

the county courts, a mistake which Jefferson said defeated his project.

For the promotion of college education, Jefferson's bill provided that the whole State should be divided into ten or more districts, in each of which a college should be planted for teaching the classics, grammar, geography, surveying, and other useful subjects. The college, as Jefferson conceived it, was to be a classical academy or gymnasium, preparatory to the university. It was an expansion of the same idea as that of the colonial free school, which was free merely in the sense of teaching the liberal arts. This form of the free school should be historically distinguished from the free English or common school, proposed for elementary education. The college was to be the Latin school, with the addition of a few practical or modern studies. This part of Jefferson's plan, although not actually adopted in the form proposed, remained one of his favorite ideas, to which he returned again and again in later life.

The roof and crown of the entire educational system of Virginia was to be the old College of William and Mary, transformed into a new and higher seminary of learning, with all preparatory work relegated to the fitting schools. Jefferson distinctly states that his second bill "proposed to amend the constitution of William and Mary College, to enlarge its sphere of science, and to make it in fact a university." In his autobiography Jefferson explains why this, the best part of his plan, failed to succeed. "The College of William and Mary was an establishment purely of the Church of

England; the visitors were required to be all of that Church; the professors, to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles; its students, to learn the catechism; and one of its fundamental objects was declared to be to raise up ministers for that Church. The religious jealousies, therefore, of all the dissenters took alarm lest this might give an ascendancy to the Anglican sect, and refused acting on that bill. Its local eccentricity, too, and unhealthy autumnal climate lessened the general inclination toward it." For these and other reasons the College of William and Mary failed to become the State university of Virginia.

Washington had already heard of Jefferson's project of Swiss professors from John Adams. To both Adams and Jefferson the President communicated his unfavorable opinion of the Swiss proposition. To Jefferson he gave a specific statement of his views to the effect that (1) The plan for a national university was not sufficiently matured to justify any encouragement to the Swiss professors; (2) The propriety of transplanting the entire body of them was questionable, for they might not all be good characters or sufficiently acquainted with the English language; (3) The Swiss professors had been at variance with the popular party at home, and their introduction to America might be considered an aristocratic movement; (4) Such an invitation to the Swiss "might preclude some of the first professors in other countries from a participation" in the national university. Washington suggests that "some of the most celebrated characters in Scotland, in this line, might be obtained."

Thus in matters pertaining to the highest education, as already in economics, war, politics, and diplomacy, George Washington showed his sovereign common sense. From whatever point of view the character of the greatest of Virginians is seen, his wisdom and judgment impress the beholder. He was not disposed to subordinate the idea of an American university to the importation *en masse* of any foreign colony of professors, even though they constituted the best single faculty in continental Europe. He was inclined to take a thoroughly scientific and broadly international view of the educational question. If Scotland had a better Professor of Philosophy than the Genevan, he wanted the Scotchman.

While discouraging the ideas of transplanting a foreign university to these American shores, Washington proceeded to take immediate steps toward the realization of his own long-cherished plan of founding a national university. Returning the Swiss papers to John Adams on the 27th of November, 1794, he said: "That a national university in this country is a thing to be desired, has always been my decided opinion; and the appropriation of ground and funds for it in the Federal City has long been contemplated and talked of." It is evident that a new impetus was now given to this old idea, born of William and Mary College. In less than three weeks after writing to Adams, Washington addressed a letter to Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, requesting that he and James Madison should mature the proper course for him in disclosing his design to give his stock of fifty shares in the

Potomac Company toward the endowment of a university in the District of Columbia. On the 28th of January, 1795, Washington informed the commissioners of the Federal City that he had vested in perpetuity fifty shares of Potomac stock toward the above object. This was done *before* the receipt of Jefferson's letter, dated at Monticello, February 22, 1795, which had already come to Washington's notice through John Adams at least three months earlier. The Swiss idea had its influence upon both of the great Virginians, but it stimulated Washington to immediate action. When he heard Jefferson's version of the Swiss scheme he wrote to him, "I have in a degree anticipated your proposition," in so far as it related to the application of stock in the Potomac Company to the endowment of a national university. Washington said he was inclined to apply the James River shares to the same purpose, but, "considering the source from whence they were derived [by donation from the State of Virginia], I have, in a letter I am writing to the executive of Virginia on this subject, left the application of them to a seminary within the State, to be located by the legislature." The very next day, March 16, 1795, Washington wrote to Robert Brooke, Governor of Virginia, proposing to vest his Potomac stock in a national university and his James River shares in a Virginia institution. . . .

The following passage, taken from Washington's last will and testament, best conveys his ideas upon the subject of a national university:

"It has always been a source of serious regret with me, to see the youth of these

United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own; contracting too frequently, not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome; for these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit, from our national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is (in my estimation), my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure, than the establishment of a University in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents from all parts thereof may be sent for the completion of their education, in all the branches of polite literature, in arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government, and, as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment, by associating with each other, and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned, and which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country. Under these impressions, so fully dilated,

"I give and bequeath, in perpetuity, the fifty shares which I hold in the Potomac Company (under the aforesaid acts of the Legislature of Virginia), toward the endowment of a university, to be established within the limits of the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the General Government, if that Government should incline to extend a fostering hand toward it; and, until such seminary is established, and the funds arising on these shares shall be required for its support, my further will and desire is, that the profit accruing therefrom shall, whenever

the dividends are made, be laid out in purchasing stock in the Bank of Columbia, or some other bank, at the discretion of my executors, or by the Treasurer of the United States for the time being, under the direction of Congress, provided that honorable body should patronize the measure; and the dividends proceeding from the purchase of such stock are to be vested in more stock, and so on, until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object is obtained; of which I have not the smallest doubt before many years pass away, even if no aid or encouragement is given by the legislative authority, or from any other source."

American students are to-day moving upon the great current of national university life, such a current as would have rejoiced the mind and heart of George Washington, could he have foreseen the national representation of this country in our leading colleges and universities. We are enjoying the practical realization of a grand idea, but it is not unreasonable to inquire whether the present cosmopolitan spirit in American student life might not have begun to develop at a much earlier period if Congress had given some attention to Washington's earnest recommendations. Supposing a school of politics and good government, in connection with other liberal arts and sciences, had been planted in the city of Washington, under the auspices of the United States, at the very beginning of the present century, before the sectional issue had become paramount in American politics, would there not have been some chance for the development of a school of well-trained, public-spirited men, of broad-minded statesmen, competent to settle economic and constitutional questions, without leading the country into

fratricidal war, costing millions of men and untold treasure? The simple experiment would at least have been inexpensive compared with that actually essayed. England and Germany were able to rid their dominions of slavery and serfdom by legislative means, and possibly the United States might have done the same thing by the education of a school of really patriotic politicians, who could have risen above sectional issues, or those "local attachments and State prejudices" which Washington feared, and who could have developed the healthful Virginia sentiment of Jefferson and of the eighteenth century into an irresistible national opinion.

Washington early attempted to impress upon Congress "how much a flourishing state of the arts and sciences contributes to national prosperity and reputation." He foreshadowed the scientific policy of the nation when he pointed out its duty in these matters. He intimated that the higher education could never reach its highest estate without national aid. "True it is," he observed, "that our country, much to its honor, contains many seminaries of learning highly respectable and useful; but the funds upon which they rest are too narrow to command the ablest professors, in the different departments of liberal knowledge, for the institution contemplated, though they would be excellent auxiliaries." The Father of his Country wished to save the United States on the one hand from provincialism, and on the other from sectionalism. Undoubtedly, in his mind, the national idea was uppermost:

"Among the motives to such an institution," he said, "the assimilation of the principles, opinions, and manners of our countrymen, by the common education of a portion of our youth from every quarter, well deserves attention. The more homogeneous our citizens can be made in these particulars, the greater will be our prospect of permanent union; and a primary object of such a national institution should be the education of our youth in the science of government. In a republic, what species of knowledge can be equally important, and what duty more pressing on its legislature, than to patronize a plan for communicating it to those who are to be the future guardians of the liberties of the country?"

In his letter to Jefferson, March 15, 1795. Washington said he had little hesitation in giving the Federal City preference over all other places for the institution, because (1) That city is the permanent seat of the government of this Union, and there its laws and policy are better understood than elsewhere; (2) Washington is central, midway between the North and the South; (3) The District of Columbia is convenient of access for the whole State of Virginia; (4) His own private bequest, inadequate in itself, would become useful as part of a national endowment; (5) Jurisdiction by the General Government would give the university advantages which no other place than the City of Washington would possess; "and lastly, as this seminary is contemplated for the completion of education and study of the sciences, not for boys in their rudiments, it will afford the students an opportunity of attending the debates in Congress, and thereby becoming more liberally and better acquainted with the principles of law and government."

This was Washington's cherished

idea of a national university. It was primarily the idea of a National School of Politics and Administration, taught in connection with other liberal arts and sciences, in the capital city of the United States, for the highest education of American youth. It was an idea born of the old College of William and Mary, where capitol and college faced each other, and where the statesmen of Virginia had been trained for their great work of liberating the colonies and of framing a Federal Constitution. The idea of a national university grew in Washington's mind with his own official connection as Chancellor of William and Mary, with his election and re-election as President of these United States, with the establishment of the District of Columbia and of the nation's capital on the borders of Virginia, with his enlarged opportunity of employing Virginia's gift for a purpose at once national and Virginian, with the growing desire of his old age to see his country permanently united and to leave it in a state of enduring peace.

The great idea did not die with Washington. It has been transmitted by successive generations of men and it remains a legacy to the future. There is one national institution which owes its origin to Washington's foresight, and that is the Military Academy at West Point. Suggested to Congress in the same speech wherein he recommended a national university, this government institution has by its untarnished record and inestimable services to the country more than vindicated the wisdom of its great advocate. Washington said to Con-

gress: "However pacific the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an adequate stock of military knowledge for emergencies." He maintained that a dearth of such knowledge would impair the energy of its character, hazard its safety, or expose it to even greater evils when war could not be avoided. "The art of war," he said, "is at once comprehensive and complicated; it demands much previous study." The United States discovered the depth of this wisdom by the sad experience of a protracted civil war. The sectional division of regular army officers in that unhappy conflict was caused by sectional strife in politics, from which neither States, nor families, nor men could escape; but the very sectional distribution of military skill and martial discipline was one of the most redeeming features of the war, for it prevented untrained masses of men on both sides from reverting to general bush-whacking and primitive savagery.

West Point represents more than the continuity of military science, which is indeed indispensable in all civilized states, whether for external defence or the preservation of domestic peace. The Military Academy stands for the historical continuity under national auspices, of that very idea which made Washington "first in peace" after the American Revolution. It is the idea of strengthening the country by internal improvement, and binding its different sections indissolubly together by ties of economic interest, such as river improvements, canals, roads, bridges, and other great public works described under the comprehensive name of "engi-

neering." The constant employment of army engineers in such ways by the national Government, and in the direction of public works in our large cities, for example, in Philadelphia and New York, indicates what West Point education is worth in these piping times of peace.

Another practical lesson suggested by the Military Academy and by the regular army organization, recruited from it, is that of a national system of civil service, recruited at government training schools. Washington's saying concerning the art of war might well be applied to the art of administration: it "is at once comprehensive and complicated; it demands much previous study; the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation. This, therefore, ought to be a serious care of every Government; and for this purpose, an academy, where a regular course of instruction is given, is an obvious expedient, which different nations have successfully employed." The schools of administration now flourishing in Paris and Berlin are based upon precisely the same idea as that proposed by Washington in his plan for a national university in the Federal City.

It is impossible to study the past experience of institutions of learning without deriving useful lessons for the present. Among the ideas suggested by the history of William and Mary College are the following: (1) Like Harvard College, it was originally a State institution, supported by government appropriations and by taxation, as well as by private philanthropy; (2) Like Harvard again, it was founded in

the interest of the church and of liberal education; (3) It was early associated with the best political, religious, and social forces of Virginia in a municipal environment; (4) The college-capital flourished so long as Williamsburg remained the political and social center of Virginia; (5) When the capital of the State was removed to Richmond, the life current of the college became feeble, for it ceased practically to be a State institution, and remained only a church institution in a decaying borough, whose vitality had fled; (6) The survival of its ecclesiastical character in a State where dissenting interests were in the majority, actually prevented the college from becoming the University of Virginia, according to the original plan of Jefferson; (7) Non-sectarianism was the corner-stone of that rival State institution, which, founded in a rural environment on the outskirts of Charlottesville within sight of Monticello, speedily rose above old William and Mary College, prevented its removal to a better municipal vantage-ground in Richmond, and drew away its strength and prestige; (8) Persistent refusal to remove to a more healthful and favorable municipal environment, after the disasters of the civil war, when there was everything to gain and comparatively nothing to lose, was a mistake second only to the defeat of the first project for removal to Richmond in 1821; (9) The most practical of all lessons to be derived from the history of William and Mary is the possible renaissance, in the educational policy of our States, of the original Williamsburg idea of a college-capital, or at least of higher educa-

tion, in a municipal rather than in a rural, or even suburban, environment; and (10) The revival of that close connection between education and good citizenship which made the College of William and Mary a seminary of statesmen. . . .

There could hardly be a more appropriate mode of creating a perpetual memorial of our Federal Constitution than by nationalizing at Washington and everywhere promoting throughout the individual States that system of education in good citizenship which made the Virginia plan a possibility, which trained up such public men as George Washington, Edmund Randolph, John Blair, George Mason, George Wythe, James McClurg, and James Madison, the seven members of the Virginia delegation, of whom at least six were in some way, as alumnus, professor, or overseer, connected with the old College of William and Mary—that school of Jefferson and of American statesmen. A permanent memorial of our Federal Constitution should revive and perpetuate the higher education in history and politics, which was well represented by the Fathers of the Republic, notably by James Madison and George Washington in their historical study of Federal government, from the time of the Grecian leagues down to the Swiss Cantons, the United Netherlands, and the old German Confederation. Equally remarkable evidence of the fact that our Constitution was founded and maintained by the aid of political science and of historical politics is seen in the *Federalist* and in John Adams's *Defence of the Constitution*. If we would commemorate the patriotic

work of the framers of our constitution, we should promote in every possible way throughout this country and at the nation's capital that political wisdom upon which the Union was established.

Institutions of learning are, after all, nobler monuments to great men and great events than are obelisks or statues of marble. The national endowment or permanent support of the higher political education "within the limits of the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the General Government," would realize the highest ideal of the Father of his country. This ideal was Washington's last will and testament to the American people. —HERBERT B. ADAMS.



A WILL-O'-THE-WISP. AND THE BLUE FLOWER.

"Now, it is an old law," says Hans Andersen, "from time immemorial, that when the moon stands exactly where it stood yesterday, and the wind blows exactly as it did yesterday, all the Will-o'-the-Wisps born in that hour should be privileged if they choose it to live among human beings, and exercise their power among them."

The human "Will-o'-the-Wisp" is a creature of nerves and electricity, often dissatisfied, sometimes unhappy. Humanity ties him down, confines him to one place when he would be in a dozen. He is essentially a wandering spirit of finer intuitions and less substance than ours; excitement is as necessary to him as water to a fish; he cannot live without it. Therefore, what

he takes up to-day is thrown aside to-morrow; the absorbing interest of the moment disgusts him half an hour hence; he begins each new undertaking with tremendous energy; but the flame soon flits elsewhere; his ardor does not cool, indeed, because it had no heat, only the appearance. And hence the unreliability of which his mortal relatives complain. Above all, his fancy must be tickled, his vanity appeased, his emotions stimulated, if he is to be kept in tolerable humor. The first Will-o'-the-Wisp with whom I had any intercourse lived in an Irish fishing village, when the century was not quite as old as it is now. He had not then arrived at years of discretion; but he owned the longest legs, the merriest smile, and the richest brogue of any lad of my acquaintance. With the long legs he scoured the country far and near—it was a sight to see him leaping ditches!—in the softest accents of his soft, rich brogue he launched malicious truths, pointed with wit, to sting his victims and yet compel their laughter; knowing he might venture with impunity, his merry smile and roguish eyes disarming anger.

"He's a mighty quare boy, is Master George!" the servants said. And they were right. "Master George" systematically robbed the dairy when all the world besides was fast asleep; Master George tied the parlor and the kitchen cats together by their tails; Master George hung the governess's Sunday dress and bonnet out of the garret window, with such skill that the neighbors flocked to know if the poor lady had committed suicide;—small wonder, if she had!—Master

George put vinegar and pepper in the Christmas pudding. "There's no knowin' what the boy'll be afther nixt!" lamented the cook; "my heart's broke wid him intirely. He's a limb of Satan, an' that's what he is. No less!"

At the age of seventeen Master George "went a-coortin'." I cannot say he "fell in love;" but he "went a-coortin'." His innamorata was the daughter of the village doctor, a fair-haired child of thirteen, who gave herself airs, and had not quite made up her mind whether a pensive or a gay expression best suited her style of beauty. She was popular in the district and, consequently, haughty. Her brother drove a prosperous trade in fishing-rods, peg-tops, cricket balls and "bull's-eyes," tribute paid to him by eager aspirants to his sister's favor, for his permission to lift their caps to her without an introduction and, through his medium, offer bouquets of Chinese roses, forget-me-nots, and scented geraniums at her shrine. Master George, however, paid no tribute, offered no roses, forget-me-nots nor scented geraniums; he asked for no introduction, and did not require any one's permission to lift his cap to any lady he chose to honor by a salutation; but he would walk a mile and a half to a trysting place before a certain iron gate, and, climbing up into an old gnarled hawthorn tree, would wait perhaps an hour to win a smile from her severity. He did not care to speak to her then. Later on, indeed, he might have been seen hurrying down the high road at a furious pace—as the coachman said: "Just touchin' the ground in spots!"—

until he came in sight of the doctor's house, when, putting his hands in his pockets, he generally shoved his old straw hat a little further backward on his head, and slacking his speed to a careless saunter, began to whistle "*Du, du liegst mir im Herzen*," with variations and additions. He had won poor "Missie's" heart by that time, and made her life as wretched as he could, taking a huge delight in rousing jealousy and bringing an angry glow of wounded pride into her chubby cheeks.

And so he played with Missie's vanity, because by this means he secured himself much pleasurable excitement, lasting over two or three days, or weeks, or months, during which he experienced quite a number of exquisite thrills and collected a number of delicately perfumed memories—perfumed with the scent of hay-fields, jessamine, woodbine and meadowsweet! The trouble of walking miles in a hot sun, or sitting in the hawthorn tree on awkward knobs, with crooked branches battering in his hat or scratching out his eyes, only increased his ardor; physical discomforts stimulating his nerves to keener appreciation of spiritual joy, much as pickles and caviare do the appetite for dinner. Gentlemen of his caliber will be often found enduring considerable voluntary pain.

Among the conflicting elements composing his character there is, perhaps, none more startling than his truthfulness. I said, the instinct of bewildering is as strong in him, though hampered by mortality, as when he danced in freedom through

his native marshes. And so it is. But that instinct differs from deception as made familiar to us by our rogues and felons. It deludes us by a play on words, a delicate handling of nice distinctions, a breaking up of truth into component parts by the prism of a strong imagination; there is no lie, no shadow of falsehood to revolt our sense of right. Perhaps, indeed, we may be disappointed by his schemes as Arabs are when a mirage shows them palms and cooling springs where only burning sand exists; but the delusion, if there be one, is on our side, not his; he speaks enigmas, we are fools who cannot read them. In matters of every-day occurrence he is as downright, as practical, as uncompromising as an ideal Briton. Black is black, not white, to him; and no flow of eloquence can make him call it gray. He is jealous of his honor, too, in this respect; his word is his bond, and careless as he may be of his reputation otherwise, he will resent the smallest imputation on his truth.

Another trait almost equally surprising is his pleasure in the society of children. He seeks them constantly. If by chance he meets an urchin on the road, the probability is the little fellow finds himself hoisted in the air, presently enjoying the novelty of riding a two-legged horse. In the nursery the Will-o'-the-Wisp is Lord of Misrule; uproarious merriment and boisterous games follow close on his heels, complaints, too, and tears. He delights in perplexing and tormenting the "kids," in rousing angry passions and fermenting strife. Yet, strange to say, though children

are unhappy in his neighborhood, they cry more bitterly when he goes away.

When the "humor was on him," Master George was certainly a great story-teller. He was born with a silver tongue in his head. By an inflexion of a vowel and a motion of his hand, he could express infinite distance; by the rolling of a consonant and the swaying of his body, the surging of a brutal multitude clamoring for a hero's death. Fairies, giants, knights, and distressed damsels haunted the glades of enchanted forests, danced and caroused there, strove, were rescued and rewarded bodily before our eyes, whenever he spun his brilliant fancies in the gloaming. In the days of which I speak, he was seen to best advantage sitting on the hall doorsteps of his Irish home, with a couple of youngsters leaning up against him and his four-year-old sister between his knees. Then the yellow sun, in gilding the elms, streamed through the branches on the group, touching his rough hair tenderly, lighting up his thin, eager face with sudden glory, as every now and then, with an impulsive movement, he turned it skyward. Far across the meadows where the hay was still in cocks, the calm gray sea spread like an emblem of peace, and the hum of insects in the after grass, coming through the cool silence of the evening, increased the witchery of the charm he used. The nearest approach to tenderness he allowed himself to show, softened his keen blue eyes, when he saw his brothers listening with bated breath, and felt his sister's baby fingers tightening upon his hand.

The country in which he lived

was certainly one calculated to develop eccentricity, by reason of its desolate character. There the famine of '47-'48 raged with peculiar violence, and the majority of those whom the famine spared the fever carried off. The gentry were almost all ruined, the peasants more than decimated in those sad years, and the stricken remnant still bear the impress of past misery. They are a silent, discontented, struggling race, who nurse grievances, resent and brood over hardships, warming their hands at the smouldering turf that heats their cabins.

Until the last few years the nearest railway ended at a station twenty-seven miles distant, and the only mode of approaching the district was by driving in a "jingle" (inside car) for wearisome hours through uninteresting scenery, where signs of human habitations were few and far between. These became rarer, advancing further west, until in the immediate neighborhood of Master George's home they almost disappeared. Ranges of low, brown hills here break the monotony of the bogs, and looking seaward, the waves of the Atlantic may be seen leaping frantically into the air against the jagged edges of many islands. The very atmosphere feeds imagination. The strong exhilarating breeze that pipes fantastic tunes in the telegraph wires along the high road, and blows the winter sea fogs through the valleys, shaping them strangely into forms that creep and crawl along the barren slopes, and wraps the leafless trees in eery shrouds, is laden with tales of shipwrecks, spirits, warnings, and untimely deaths; the limitless stretch of bog, dotted with brow pools where

the bog-bean grows, and round whose margin the cotton-grass waves its silver tuft of down, fosters melancholy. He who has once seen the autumn sun setting over the moors, and watched the brown earth barred with crimson, and the marshy waters stained like blood—who has once waited while the sluggish fever mists unwound themselves from their lurking places in the swamp, will not easily forget the fascination that held him, until the night wind, sighing sadly through the rushes, broke the spell.

But the Will-o'-the-Wisp seeks no sympathy in his restlessness. Perhaps, instinctively, he feels the uselessness of such appeal; how could a stranger comprehend what he himself can scarcely understand? And so he bears his pain in silence. Once, and once only, did I hear this nameless discontent alluded to. It was the summer Master George had gone "a-courting." He had been unusually serene and well-behaved that season, so that the neighbors fondly hoped he had turned over a new leaf. Toward the end of my visit he constituted himself my cavalier, escorting me in my rambles with a devoted gallantry that would have been touching in any but a Will-o'-the-Wisp. We climbed hills together, read Bacon's essays under the shadow of gray rocks, fell out and in again unceasingly, and the evening before I left we took a farewell walk to see the sun setting over the sea. Heavy indigo clouds dashed with lurid flame were piled overhead leaving the horizon bright and clear; to the north-west, tendrils of violet and rose crossed a background of opal, and the low, dark islands in

the distance were set in a sheet of silver that, gradually losing its luster, changed slowly into a leaden gray. We were silent a long while. Presently I turned to my companion to call his attention to a strange effect of light and shade along the coast; but the expression of his face checked me. His thin sarcastic lips had set themselves into a hard straight line and his eyes were full of a mute misery.

"Not in entire forgetfulness,"

he quoted to himself,

"And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God who is our home."

"Did I?" he continued absently. "I can't remember. But the children know."

The reflection of his mood on mine checked my desire to laugh. "Is that the reason you like being with them?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in the same dreamy manner. "They have the secret of happiness. 'Heaven shines about them in their infancy,' you know. There is a blank—a want—a void in me. And it aches!"

"Bless the boy, is he a poet?" I exclaimed.

He started and stared at me in bewilderment, like one awakened suddenly from sleep. Picking up a pebble he flung it carelessly over the cliff.

"What rot!" he answered politely. "Let us go home to tea, Mavourneen. Oh, the muffins and the crumpets *and* the buttered rolls!"

That was the last I saw of him for many a long year.

It is a curious fact that, as a rule, if a Will-o'-the-Wisp lives to become a man, he commences his career as

a medical student, and ends it as a politician. Between whiles, he generally passes through various stages of socialism, and concludes by discovering that every scheme for the improvement of mankind is vanity and vexation of spirit. Of the five or six I have known, one only altered the programme. He began as a man of fashion, continued as an artist, and has finished up, for the present, as a tradesman. He is always a mighty traveler; the restless instinct remains strong to the hour of his death—and afterward too, if tradition may be trusted. However that may be, in his lifetime the Will-o'-the-Wisp wanders continually, up and down the world and round and round it, sometimes on business, sometimes for pleasure; but always seeking the "blue flower" of which Novalis tells, whose perfume he perceived in boyhood, mingling with that of the pinks and jasmine in his father's garden, or wafted by the sea-breeze over the dreary bogs.

Master George was the joy of the medical school he joined. The students named him, instantly, "the cherub," on account of his yellow hair and radiant eyes, and also because his views in general were not angelic. They said, "Look here, he's perfectly mad, you know!" And the whimsical freaks in which his eccentricity indulged seemed to acknowledge them correct. To-day he gravely collected tracts; to-morrow knockers. This week he studied chemistry, reduced the next to practice; when he innocently smashed a flask of horrid odor where it produced effect on all except himself. "To disinfect the place;" he said, in explanation; "there was a

beastly smell before!" One month he would appear in shiny hats and "dreamy" gloves, faultlessly-cut coats and pointed shoes; he then frequented balls and concerts, flower-shows, "at homes," and knew the smartest people in the town. But presently he voted "everything a bore," bestowed the shiny hat upon the boot-black at the corner, and gave the crossing-sweeper all his dreamy gloves. Donning the shabbiest of medical attire, he went in hard for beer, tobacco, music-halls, and slang, and practiced boxing with a mattress every morning. As for study—well, he managed that when he had time.

As time went on, it was observed that Master George, who could not live without excitement, to whom monotony was unendurable, exercised, where his interest was aroused, a patient perseverance in pursuing questions to their final issue, that was scarcely short of genius. But curiosity once satisfied, the subject lost its charm; it was thrown aside to make room for another.

As soon as he had taken out his degree as Doctor of Medicine, which he did with great distinction, he began his wanderings over the globe. He knocked down a Pasha, during the "Bulgarian horrors," for interfering with his patients; he shot tigers in India, naturalized in Java, ate "taro-roots" at Tahiti, played "poker" for tobacco-plugs in Australia, hunted lions in Africa, and fraternized, meanwhile, with Mazzini, Bakunin, and Marx—seeking "the blue flower" always, and in vain.

After more years than I care to mention, we met at last on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. He

had not changed as much as I. His yellow hair was, perhaps, a shade darker, his eyes a little sadder, but his mocking smile remained as bright and honest as when he courted Missie from the hawthorn tree, and his sharp wit still was robbed of half its sting by the softness of his well remembered "brogue." He was on his way then to China, still seeking "the blue flower." I heard of him from time to time, through mutual acquaintance and the papers. He wrote a popular romance, contributed some clever articles to the *Quarterly*, and one fine day, to the surprise of all the world but me, he kissed the blarney-stone and became "a mumber o' parliamint!" And then he married.

Last winter the Fates brought us together again. *Alle schönen Sachen sind drei*, say the Germans. His wife is with him—a handsome, practical, tender-hearted woman—and their little son, who sits upon my knee and slyly gives me heliotrope "that holds a secret!" We two steal away from the "big people" in the evenings and, cosily hidden in a corner of a quiet corridor, tell one another stories, till that horrid "bed-time" breaks our *tête-à-tête* and sends me back to seek for sense in small talk. But not when Master George is there. Civilized and humanized as he has become under the wise influence of his better half, he carries with him still the fresh, brisk atmosphere of his Irish home. In spite of parliamentary dignity, in spite of having, as he terms it, "put on flesh," his humor is as agile though more kindly, than when we quarreled on the low brown hills so many, many years ago.

He will always be somewhat of a Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Yesterday my wee boy-lover asked me, suddenly, across the table as we lingered over our fruit, "what the 'blue flower' meant." Master George glanced at me roguishly and cast down his eyes. "Come over here," I said, "and I will tell you." The child obeyed, and clambered into my lap.

"There is a flower," I began, with my arm round him, "it is blue, and in the center it holds a dew-drop, just like a tear. The whole earth is filled with its perfume; but no one has ever seen it. Not every one can smell it; some have not senses fine enough except in dreams. But whoever can perceive it, is seized with a great longing to possess the flower; he can never rest afterward; he must go looking, and looking for it all his life. Sometimes he forgets it for awhile and is happy; and then, perhaps, when he is talking, or writing, or working, a whiff of that sweet, vague perfume is blown across his face, and he must wander off again in search of what has never yet been found; and look, and look, and look for it until he dies." "But what is it?" asked the child again.

While I had been speaking, Master George had not raised his eyes from his wife's hand, which he had taken and was playing with. He now looked up into her face, with a smile of affection and gratitude, as bright as the clear shining after rain.

"Look here, Arthur," he said, touching a pansy she wore near her throat and pointing to one in his button hole, "the man who wrote that knew nothing about the 'blue

flower' at all. It has been found; mamma has it and she gave some to me ever so long ago. Some people call it heartsease!"

"There's lots of it in the garden!" whispered the boy to me, putting his arms round my neck. "I'll get you some after dinner, and you'll wear it. Won't you? But there'll be no tears in what I'll give you! I'll shake them all out first!"—
ELWYN KEITH, in *London Society*.

THE PREDICTED ERA OF PEACE.

Europe is arming, and all the signs of the time point in the direction of another great international conflict. At such a moment, while the calm which precedes the storm still lasts, it may be interesting and not unprofitable to consider why it is that, in spite of the civilization of which we are justly proud, in spite of the progress, both moral and material, which marks our age, we should still persist, as between nations, though no longer as between individual men, in keeping up the old, barbarous, bloody method of deciding our quarrels.

It seems at first sight as if the analogy between duelling and war was in all respects perfect, and that if the one is shown to be a barbarous and unchristian practice, the other must be so too. As matters now stand, however, there is one important distinction between the two cases—one point at which the analogy breaks down. Permanent tribunals exist for the settlement of individual quarrels, but none exist for the settlement of those which arise between nations; and if temporary tribunals

have occasionally, as in the case of the Alabama claims, been created for the decision of international differences, their award has carried with it no sanction, so that, if the defeated party still preferred an appeal to arms, war became inevitable. Since, then, the non-existence of permanent international tribunals armed with power to enforce obedience to their decrees, is the only thing that makes a war between two nations a whit more justifiable than a duel between two men, it follows that if such tribunals were once created, the difference in a moral point of view which now exists between an international duel and a duel between individuals would disappear, and one nation would have no more excuse for disturbing the peace of the world than one individual has for breaking the peace of our Lady the Queen.

It seems to us that the vision, which some of our poets have seen, of an era of peace in which international disputes will be settled in the manner we have indicated, is not a mere dream, or at least that it is a dream which there are strong reasons for supposing will one day come true. These reasons are partly of an economic character, and are partly founded upon moral and political considerations. It is quite certain that war is becoming every day more injurious, economically, to the interests not only of the belligerent, but also to those of neutral, powers. If we except the loss of life and the expense of withdrawing a number of men from peaceful industries and setting them to kill each other, a war in the middle ages cost the nations engaged in it comparatively little. The victorious army usually overran and devastated

parts of the hostile territory; but as little or no fixed capital then existed, and as no devastation could interfere with the natural capabilities of the soil, the next year's harvest was as good as, or even better than, if cultivation had followed its usual course. War in a civilized country at the present day is attended with very different and far more disastrous consequences; its effect is felt not merely in the country which is the scene of operations, but is often perceptible to the very ends of the earth.

Take, for example, the American civil war. One of its effects was to arrest for the time being the production of cotton, and to deprive Lancashire of the raw material of her industry, so that the Lancashire operative actually suffered more severely by reason of a transatlantic war than he might have done if England had sustained a succession of defeats in a war with Germany or France. The network of commerce is now so complicated and extensive, that it is impossible for one member of the family of nations to suffer without all or some of the others suffering with it; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say—as Lord Macaulay has done—that a civil war of a week on English ground would produce effects which would be felt at the end of many years in California and in China. Not only is the mass of wealth which now exists in the shape of fixed capital beyond comparison greater than at any former period, but the wealth which is represented by the stocks and shares of public companies—a kind of wealth of which, until lately, the world knew nothing—passes all calculation. Upon property of this latter description, depending as it does upon

credit for its value, the effect of a war, or even the rumor of one, is peculiarly disastrous. A civil war at the present moment in America would be felt not in Lancashire alone, but in any part of England or of the world in which there lived a man who held a bond or owned a share in an American company.

At the time of the American civil war, England, although depending on America for the raw material of one of her leading industries, did not to any very great extent depend upon that country for food. Now, on the contrary, we import from the United States a very large proportion of our annual supply of corn, and nearly one-third of our supply of meat. A war between the two countries would therefore reduce England to the brink of starvation, would deprive the American farmer of his best market, and would probably cause an amount of suffering tenfold greater than that caused by the cotton famine of 1862.

These considerations are enough to show that, even putting morality for the moment aside, the purely selfish interests of nations are becoming every day more deeply pledged to a policy of peace. Up to the commencement of that great industrial age in which we live, a civilized community was often so placed that it might hope to gain more by a successful war than it feared to lose by having its trade interrupted and its industry paralyzed. We are now steadily approaching a time when the interests involved in the peaceful prosecution of industry and the regular operations of commerce will be so numerous and gigantic, that the civilized world will be only too glad to unite

for the purpose of putting down any wanton disturber of the public peace.

In addition to the economic considerations to which we have referred, which make it probable that the policy of nations will be more peaceful in the future than it has been in the past, there are, as we have said, certain political and moral causes which are working in the same direction. Hitherto, the foreign policy of most countries has not really been directed by the people, but by the government. In an unenlightened age, this could not have been otherwise; the people possessed neither the knowledge nor the means of acquiring the knowledge which would have enabled them to form an opinion as to how far their rulers were justified, in any particular case, in adopting hostile measures. It is the people, and not the government, that loses and suffers most by a war, and hence it is that we have heard of a government, but never of a people, entering on a war "with a light heart." Carlyle has drawn a picture, at once ludicrous and sad, of a body of peaceful English peasants who are disciplined and drilled and dressed in red, and sent away to Spain, and there placed opposite to an equal number of French peasants, also in uniform, and with guns in their hands.

"At the word of command, both parties fire, and thirty men on either side fall dead; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had there men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers, nay, in so wide a universe there was even unconsciously by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one

another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

Is not this, in a nutshell, the history of half the wars the world has seen? The governors have quarreled, and the people have been made to believe the quarrel was their own; and is there not the strongest reason for supposing that as education spreads, as governments become more truly representative of the people whom they govern, and as the people come to understand more truly their real interests, wars of this kind at least, into which kings lead their subjects blindfold, will no more be heard of?

Lastly, there are various moral causes which are co-operating with those of an economic and political nature which we have touched on, and which are bringing us gradually nearer to an age of peace. If we compare the nineteenth with any previous century, we find that men's hearts are softer, their manners more gentle and refined, their sympathies and philanthropic instincts far more active than at any former time. Human life is more respected, human suffering more tenderly cared for, and we do more and more every day to soften for each other "the asperities of human existence." Not only this, but even the lives and sufferings of brutes—of dogs and horses, of hares and rabbits—are respected to a degree which our ancestors would have deemed absurd. The crueller forms of sport, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, bull-fighting, are now placed in the same category with the tournament and the gladiatorial show; and can any rational person doubt that just as we are in advance of our ancestors as regards these things, so our descendants will

surpass us? And is it not certain that along with progress of this kind there must come a revolution in men's ideas about war?

What would now be thought if a great philosopher were to maintain, as the greatest of English philosophers once did, that war is to the body politic what exercise is to the natural body—a healthful and necessary recreation without which the life and vigor of a nation would decay? Even were this true, the question would still remain whether men or nations are justified in preserving their health at any cost to themselves and to the rest of mankind; but if it was ever true, it is true no longer that without war a nation would have no scope for its activity, no outlet for its energies, no training-ground for heroism. The armies of industry have now to fight as hard and more steadily; to face dangers and difficulties quite as great; to maintain a contest just as much calculated to call forth what ever of the heroic a man or a nation may have in them, as any war of which we read. Steady courage, prompt obedience, and a spirit of cheerful self-denial, are qualities which the true industrial soldier must possess; and that he usually does possess these and most other military virtues in a high degree is proved by the fact that peaceful industrial communities, when forced to fight for their independence, have usually fought at least as well as those which have made war their trade.

Notwithstanding what has been said, it is much to be feared that from the time when war will entirely cease, many blood-filled trenches and contentious centuries—as Carlyle says—still divide us; but in the

meantime, we may be permitted to take our stand, like Lord Bacon, on the Pisgah of speculation, and look forward to a time when men will live under better laws and will lead purer lives; an age in which wars, although they may not have ceased in all the world, will be banished from the civilized part of it, and in which international tribunals will sit to decide international differences, and will execute their decrees with the help of the armed and united forces of civilized society banded together to maintain the general peace.—*Chambers's Journal*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

PHYSIQUE OF EUROPEAN SOLDIERS.—

General Sir John Aclay is a veteran British officer, born in 1819, has served in all parts of the globe, was second in command under Sir Garnet Wolseley in the last expedition to Egypt, and for his services received the thanks of Parliament, and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and at the close of 1882, succeeded Lord Napier of Magdala, as Governor of Gibraltar. He contributes to the last *Fortnightly Review* a valuable paper on "The British Army, Past and Present." He writes:—

"Unfavorable comments are often made as to the stature and physical qualities of our soldiers, as compared to those of the great Continental powers; but, so far as can be ascertained, the facts are the other way. The following are the minimum heights and chest measurements of the infantry of the various European nations:—*England*, minimum height, 5 ft. 4 in., chest measurement, 34 in.; *France*, height 5ft. 0½ in., chest measurement, about 31 in.; *Austria*, height, 5ft. 1½ in. chest measurement, about 30 in.; *Germany*, height, 5ft. 1½ in., no fixed rule for chest measurement; *Russia*, height, 5ft. 0½ in., no fixed rule for chest measurement; *Italy*, height, 5ft. 1½ in., chest measurement, 31½ inches."

STATE-DIRECTED COLONIZATION.

There is one passage in the recent Report of the Royal Commission on the Irish Land Acts which will raise the hopes of many honest working-men in England and Scotland, whose misery is as great—perhaps greater—and at least as undeserved, as those of the now well-protected Irish peasant. We shall make no apology for quoting the passage to which we refer at length, for to our thinking, it is by far the most statesmanlike utterance, and the most far-reaching in its application, that can be found in the Report:—

“Beyond the sea, west or east, this country in its colonies possesses immense regions of fertile land. That which is the nearest is also the most suitable for an agricultural population. The fertile plains of North-west Canada can be reached from this country in about ten days, not much longer in time than was occupied by a Galway or Donegal laborer, in former years, in reaching his harvest labor in Lincoln or East Lothian. The people are here, and the land is there. It is for the benefit of the people, and in the interest of the United Kingdom and Canada, that the people should, for their own comfort and future prosperity, be placed upon the land. It should be a national undertaking, and one great business of the Irish Office, and the Colonial Office, in conjunction with the Government of Canada, should be to arrange the best method to carry it out. Due care should be taken in the selection of suitable land and climate, and preparation should be made for the reception of the people toward the end of May in each year, with the summer before them, with lodging provided and sufficient ground broken and planted with crops to afford sustenance in the coming season. The credit of the State could not be better employed in Ireland than in active promotion of this most necessary undertaking. Communities, with their pastor and schoolmaster, should go together, and settle near each other for mutual help and

neighborhood. This may become only a part of a larger scheme for the systematic movement of the unemployed population from any part of the United Kingdom, to the unoccupied and fertile lands of the British Colonies, to the mutual advantage of both.”

Here, at last, is a distinct authoritative declaration in favor of a great national system of colonization. The Royal Commissioners call it “assisted family migration or emigration.” That designation and the meaning they attach to it, are wide enough to include what is known as “State-directed colonization.” The authors of this last phrase are very careful to point out its significance. They imply by it that the scheme so named will not require any grant of public money, or lay any burden upon the rates, and in that sense will not be “assisted.” Also, that it is a systematic plan of forming, on selected lands, settlements of selected families, not competing for wages like most “assisted emigrants,” but farming their own lands under the joint direction of the Imperial and Colonial Governments. How far they are justified in asserting that the scheme will cost the Imperial Government nothing, when they ask to have a public loan raised with interest guaranteed by the State, is perhaps a question. What they mean, no doubt, is that the risk to the State is practically nothing. At all events, that it shall be self-supporting is one of the essential conditions of their scheme; and there is little doubt that with proper care in working in it, this condition can be realized.

The commissioners were only empowered to deal with Ireland. But it will be noticed that in the last sentence of the paragraph quoted

they allude to the possibility of their recommendation being extended to the United Kingdom. We think that it ought to be. Indeed, the congestion of population—the disorder for which the consulting physicians have recommended the above treatment—shows itself in different, but not less malignant, forms in England. And if the prescription is good for Ireland, we see no reason why it should not be good for England too. The English agricultural laborer is not less deserving than the Irish peasant. If the State gives a helping hand to the one can it refuse the other? Indeed, there is strong reason for thinking that such an undertaking would be much more certain of success in England or Scotland than in Ireland. The relations of Englishmen and Scotchmen with the State are much more cordial than are those of Irishmen; there is far more mutual confidence; they have not yet been disturbed by an agrarian revolution; English and Scotch laborers are certainly not less likely to become industrious, successful colonists.

We propose in this paper to consider a system of State-directed colonization applicable to the whole United Kingdom, though, for the sake of brevity, we shall speak generally of England only. That the subject is one of great and pressing importance is not likely to be denied by any one who knows the present condition of things in large towns and the mining districts, and recognizes the vast aggregate of human happiness and prosperity which would be the outcome of a really effective remedy for the evils of over-population under which England now groans. On the other hand, a

quack remedy can only make matters worse. It behooves us, therefore, not to reject any suggestion that has in it any promising features, while it is equally a duty to subject it to searching criticism. The proposal we are going to consider is not recommended as a panacea for all the forms which the disease of over-population takes, but simply as a very efficient remedy in one important class of cases.

Now what are the facts which this scheme of national colonization has to deal with? On the one hand we find a large and ever-growing number of people in these islands forced to stand idle because no man hath hired them—starving, or very near it, because their labor, which is all they have to give in return for the means of living, is of no economic value to any one—gradually sinking into hopeless and permanent pauperism or habitual crime. A large number of these are persons trained to agricultural pursuits, who, owing to vast economic changes which they can no more comprehend or control than they can the eclipses of the moon, are unable to find employment any longer on the soil, and have poured into the manufacturing and mining districts, in the vain hope of obtaining bread in exchange for their labor. Others are mechanics, artisans, mill-hands, men formerly employed in the thousand different industries of the country, but who, from contraction of trade, or the substitution of labor-saving machinery, or from the growth of population having outstripped the means of employment, are no longer required. We see these men thronging our streets, clamoring for work that they may provide bread for

themselves and their families, yet forced to stand idle, and, in consequence, wretched, discontented, despairing—qualifying rapidly for the prison or the workhouse.

On the other hand, ten days' journey from the slums where these crowds are starving and clamoring, we see in another portion of the national domain millions of fertile acres, ready to yield to any man who will cultivate them a generous return for his labor, more than "enough to live and thrive on," yet lying waste because no one has come to till them. The inhabitants are our own countrymen, and they rule themselves under laws almost identical with ours, only rather more favorable to the interests of labor; so far as their right to rule themselves as they please is limited at all, it is by the suzerainty of the people of whom these starving crowds form part. And these lands are offered as a free gift to all who are to come and live and labor on them. "The people are here, and the land is there." The men here are starving for lack of land, and the land there lies waste for lack of men. Capital, too, is here in abundance, seeking profitable investment, and too often losing itself in the quest. Land, Labor and Capital! The three essentials to the production of wealth, if only they could be brought together under proper economic conditions. What perversity in the nature of things keeps them apart? Why do not the idle hands at home betake themselves to the fields where life is free, healthful, hopeful; where prosperity and independence wait on industry; where servants become free, their own masters, working for themselves on their own broad acres,

landowners instead of workhouse inmates?

There are several reasons. The first and most obvious is that they cannot because they have not the means. Even if they had the means of going, they would probably fail when they got there through ignorance of the conditions of success—for success there as elsewhere is subject to its own conditions. But can nothing be done to overcome these hindrances? Cannot some plan be devised, with all our legal and financial ingenuity, and all our philanthropic zeal, whereby the means can be lent, with reasonable security for repayment, to those who are able and willing to satisfy the conditions of success? Have these conditions been ascertained with reasonable precision? We believe they have, and that a satisfactory plan can be devised which will be effective, while involving a minimum risk of pecuniary loss.

Many minds, both here and in the colonies, have long been occupied with the problem of framing a sound permanent self-supporting scheme, reasonably certain to mitigate the evils complained of, and acceptable to the colonies concerned. As long ago as 1880 the Canadian Government laid down the chief of those conditions, which have ever since been recognized as essential to any colonization scheme. We shall have occasion to speak later on of this notable action of Canada. In 1883 the "National Association for Promoting State-directed Colonization" was formed under the presidency of Lord Brabazon, and it lost no time in sending a deputation to Lord Derby, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1884 the subject was in-

roduced into the House of Lords by Lord Carnarvon in a very able manner, and subjected to the cold scrutiny of Lord Derby's critical eye. In February, 1886, a large and influential deputation, comprising many M.P.'s and representatives of working-men and trade societies, urged the problem and their solution of it, on the attention of Lord Granville at the Colonial Office. In April of last year it was again debated in the House of Lords on the motion of Lord Harrowby; and in June it was discussed from all points of view, official and private, by the most experienced colonists, as well as by its English supporters, at a great conference at the Colonial Exhibition. The subject has also been frequently considered by the Royal Colonial Institute, and at a great number of public meetings of working-men and meetings of trade societies. The subject has, therefore, been pretty fully threshed out, thanks in great measure to the exertions of the National Association and its indefatigable president. We may mention here that this Association numbers among its members some hundreds of peers, M.P.'s, clergymen and others, practically acquainted with the condition and the wishes of the poor. Public intelligence is, at last beginning to take hold of the idea, and there is a pretty general consensus of opinion as to the lines on which a successful scheme must be constructed. Following out these lines, Mr. Simmons, at the request of Lord Granville, and with the sanction of the National Association, of which he is secretary, framed a specific "system." Although we can only look on it as provisional and tentative, it serves a useful pur-

pose, by reducing abstract principles to a concrete form, and enabling us to see what such a system must look like in practice. It provides both for simple emigration and for colonization of a more elaborate and novel kind for the benefit of whole families. But as it is chiefly concerned with this "colonization," we shall confine our remarks almost entirely to that portion of it; and now proceed to state what we consider its most important features—

1. A Board to be created, consisting of certain representatives of the Imperial Government and the representatives in England of the co-operating colonies, this Board to sit in London, and be responsible to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

2. The co-operating colonies to place in the hands of this Board tracts of their Government lands suitable for colonization purposes.

3. These lands to be laid out as settlements, and prepared so far as necessary for the reception of emigrant colonists. This preliminary operation would consist in marking out allotments of, say, eighty acres in size, clearing and perhaps planting with seed a portion of each allotment, and erecting a dwelling on it, making roads, etc. This work would be done by pioneer parties of single-men emigrants, sent out from England under contract for a certain time, a portion of their pay being deferred until the expiration of that time. Such parties would consist of laborers, with a small proportion of mechanics—blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, etc.—under the control of a superintendent who should be an experienced colonist, appointed by the Colonial Government.

4. As fast as the settlements were got ready emigrant colonists (married men with their families), approved and passed by the representative of the colony concerned, would be sent out, each receiving on arrival an allotment, which he would hold subject to certain conditions, including a mortgage for the estimated amount of the expense incurred or to be incurred on his account.* This sum to be paid off by yearly installments in, say, ten years. Interest also to be paid on the balance due from time to time. The colonist to have no power to sell or encumber his allotment until the whole of his mortgage debt was paid off, and his interest in his allotment to be forfeited if default is made in payment of installments.

5. The superintendent to keep stores of food, clothing, and all necessities, which would be supplied up to a certain value as required by the colonists for their maintenance, their accounts being debited with the amounts.

6. The money required for all these purposes—which we may call colonization purposes, to distinguish them from the administrative expenses of the Board—to be provided by the Imperial Government. (1) by means of a public loan; or (2) from the Post Office Savings Bank's deposits; or (3) from the unclaimed Chancery balances.† The money

thus provided, which we may call the principal sum, would be used only for colonization purposes, and not for administrative expenses. It would be repaid by yearly installments, as explained above, and these repayments would be immediately used again for colonization purposes; so that the principal sum would thus be used over and over again as long as might be desired. Interest on the loan, and also administrative expenses of the Board, would be defrayed out of the interest paid by the colonists on the sums secured by the mortgages of their allotments. Some addition to the fund for meeting these liabilities might be made by charging a small fee on accepting an applicant for colonization. The amount of the sums to be secured by mortgage of the allotments, and the interest to be charged thereon, would be so calculated as to leave a sufficient margin (after payment of administrative expenses and interest on loan) to form a reserve fund for contingencies and to meet cases of default. It is believed that this can be done without at all unduly burdening the colonist.

We have now explained as briefly as possible what we consider the essential features of the "system" which, with the sanction of the National Association for Promoting State-directed Colonization, was submitted to Lord Granville last May. We have omitted many details, but it must not be assumed that they have been forgotten in the scheme. An estimate of the profit and loss account for ten years, working with a loan capital of £2,000,000, raised at 2½ per cent., has been made on assumptions which seem safe and reasonable. It shows a profit of

* It is estimated that the expense of sending out and settling in the way described above a family consisting of father, mother, and three children, would be from £100 to £110 for Canada, £120 to £130 for South Africa, and £150 for Australia or New Zealand.

† We do not see how the second or third of these suggested sources could be made available.

nearly £100,000 on the ten years. This would be the fund to meet contingencies and defaults. The estimate takes no account of the large profit which might be made by reserving alternate allotments and valuable sites, which would be sold subsequently when the settlement had been well established.

It will be seen that the scheme aims at fulfilling certain conditions. It is based on the voluntary co-operation of the colonies. No colony need take part in it or receive emigrants under it, except with that colony's own consent and co-operation. Not a single emigrant will be accepted and sent out to any colony until the representative of that colony here in London has satisfied himself of the fitness of the proposed emigrant, and of his fulfilling whatever conditions his Government may choose to impose. If any colony desires to withdraw from participation, it can at any time do so, and no more colonists will be sent to it. In fact, each colony retains full control over the quantity and quality of the supply of immigrants, and can stop or check the stream or allow it to continue, on any conditions it may deem expedient. The dreaded "pauper" and all other unwelcome visitors will thus be effectually kept away. Great importance is attached to the principle of absolutely preventing the machinery of Poor Law administration from being in any way associated with the working of the plan.

The authors of this system of course claim that it will benefit all the three parties to it—the colonies, the emigrant colonist, and England.

It seems hardly necessary to waste

time in demonstrating that a colony will derive substantial benefits from settlements of selected emigrants planted on its unoccupied lands, under efficient supervision, and supplied by the mother country with the means of making a fair start. Settlers who by their own labor win their bread from the soil, are the surest source of wealth and prosperity in fertile but thinly-peopled countries like most of our colonies. In fact, the Governments of Canada and New Zealand and some other colonies have officially and repeatedly declared their willingness to co-operate in some such scheme as we have described. Canada, in particular, as long ago as 1880, declared that she would "cheerfully co-operate," stipulating only that the immigrants should not become a burden on the existing population.

The chief objection likely to come from the colonies is one based on what seems a thoroughly mistaken view—viz., that the effect of such an immigration would be to lower wages, or otherwise damage the wage-earners already in the colonies. We say this is a mistaken view, because the colonists under it will not be wage-earners. They will work exclusively for themselves on their own land. This is what essentially distinguishes them from ordinary emigrants. Far from swamping the labor market they will themselves constitute a rapidly growing demand for labor. Everything necessary for their subsistence they must purchase in the colony out of the proceeds of the agricultural produce raised by themselves. Agricultural and household implements, furniture, clothing, many articles of food, etc., they will require in ever-increasing quan-

ties, and of course cannot produce for themselves. The neighboring town will supply these. The emigrant colonists will from the very first, and still more as time goes on, be consumers of the commodities supplied by the existing colonial industries and employers of the services of colonial working-men. The effect will be to raise, not lower, wages.

Nor need we stop to enlarge on the benefits conferred on the emigrant—the man who is rescued from the precarious and really terrible position of the unemployed, or half-employed, that hang about our great cities, and finds himself placed in a position in which according to the confident assertion of those who have practical experience of the point, he cannot fail to prosper unless he is worthless or unfortunate. He at once becomes the occupier of a really excellent farm, where he is efficiently aided until no further aid be necessary and he can stand alone. He holds it on terms which, after repaying the yearly installments of the money expended on his behalf, leave him enough to live on comfortably, with the certainty that in some ten or twelve years the farm will be absolutely his own in fee simple, unburdened with rent or mortgage. Compare this man's position in ten years' time with that of his comrades whom he has left behind! Who would hesitate for a moment which to choose?

But after all, as the mother country is to provide the funds, she must consider what that will cost her, what risk she incurs, and what benefits she will derive.

First as to the benefits. To estimate these fully we must look into

the future as well as to the immediate present. Let us glance at some present features of the condition of England socially and economically, and at the same time endeavor to carry our view forward a few years into the future. It may be assumed, because the evidence for it can be found in abundance in official reports and statistics, that there is at present a large number of able-bodied and willing workers in these islands, for whom no work can be found; that this number has for several years steadily increased, and from the nature of the supposed causes may be expected to go on increasing; that this is especially, though not exclusively, true of the classes connected with agriculture; that if a remedy is not speedily found these persons, or a considerable proportion of them, after sinking from stage to stage of wretchedness and demoralization, must in time become permanent occupants of our workhouses and our prisons, a dead-weight upon the community; that these persons are reduced to this unhappy position partly through vast economic changes in this country, and partly through changes, legislative, economic and other, going on generally over the whole world; that none of these changes can be arrested, and very few of them even slightly modified by any legislation; that, in short, the wit of man cannot devise means of profitably employing the whole of the present or probable future working population of these islands, and therefore the surplus must be maintained in idleness or sent to where employment can be had.

Now, putting it on the lowest ground, is it not *cheaper* to send superfluous hands away at a cost of

£100 per family, paid once for all, than to keep them to fill our work-houses and prisons and charitable institutions hereafter? Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that not a shilling of the money so expended was ever repaid, is it certain that England would be a loser pecuniarily in the long run? Apart from the saving on poor-rates, police, prisons, etc., it is indisputable that from their new home in the colonies every family we send out will do a very considerable trade with us. The colonies are immeasurably our best customers, and may soon be almost our only ones. The growth of their populations at an ever-increasing rate is almost the only bright spot in the prospect of our foreign trade. For while each foreigner, including the people of the United States, buys only a few shillings' worth from us in the year, and this small demand becomes less every year, each colonist, on the other hand, buys from £3 to £8 or £10, and increases his demand.

Is it not more *humane*? Think of the rags and filth and disease and vice and crime that follow in the wake of despairing poverty when it has ceased from its fruitless search for honest work. Is it not *safer*? The mutterings of social discontent are growing unpleasantly loud and bold and persistent. Who, indeed, can wonder at it that knows or thinks about the facts?

Is it not a wise and *patriotic Imperial policy*? Our brethren will not leave us to aggrandize a rival and possibly hostile country; they will remain citizens of the Great Empire, whose heart is England, and with that great heart their own will long continue to beat in sympathy; they

will strengthen the links of blood, of friendly feeling and of common interests, which are the strongest and cheapest guarantees of Imperial unity.

But is it economically and financially sound? We fail to see in what respect it violates the principles of political economy. It is no interference with the law of supply and demand. The demand for cultivators of the soil in Canada is unlimited; the actual supply under present conditions is very strictly limited. But there is a great potential supply in England, which, but for the difficulty and expense of transport, would naturally, and in accordance with economic doctrine, be attracted by the demand there. The physical barrier of the Atlantic interferes with the operation of the economic law of supply and demand. In overcoming this barrier we are removing a hindrance to, instead of interfering with, the law. Is it an interference with the English labor market? It is, of course, but a legitimate one, because it aims only at restoring the normal balance between demand and supply—a balance which has been greatly disturbed. But it may be said that to employ State funds for this purpose is communistic. Lord Derby, in his speech in the House of Lords, May 28, 1884, said:—

"I see no sense in talking about a scheme of State-assisted emigration as if it were of a communistic character, because if that is communistic, there are many things which are already communistic. My noble friend was quite right in citing the case of the Poor Law and State assistance in education. If it was right to feed a man when he could not support himself, and to give the greater part of his primary education gratis, then he can have no

argument on the ground of principle against transferring labor from one place where it was not wanted to another where it was wanted."

Indeed, Lord Derby's attitude in this speech toward the general principle of State assistance to emigration, although cautious and even cold, at least gives no encouragement to the rigid doctrinaire who would condemn off-hand such action of the State as bad because outside the orthodox sphere of its activity. He declines to argue this question "in a doctrinaire manner," and considers "it is one to which we are guided much more by that experience which we gather as we go along than by any preconceived notions of dealing with the matter." For this operation the State alone possesses the proper machinery. The State alone holds all the strings in its hands. It alone possesses those facilities without which endless difficulties would hamper private promoters. It alone can negotiate on equal terms with the colonial governments. Again, we hold emphatically that this condition of things which deep-seated economic causes have brought about in the labor market at home imposes a very clear moral obligation on the community to which the laborers belong. We are under a legal obligation to maintain them in idleness if we cannot find work for them. Is it not then an obligation of prudence and self-interest, to put it no higher, to find employment for them? And if we must send them across the sea for that purpose, are these obligations the less for that? But obviously no particular individuals are under any such obligation.

But another objection has been made. Will not any relief of pres-

ent pressure be speedily neutralized by increase of births and overflow from other countries? This objection is equally applicable to any successful attempt to increase the amount of employment in England, and takes away all cause for congratulating ourselves, as we are wont to do, when we have good trade and fully occupied working classes. Every improvement we make in the lot of the English working-man is a direct inducement to foreigners who are in a less favorable position to transfer their labor to our market; and in many cases, unfortunately, leads also to an immediate increase in the rate of births. These drawbacks affect all remedial measures, and are an argument against all, if against any one. The truth is, that they lessen, but by no means extinguish, the good effects of such measures; and the object of the statesman and the philanthropist must be to find out how to minimize the drawback in each case by carefully studying the results of past experience, and watching the operation of any new experiment. In this particular case, while a vast mass of awful misery may be got rid of, by drafting away some of those who are earning no wages, its operation on the labor market and the rate of wages will be slow and perhaps inappreciable. Wages have fallen curiously little during these years of depression. The effect has been exhibited in loss of employment rather than in diminution of the rate of wages. Those who can secure regular work are not worse off—perhaps they are really better off—than they were in the prosperous years. But a high rate of wages will not attract foreigners, so long

as their chance of getting any wages at all is very doubtful.

A few words as to the persons who are to be relieved by this scheme. They will belong chiefly to that intermediate class between those who can afford to emigrate at their own expense, and those who have sunk into the pauper ranks. The towns are crowded with such persons at the present moment. They will be chiefly but not exclusively agricultural laborers, who have been driven from the rural districts by want of employment, and are now competing for wages with the regular town populations.

But it is a mistake to suppose that town-bred men are unfit for colonization purposes. The inquiries made by Lord Brabazon, Lord Lorne, and others in the colonies, place it beyond doubt that healthy industrious men, willing to work, and willing to learn, even though they are quite ignorant of agriculture, can, and do, succeed as colonists better than crofters or tenant-farmers. Such men would be included in colonization parties.

The scheme we have been considering will not deprive us of our best, nor relieve us of our worst, workingmen. The best will not go because they are well off at home, having regular employment at high wages; the worst cannot go because no colony will have them. Such emigration as goes on at present will be little, if at all, interfered with, and will probably continue under the conditions which have governed it in the past. But it will be obvious that a scheme of family colonization, such as we have described, if successfully carried out on a large scale, must stimulate the demand for emi-

grants of the ordinary wage-earning type. There is little that is new in this scheme, except the suggestion that the State should undertake to carry it out. Analogous schemes under private management are in actual operation, both in Canada and at the Cape. In the former colony a small settlement of families from the East-end of London has been established, and Lady Gordon Cathcart has started another for crofter families from her Highland estates. The testimony of two successive Ministers of Agriculture of the Dominion proves that both these attempts have been satisfactory. But private enterprise has many difficulties to overcome, which the State would not have, and moreover private efforts are unable to cope with an operation of such magnitude as we think necessary. The various private schemes to which we have alluded have only moved some ninety families in all, whereas we want to see from ten to twenty thousand families moved as fast as the machinery can be got to work, and a continuous yearly movement of one-tenth of this number. Nothing less than this will make any appreciable effect on the condition of the country.—*Westminster Review*.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.*

The third and closing portion of the journals of Mr. Greville brings

* Mr. Gladstone contributes to the *English Historical Review* a long critique upon the eight volumes of the "Greville Memoirs," the last two volumes of which have appeared during the present year. We copy only such portions of this article as relate to matters of permanent and general interest.—ED. LIB. MAG.

the number of these volumes up to eight. The history of our own, and probably still more of coming times, seems menaced by the danger of being crushed beneath the weight and mass of its own materials. Mr. Greville's work supplies but an infinitesimal portion of the matter which will be indispensably required in the final record even of the merely political aspects of his time. Yet it is upon the whole a valuable contribution toward that final record; and this is all that can be asked from those *mémoires pour servir* among which it holds an honorable place.

Mr. Greville's liberalism was aristocratic and somewhat contracted, but genuine, upright, and void of the narrower prejudices to which birth, the habits of a man of the world, and the enjoyment (together with other public income) of a lucrative sinecure in Jamaica might have inclined him. As he showed in his earlier life by an excellent work on Ireland, he was resolutely opposed to the baleful system of religious ascendancy, and he gave a firm adhesion to free trade. He agreed with the tories of the School of Peel in his respect for European right and his attachment to a policy of peace. He viewed foreign politics in the tranquil spirit of Lord Aberdeen, rather than with the livelier emotions of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. Neither did he share the sympathy with liberty abroad which Mr. Canning strove to impart within the precinct of toryism, and which, with a possible qualification as to the subject races of Turkey, Lord Palmerston imbibed without dilution from that source. He did not embrace the broad principle of trust in the people which

characterized Lord Althorp and Lord Russell. Indeed, in 1857, he seems to desire remedies "for the evils and dangers incident to our corrupted population," and the "universal persuasion of the magnitude and imminence of the danger." Everywhere, accordingly, we find him adverse to the schemes for extension of the franchise, which timidly peeped above the ground at intervals from 1850 to 1860, and for which the public mind had not yet become resolutely eager, while that spurious public mind, which forms itself from day to day in immediate proximity to the scene of action, and which always gets the first turn, was keenly opposed to them.

But the opinions of Mr. Greville were less interesting than the frame of his mind, which was liberal and equitable. He was a hater of cant in every form, and he had a genuine love of justice, though with a less acute perception of its claims as between rulers and their subjects than as between man and man. His criticisms upon persons, most of all perhaps on Lord Palmerston, and next to him Lord Russell, are extremely free; still, they are without guile or malice. The merits and the defects of his journals are, indeed, closely associated. On the one hand he was always open to reason, and was eminently exempt from the limitations of the *parti pris*. He would recognize public merit wherever he found it, regardless of the strict consistency of his own appreciations. On the other hand his habit was, as the conversations of the day suggested, and as gout permitted, to resume at irregular intervals the business of his journal, and, with the utmost freedom of

expression, fairly to empty out his mind on each subject as it came up. Hence a complexion of real freshness overspreads his writings, and the work is eminently readable. It neither loses continuity (in each of its morsels) by negligence, nor is it cramped by reserve. But though Mr. Greville is an acute, he is rarely an original, observer of events, and the staple of the journals is a record of impressions derived from his varying informants, whose views as well as their facts he had some predisposition to accept without suspicion. So that, on the whole, the variations, nay discrepancies, in his accounts and estimates, partly of facts but principally of men, are glaring and incessant. In one page his geese are all swans; but in the next, or next but one, his swans are all geese. Stimulated by lively curiosity, he made excellent use of excellent opportunities, but he was without doubt more receptive than either original or retentive. The book, therefore, is very dangerous to dip into, but it repays continuous perusal. And we have all along to bear in mind that these comments, noted on the instant, have never been subject to a revision, which, it is fair to assume, would have adjusted more exactly the balance of his work. Few are there among us who could bear to be judged by our first thoughts even so well as Mr. Greville.

This extreme range of variation in estimates, and a tendency to predictions which very rarely indeed are verified, may, perhaps, be marked as the salient defects of the author's manner. On the other hand, there can be no doubt as to his most conspicuous gift. It is a power of drawing characters with ease, with

life, with a fullness never diffuse, and with a fairness hardly ever at fault, and sometimes conspicuous: witness the case of Lord George Bentinck (in a preceding series), where there was a strong temptation to be less than fair. The time may perhaps come when interest in the general contents of the eight volumes may languish, if not pass away; but it might even then remain a question whether the characters of noteworthy persons which they contain might not deserve to be extracted and separately published.

The work as a whole should, I think, leave the impression on a reader's mind that he has to deal a sound reasoner, a good writer, and an upright man; a man inwardly better than his position in the world and on the turf; a man who, if circumstances less easy and luxurious had improved his chances of a masculine life, might not improbably have turned to the profession of politics, and left some mark on the course of public affairs.

The principal events of the eight years comprised within these volumes are as follows: The death and obsequies of protection in 1852; the controversy with Russia, and the Crimean war, terminating with the peace of Paris in 1856; the second Chinese or "lorcha" war; the Indian mutiny; the revival and virtual settlement of the great Italian question; and the group of questions which were compressed within the year 1860, and which made it one of the most perplexed and critical of our recent parliamentary history. These were, the French treaty; the annexations of Savoy and Nice; the scheme of fortifications; the abortion of parliamentary reform; and the constitutional

conflict raised between the two houses of parliament by the rejection in the house of lords of the bill for the repeal of the excise duty upon paper.

Mr. Greville states, under date of 22d Oct., that the Peelites were indisposed to join the whigs, under the delusive belief that they could form a government of their own. I can say very positively that, with the single exception of the Duke of Newcastle, none of those with whom I was associated had any such belief. They knew that dichotomy, and not trichotomy, was for our times the law of the nation's political life. Moreover, the liberal party was within itself divided. The sympathies of Peelites, in regard to economy and to peace, lay, like those of their leader, in the direction of one of the liberal wings, rather than of the main body. They were also in some cases divided between their liberal opinions and their conservative traditions and associations. For many a man, to leave the party in which he was brought up is like the stroke of a sword dividing bone and marrow. But the intermediate position is essentially a false position, and nothing can long disguise its falseness. Lady Clanricarde was credited with having wittily said that she wished the Peelites would not continually put themselves up to auction, and then buy themselves in. I remember having frankly stated for myself to Lord Derby that we were a public nuisance. Such a case is among the unavoidable incidents of parliamentary life; but while rapid migrations from camp to camp may be less creditable, slow ones not only are more painful, but are attended with protracted public

inconvenience. The sum of power to render service to the state is diminished, not increased, by an intermediate position. Its holders can do little or nothing by counsel, for they are in no man's cabinet. The benefits they confer are lightly esteemed; but the blows they inflict are more keenly resented than if they came from avowed foes, as Zeus tells Heré in *Iliad* that he is less exasperated by her fractious ways, because she is always at them.

The drama then played out is a parable of many other dramas. The facts are facts of the past, but the lessons are of the present and of the future. It entails a heavy responsibility to embark political parties in controversies certain to end in defeat, where there is a silent sense of what is coming, a latent intention to accept defeat, and where the postponement of the final issue means only the enhancement of the price to be paid at the close.

The Crimean war has surely been the subject, in a remarkable degree, both of popular misapprehensions and of the vicissitudes of public feeling. Hailed, and prosecuted, with a profound and general enthusiasm when it arrived, and relinquished with no small regret when the peace was concluded, it is now usually mentioned with contemptuous disapproval. It is also assumed as notorious that the ship of state was not steered, but simply drifted, into it; that the cabinet of the day was in continual conflict within itself at the various stages of the negotiation; and that, if it had adopted a bolder course at an earlier stage, the Emperor Nicholas would have succumbed.

It was a dispute on the holy places

at Jerusalem which grew by degrees into the Crimean war. In the first stages of that dispute, the claims made by Russia were deemed reasonable. The case turned against her at a later stage, when she supported an unreasonable demand by the military occupation of the Danubian principalities. This is the point chosen by the objector for his attack. Had we made this occupation a *casus belli*, the emperor would have receded and peace would have been maintained. Mr. Greville informs us that such a proposal was made by Lord Palmerston; who, however, did not press it, but "seems to have given way with a good grace." The recollection of the surviving members of the administration of that day is that the mention of the subject in the cabinet was slight, and that the suggestion of Lord Palmerston was unsupported. It appears from Mr. Evelyn Ashley's *Life of Lord Palmerston* that on 12th July he circulated among his colleagues a paper in support of the suggestion. But on the 14th Lord Aberdeen made representations in reply which induced Lord Palmerston himself to change his mind; and he closes the whole incident by writing to Lord Aberdeen to "admit" that it would be "better" not to interrupt the negotiations then in progress by a measure such as he had suggested. Thus, then, the cabinet were eventually unanimous on the subject with respect to which for a time, but for a time only, he differed from them. Can it be seriously doubted that, on the case as it stood before them, they were right?

We were at the time acting with all the other great powers against

Russia. The project was that, abandoning the strong ground afforded by their union, we should act alone; for there was not the faintest sign that we should have had a companion in so daring a course. When Russia eventually went to war, it was in defiance of England and France, united by a solemn convention, and with Austria in the background as a contingent enemy. What likelihood was there that he would have receded before our single-handed menace? What would have been our position in an offensive war, had he persevered? We had, at a later date some experience on the Danish question of this single-handed threatening in continental affairs. Lord Palmerston was bold enough to state, at the close of the session of 1863, that Denmark, if she were attacked, would not stand alone. But, some six months after, Denmark was attacked, and she did stand alone. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Russell were not advocates of peace at any price; yet they were no more prepared than their colleagues for what they all deemed a dangerous adventure.

The assertion that England, under the guidance of the Aberdeen cabinet, drifted into the war, supplies a curious example of the manner in which a plausible untruth, when it has once taken root, defies eradication. It is said that the words were used by Lord Clarendon. And they were so. But how? When the long and intricate negotiations were closed by a process of exhaustion, but in the brief interval before any actual declaration of hostilities, Lord Lyndhurst inquired in the house of lords what was our position. The time of war had not come, but the time

of measures for averting it had expired; and Lord Clarendon not less expressively than truly said that, while the intermediate days were gliding by, we were drifting into war. This is on record, has been publicly explained, and is beyond dispute. But the fable is brazen-fronted, and, like Pope Joan, still holds its place.

Lord Aberdeen, indeed, with the self-sacrificing frankness which formed the basis of his most genuine and engaging character, passed a subsequent condemnation on himself for having become a party to the war. Many of his friends believed this censure to be unfounded, to be a rare and noble error. Whether it were so or not, I have never learned that any of his friends, or of his colleagues, shared either in the confession, or in the repentance on which it was based. And this brings me to the main question, namely, whether the Crimean war labors justly under the general disrepute which appears to have befallen it.

And here I must begin with the inconvenient admission, that those who at the time approved the war, approved it on very different grounds. In the minds of some, it was an Arthurian enterprise, the general defence of the weak against the strong. With a few distinguished men, it was closely related to a belief that Turkey was charged with restorative energies which, if only time were obtained by warding off the foe, would secure for her an independent and deserved position in the European civilization. With others, who were less sanguine, it was expedient to uphold a tottering fabric, lest upon its fall there should ensue throughout the East one uni-

versal ruin and confusion. Many thought that the power of Russia was exorbitant, and was dangerous to Europe or to England, and that it was necessary and possible to fell this Goliath with a deadly blow. The last-named consideration, in the shape of sentiment rather than of reason, seems to have been that which most captivated the public imagination; and Mr. Cobden in vain pointed out that, if Russia was dangerous, she was dangerous first and most of all to Austria and to Germany, and that the affair of repressing her was neither primarily nor mainly the affair of the Western powers. It was feeling, and not argument, that raised the Crimean war into popularity. It is, as I think, feeling, and not argument, that has plunged it into the abyss of odium. The experiment, so far as Turkey is concerned, has not succeeded, and its ill-success is visited upon the policy which obtained for it a trial.

In suggesting it as a defence for the policy of 1853 that it was a European protest against the wrongdoing of a single state, I do not adopt a tone merely apologetic, but am prepared to argue that this policy represented an advance in civilization, and a method of action favorable in itself to peace. To appreciate this argument, we must go back to the Europe that then was. Although, since that period, an Italy and a Germany have been effectively constituted, yet some ground has been lost as well as gained. There was then no pitting of the great states one against another such as there is at the present day; and the pest of militarism, one of the greatest that afflicts humanity, had not attained

anything like its now portentous and ever-increasing development, to which it is difficult to see a limit other than the satiety and the exhaustion which war at the last may produce, or a lapse of continental states into general bankruptcy. Since the vision of a universal ruler, which played upon the mind of Dante, disappeared, the law of nations has grown up; and although indeterminate in its outline, it is acknowledged to be on the whole a check upon wrong, and a blessing to mankind. But the opinion which supports it is a diluted, a disembodied, opinion. It has no executive power at its back. It seems impossible in our day to supply one, by means of a formal confederation among states for the purpose. But the history of the century had shown that there might be combinations for good, as well as for evil, formed *pro hac vice* among the powers. By such a combination, though it was only partial, Greece was restored from slavery to freedom; and Belgium obtained her emancipation from the incorporating union which the congress of Vienna, with its utter skepticism as to principles, and its unbounded faith in material means, had devised for her. In neither of these instances, however, was any one of the great powers worse than a neutral, with *malveillance*. In 1853 the offence came from one among themselves, and the design was that the others should act as a European constabulary against the transgressor. Had the four powers, which jointly conducted the argument against Russia, been equally at one in their sense of the ulterior obligation which such arguments entail, it appears almost a

certainly that Russia would have given way to their united authority.

To England, at the outset of the Crimean war, accrued a large share of the military glory, but a small one toward the close. Indeed, the defence of Sebastopol for eleven months may perhaps be deemed a more brilliant feat of arms than the attack and capture. But my belief is that, as compared with most wars, the war of 1854-'56 will hold in history no dishonorable place. For its policy must be regarded *à parte ante*, although the inevitable fallibility of human judgments may be once again illustrated, in an important particular, by its results.

It must, however, be confessed that the Crimean war had important consequences, which have their weight apart from its incidents and its merits. Mr. Greville well observes, that the peace of Paris, when it arrived, was accepted but not loved. The dogs of war had been let loose, and had had a meal, but not a satisfying meal. The government of Lord Palmerston exhibited a prudent self-denial. British opinion would have supported a continuance of the war, but it must have been a continuance either single-handed, or with the sole, and necessarily slender, assistance of Sardinia. In France, where the quarrel had from the first been one of the emperor rather than the nation, the emperor, as well as the nation, was heartily tired and would no more of it. But it had stirred British emotion from its depths, and such a caldron cannot be set boiling without results.

The reconstitution of Italy was, to say the least, among the most re-

markable events of the century; for it brought into a living, organic whole what had been a mass of disjointed fragments for fourteen hundred years. Together with the sense of nationality, and a great increase in the aggregate of wealth, it has placed law and order on a solid foundation throughout the peninsula, where for half a century before, there had been little but severe repression or constantly recurring revolt. The geographical limits of Italy were so deeply set by the hand of nature, as to make the lust of territory, at least of European territory, unlikely, and to mark her as probably destined to be a conservative power. But she has not escaped the infection of the prevailing militarism, or the tremendous burdens it imposes. The Italians, like other free nations, must accept the responsibilities of free government: it rests with them, at least collectively, to apply the remedy to the mischiefs from which they suffer. Meantime, their dangers are, perhaps, less than those of some great countries, and their compensations greater; for it is agreed that common service in the Italian army has powerfully quickened the sentiment of the national unity, while it also appears that the practice of Christian observances has been more regular as well as more free in Rome since the downfall of the temporal power of the pope-dom.

The views of the French emperor on behalf of Italy had been limited to the union of Lombardy with the Sardinian kingdom, and to the formation of an Italian confederation, over which it was hoped that the Pope might preside. But this project never came to the birth. Louis

Napoleon had entangled himself in confidential communications with a stronger and better informed intellect than his own. Cavour knew that the Italian governments were undermined by an all but universal disaffection. He was powerfully encouraged by the British minister, Sir James Hudson, whom at his own table he described to me as *quel uomo italianissimo*, and of whom he said in the autumn of 1859, "He has done ten times more than ever I did." In that year and 1860 the limited acquisition of Lombardy was so extended, that the kingdom of Italy was definitely constituted, and extended over the peninsula with limited exceptions; those exceptions themselves, as in the event it proved, soon to be cancelled. The rapid extension, however, of liberated Italy, far beyond the projected limit, induced the Emperor Napoleon to exact from its reluctant rulers the cession of Nice and of Savoy. Both the leaders of the British government spoke publicly of this proceeding with marked disapproval. The whole of the transaction had the air of being adjusted in the dark, and was of a nature to arouse the suspicions of men like Lords Palmerston and Russell, whose recollections carried them back to the last great historic period of French ambition and aggression. As to the smaller district, which was purely Italian, it is hard to find a pretext for the severance, though Nice has now been converted by the French into a splendid and imposing city. But as to Savoy, it was plain that she could hardly continue to be an appendage to an Italian kingdom, with which she had only the feeble tie of dynasty, while she was severed from

it in language and in blood, as well as by the formidable commercial barrier of the Alps. . . .

Mr. Greville's sympathies are with the opponents of the Reform Bill of 1860, and the commercial changes; but he recites the events of this fluctuating year, though in a fragmentary way as he approaches the end of his work, yet with impartiality; and his own natural sagacity led him to say of Lord Derby's movement in the house of lords, against the repeal of the paper duty, that "he will probably obtain a very unwise and perilous success, which he will before long have reason to regret." But he estimated rightly the brilliancy of the momentary triumph, and when on 6th July the government obtained a minor success by carrying a resolution to repeal the differential duty of customs on paper, he writes compassionately, "The great result is to give some life to half-dead, broken-down, tempest-tossed Gladstone." He might perhaps have added what was more material. The treaty (which was at issue in the vote) was saved from the ministerial wreck, and by this, if I am right in my estimate of the political currents, and torrents, of the year, a real risk of a war against France, and possibly also against Italy, was averted.—W. F. GLADSTONE, in *The English Historical Review*.

AN "EDEN" FOR MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

Every one has read Dickens' humorous and not too flattering account of the flourishing city of

Eden, and its agent, Mr. Zephaniah Scadder. Mr. Scadder and his friends were doubtless smart men, and Mr. Dickens seems to have portrayed them as none too honest. But did the pioneers of Western cities, at the time when Mr. Dickens wrote, fully deserve to be set down as the common swindlers which he seems to have considered them? Mr. Chuzzlewit is represented as much struck with the flourishing city of Eden as it appeared on the plan, and Mr. Scadder was doubtless well within the truth when he stated that all the public buildings, etc., set forth on the plan were not completed. But was not Mr. Chuzzlewit rather like too many English emigrants of the present time in expecting too much for his money? He paid one hundred and fifty dollars for a fifty-acre lot, which Mr. Scadder pointed out—and we are not told that it was found to be untrue—as situated with a good river frontage near the center of the (proposed) town. Now, there seems to be an idea among stay-at-home people that one may easily purchase lots of this sort, with buildings on them, etc., in good positions in towns, for sums of like amount—namely, about twelve shillings and sixpence per acre. This, however, is by no means the case, as central lots in Chicago or St. Paul are worth quite as much as similar situations in Birmingham or Leeds: in fact, a far-seeing capitalist would probably be willing to give more for them, because the American towns are capable of more development with the increase of population to be expected in a new country, than is the case in the old.

Let us accompany Mr. Chuzzlewit and the ever-cheerful Mark Tapley

to the city of Eden and see what he found there, and what chances a shrewd man could have seen for the future development of a city. First of all, there was steam communication by water between the city and the Eastern States. Next, we find that the pioneer settlers were suffering from fever and ague. This is one of the drawbacks which a pioneer must be willing to face, given the desirable adjuncts of a warm climate and a good soil, with consequent luxurious vegetation; and this fever and ague doubtless gave way before cultivation, as a few drains and a little clearing of the land always have this effect. We are told that there was a good supply of timber there, for the steamers called to take in wood. Mr. Chuzzlewit & "Co." arrived there, and found only a few settlers carrying on a miserable existence; and the senior partner, being a prejudiced European, seems to have been disheartened by this, and to have fallen in with the general idea and done nothing to improve things.

A good settler, with his head set right on his shoulders and a little capital to back him, may be supposed to have bought out Mr. Chuzzlewit's lot for pretty nearly anything he choose to offer—say, fifty dollars. Instead of waiting for something in his particular line to turn up, he would have sat down and calculated what could be done with the resources at hand. An obvious opening at once is to start a sawmill; for this he requires a small outlay in a steam-engine, and about half-a-dozen hands to work it at first. He gets his steam-engine and hands from the East; they arrive; all turn into the log-house already on the

place, and commence to clear a site for the mill, choosing high ground as near the river as possible for convenience of transport. By dint of hard work with pick and shovel, a site is soon ready; and while this has been going on, others have been engaged in felling logs for the mill building; and now the work becomes harder than ever, for these logs have to be brought down with skids, or, if obtainable, with the aid of a team of horses, to the site of the proposed mill. At length they are all there, and all the available neighbors come to assist at the "raising." A raising is very hard work for all concerned. Four of the best axe-men take the corners, and cut nicks in the logs, to bind them together, and cause them to lie as near together as possible, so as to leave less space between for the subsequent "chinking;" while the rest of the men have to raise the logs—one end at a time—into their required position on the wall. The "boss" of the sawmill will have taken care to have plenty of substantial food down for the occasion, and a goodly supply of whiskey. This latter is only partaken of sparingly during the progress of the work. As the sun gets low on the eventful day, all work with a will to get the walls finished; and just as darkness is coming on, the last log goes up with a cheer; and all adjourn to the old log-hut for supper, and a convivial evening after. A fiddle comes out, and dancing is kept up till the small-hours; while the whiskey-can circulates far more freely than the Blue Ribbon people at home would consider proper. On the next day, the people engaged for the mill get on with putting the machinery in posi-

tion; and by the end of the week it is all ready for work, the little details of roofing the mill, etc., being postponed until slabs are sawn by the machine-saws for the purpose. I have not made any mention of the fever during all this time, as the men employed have had a great safeguard against it in hard work with plenty of perspiration, and have hardly had time to think of such a thing.

Time goes on; the mill is finished, and a fair pile of sawn timber begins to grow round it; while close to the water's edge plenty of cordwood is standing ready for sale to passing steamers—cordwood which brings the vendor a considerable profit, as it is made from the crooked and smaller pieces of the trees, the better part of which have been sawn into boards. It is soon found inconvenient to load everything into the steamers from the mud-banks, and so the mill-owner makes a wooden quay, connected with wooden rails to the mill; and now they can lie alongside at their ease.

Let us now pass on to the next spring and view the settlement. Several neat frame-houses now take the place of the old log-hut, which was found far too small for the workman except at the first start off. The settlers who were here before the mill started begin to wake up and do a little garden cultivation, to supply their busier brethren with necessities. Some of the mill-hands have chosen locations for themselves, and begin actively to clear away the timber and start cultivation on their own account. An enterprising man has opened a general store to supply the local demands, which are rapidly increasing, and sells anything from

tobacco to ready-made clothes. But alas for the mill-owner; the demand for lumber ceases in the more Eastern points, another mill having started nearer to their market, so a cessation of the work becomes necessary. It is a bad time for our speculator. The mill, on which he had reckoned for a good return this year, now represents only so much locked-up capital; but he does not abscond or commit suicide; he does what is more sensible—thinks what he *can* do. He comes to the conclusion to cultivate his fifty acres and put up houses on lots of ten acres each, constructing them of his surplus stock of lumber. This occupies him and his hands until the next winter, and by that time a fresh demand has arisen for lumber in a new market. Added to this, the farming community are doing well with the little crops which they have raised, and more settlers flock into the neighborhood, who themselves create a demand for lumber, and cause the storekeeper to hug himself when he thinks of the increasing business which they bring him. Settlers with families begin to think that a school is necessary for their children; call a meeting of the inhabitants and agree to build one—the contract going to the mill-owner. A traveling doctor comes on the place and thinks there is an opening for him. He hears almost with regret of the fever which used to infest the place, but is comforted by finding that he has plenty of work in assisting new-comers into the world, a work for which he is well paid, though not always in money.

Last of all, they wake up to their spiritual needs, and are soon not

content with having service from an occasional minister who may happen to come by, but they set to and erect a church, getting subscriptions from all, on the plea that it is to be un-denominational; and as soon as it is built, the wily Methodists find out that the land must be "decided" to some one, and grab it for themselves. The Presbyterians are not going to be outdone, so build themselves another church; and the Episcopalians, waiting first to see if there is prospect of a permanent congregation and proper emoluments for a parson, cautiously erect a small church and parsonage for themselves. The area farmed increases all round the town, and new stores are opened up to meet the new demands. A hotel is built near the landing-place; and the town goes perseveringly on, with slack times now and again, but generally all the better for them in the end, as a lack of one kind of business causes other kinds to be started, and they are not often abandoned as soon as the original business gets better again.

Years go on, and the whole of the United States is shaken by the rebellion; Eden sends its quota of stalwart soldiers to preserve the Union and to free the slave; while "the most remarkable men in the country" content themselves with holding meetings and advising others to go to the front and fight. During the rebellion, Eden, with many other frontier towns, remained at a standstill, but did not go back, as the women and children, accustomed to battle with difficulties, themselves turned to and harvested the crops, and did all the work which it was at all possible to do.

After the war up to the present

time it partook of the real prosperity which has favored the States generally, and now it is a town of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, with several railways running to it, and putting it in communication with large and flourishing rural districts. Its river is churned by numerous steamboats, plying to the seaboard and around the great lake system, with which it is connected by canals. Large and handsome public buildings occupy the site of the old mill, and what was forty years ago a dismal swamp is now a handsome city.

This is no fancy sketch. At about the time when Dickens wrote his book, Chicago was nothing but a flat swamp on the side of a lake. The two cities of Council Bluffs and Omaha—on either side of the Missouri—were non-existent except as muddy wastes of brush and forest; St. Paul and Minneapolis were frontier settlements, struggling with locusts and hostile Indians; St. Louis had no existence; Rock Island on the Mississippi, now the great arsenal of the States, was an island and nothing more; San Francisco was nothing but an insignificant Spanish mission; while the flourishing settlement of Salt Lake and the mineral wealth of its hills was undreamed of.

What has been the history of the Central States within this short space of time, will be the history of the British country of Central Canada within a short time, with the difference, that instead of the settlers there losing their nationality and becoming citizens of the States, they will remain Englishmen, and eventually conduce to the support and strength of the mother-country to

which they belong, and to which they remain attached. Let but the right sort of man go there now, either with a head and some capital, or with a head and strong hands accustomed to work, and he must succeed. Ups and downs there will be, and difficulties of many sorts to be overcome; but those who survive them will be the better fitted to enjoy prosperity from the very fact of having learned to turn their hands to many things in seasons of adversity; and a new and prosperous England is now taking root there, which will endure for many years, whatever may be the fate of the old country. —*Chambers's Journal*.

METAPHORICAL SPECIMENS.

An Englishman once asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good. Pat replied: "Yes; they are so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see—there's the road to love, strewn with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's, through physic."—"Have you any road to preferment?" asked the Englishman. "Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

A negro, when giving evidence in court, was asked about the honesty of a neighbor. "I know nothing against him," was the reply; "but if I was a chicken, I would roost high when he was hanging around."

"Ridicule," says a German critic, "is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony,

like the sting of a thorn; and humor, the plaster which heals all these wounds."

It was probably an old bachelor who said: "Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to split wood, nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair."

A farmer said: "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board."

An American wrote a eulogy of Washington, "whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its types, its press the age, the earth its binding, and the sky its page."

The Chinese call overdoing a thing, "a hunchback making a bow." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself."

Gordon Cumming likened an African jungle to "a forest of fish-hooks relieved by an occasional patch of penknives."

A French author is charged with the prediction that "France will throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword." This is not quite so bad as the Democrat's speech: "We will burn our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!"

A learned counselor, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court on a slander suit, treated his hearers to the following flight of genius: "Slander, gentlemen, like a boa-constrictor of gigantic size and im-

measurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the uttermost depths of its victim's soul—loud and verberating as the night-thunder that rolls in the heavens—it finally breaks its unlucky neck upon the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him first to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of mortal death."

A young lawyer employed to defend a culprit charged with stealing a pig, delivered the following brilliant exordium: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties, and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded Infidels to dust; while America shines forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog-thief."

A curious metaphor was used by the orator who proposed to "grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of the west."

At a public dinner, when Mr. Clay was a candidate for the Presidency, the following toast was drunk with immense applause: "Henry Clay, the American star, now rising in the west: It will never set till it sets in the Presidential Chair."

Colonel Z—, at the time when Grant was up for the Presidency, and when the Democratic watchword was, "Anything to beat Grant," was addressing an enthusiastic meeting of Republicans, when a Democrat

sung out: "It's easy talkin,' Colonel; but we'll show you something next fall." The Colonel at once wheeled about, and with uplifted hands, hair bristling, and eyes flashing fire, cried out: "Build a worm-fence round a winter supply of summer weather; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; hang out the ocean on a grape-vine to dry; but never, sir, never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that you can beat Grant."—I. REDDEM.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

GEORGE ELIOT AND CHARLES READE.
—Mr. Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*, thus disposes of the eggs found in a recently-discovered "mare's nest:"—

"There is a good deal of talk of plagiarism just now, and perhaps the freshest discovery, or re-discovery, is not the least interesting. George Eliot was the culprit, and the victim was—one would offer a dozen guesses—the victim was the late Mr. Charles Reade. It appears that George Eliot's success was due to 'venal pæans' and 'wire-pulling,' and that, despite her triumph by the help of 'venal pæans,' she 'set to work to plow with Charles Reade's heifer.' These critical opinions will be found in *Charles Reade, a Memoir*. Even to a reader who is not a wildly enthusiastic admirer of *Romola*, it would be distressing, were it possible, to believe that George Eliot wrote the novel in imitation of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. I don't remember any particularly good fight in *Romola*, nor any bears (a splendid berr-fight occurs in *The Cloister*, etc.) nor, in fact, any resemblance at all except that both are historical novels of about the same period. George Eliot, the authors of Mr. Reade's *Memoir* inform us, 'was by nature so essentially undramatic as when she attempted a situation to plunge hopelessly out of her depth, and barely escape bathos by concealing an utter incapacity under a thick veil of description.' Here is a sentence! I can understand that a person 'attempting a situation' and missing his take off, might 'plunge hopelessly out of

his depth,' but then 'he would not escape 'bathos' at all. How he could 'escape bathos by concealing an utter incapacity under a thick veil' of anything, it passes the grammarian to discover. However, other sufferers may console themselves by reflecting that two worthy gentlemen, the biographers of Mr. Reade, attribute George Eliot's success to 'venal pæans,' and accuse her of plowing with the heifer of Mr. Charles Reade. She 'adopted ostentatiously a theme he had made his own,' as if you could make the whole of the early Renaissance your own by a novel, however excellent, learned, delightful, and worthy of admiration. Mr. Charles Reade 'had no stomach for the fulsome eulogy piled on 'George Eliot, the less so because it became an open secret that this bold advertisement was the outcome of judicious wire-pulling.' Naturally no man *could* have a stomach for eulogy piled by the process of wire-pulling—at the bidding of her own Nebuchadnezzar—on some other person. As a distinguished novelist declares that 'comparison between the *Cloister* and the *Hearth* and *Romola* is forced upon us,' I presume that I am in error. The two writers do not suggest each other to me at all, and I prefer for my own pleasure, the novel with the bear-fight—Charles Reade's. But I do protest against a work so unlike *The Cloister and the Hearth* as *Romola* being spoken of as an imitation thereof. Yet even Mr. Charles Reade himself wrote: 'Is it egotism, or am I right in thinking that this story of the fifteenth century has been called into existence by my success with the same epoch?' Pure egotism, one fancies. Possibly George Eliot could no more study *The Cloister and the Hearth* with patience, than Reade could peruse *Romola*."

SOME CLERICAL AMENITIES.—In January of the present year the *Fortnightly Review* contained a paper on "The New Reformation" by the Rev. Charles Voysey; in March the subject was continued by Canon Fremantle; and now in April, the Rev. John W. Burgon, Dean of Chester, pitches into his predecessors. From his article we cull a few choice specimens of clerical amenity:—

"Excusable surely was the surprise of readers of the *Fortnightly Review* at discovering that the first installment of the proposed national movement was nothing

else but the Rev. Charles Voysey's enumeration of 'What dogmas of Christianity I have rejected, and why I have rejected them:—What religious beliefs I still hold and why I hold them.' . . . Highly interesting to Mr. Voysey and to his friends as such details may well be, it is hard to discover how they can possibly concern anybody else. . . . The blasphemous language in which this unhappy man goes on to explain in detail his pitiful reasons for rejecting all belief that Christ is God, it is not needful that I should defile my page by transcribing. He has persuaded himself that even the moral supremacy of our Divine Lord is to be abandoned. We recoil from his avowals with horror. And—Is this man then (we ask) indeed a Clergyman of the Church of England? He *was* (is the answer), but he has ceased to be so. To reform the Church is no longer his object. He has separated himself from it. What can Charity herself say to such a one, but God help—God forgive him. . . . At the end of a couple of months, the Rev. Canon Fremantle comes to the front: steps into the vacant niche, with 'Part II.' in his hand. Invited by the editor of the *Fortnightly* to offer some remarks upon this production, I propose with entire freedom to do so; *not* because, in my account, what Canon Fremantle says is entitled to the least degree of attention: every bit of it having been better said already a hundred times, and been a hundred times refuted. But because he occupies a position in the Church which renders such utterances as these of his dangerous—whereas if they proceeded from the pen of a layman they would be disregarded. . . . How incompetent and mistaken an interpreter you are of 'the signs of the times' is well illustrated by your remarks on Mr. Fletcher's narrow escape from punishment for his infamous Sermon recently preached at Oxford. I shall offer no apology for my plainness of speech, in inviting you, as I now do, to consider whether it is possible for one holding the sentiments which you ostentatiously profess—and which you cannot but be aware are so utterly inconsistent with the teaching of the Prayer Book as to be even subversive of it—to retain with honor the Office of a Minister of the Church of England; the responsible position of a Canon of Canterbury Cathedral."

CALVARY.*

The hour is come of darkness and of
dread
That makes Earth shudder to receive the
dead,
When the first Martyr to His offered
Creed,
The Man of Heaven, the Son of God
must bleed.
The hour is come of Salem's giant sin,
The doom is fixed; the bloody rites begin.
Hear the loud cries on Sion's lofty place,
From struggling crowds of Israel's
swarthy race;
Stamped on each brow an idiot hatred
stood,
In every eye an eagerness of blood.
Each scornful lip betrayed its wayward
thirst
Of ill, and cursing Him became accurst.
Wroth without cause; revenged without a
wrong.
Tribes of self-sentence! ye shall suffer
long;
Through dark millenniums of an exiled
grief,
The outcast slaves of sightless unbelief,
Stung by all torture, buffeted and sold,
Racked by an idle lust of useless gold.
Scourged, scorned, unloved, a name for
every race
To spit upon, the chosen of disgrace.
A people nationless, whom every land
Receives to punish and preserves to brand.
Yet still enduring all—and all in vain,
The doomed inheritors of scorn and pain.
Untaught of sufferance, unreclaimed from
ill,
Hating and hated, stubborn Israel still.

BYRON.

* Written in April, 1814; now first published in *Murray's Magazine*, by permission of Lord Wentworth, the grandson of Byron.

RICHARD PEACOCK AND THE
GORTON FOUNDRY.

There were few quieter corners of the world in 1820 than the valley of Swaledale in Yorkshire. It is peaceful still, and retains many of its ancient characteristics, but sixty-seven years ago it could hardly be considered to be in touch at all with the world of progress and activity beyond. Yet it contained within its boundaries more than one far-seeing mind, and not very many miles further north there were brains at work upon the great railway problem. There was an "engine-wright at Killingworth, of the name of Stephenson," who had invented a locomotive; and there was at Darlington "a Quaker gentleman, Edward Pease," incurring much ridicule by his advocacy of a railway for the conveyance of coal by horses between Stockton and Darlington. In 1820 these two men were unknown to each other, but in the Spring of the following year fate brought them together.

It was almost within sight and hearing of these early railway operations that in 1820 there was born unto Ralph Peacock, of Swaledale, a seventh child, who received the name of Richard. Ralph Peacock was a God-fearing man, and, in his way, a genius. His calling was that of a lead-miner, and he had worked himself up to the position of foreman of mines. He was a man who could turn his hand to almost anything. His duties at the mines left him with a great deal of spare time on his hands, and of this he made the most, giving the first place to the rigid fulfilment of such religious observances as were im-

posed upon faithful Wesleyans in those days, and, as to the rest, placing his services ungrudgingly at the disposal of his neighbors. He had great natural talents in mechanical matters, and could construct almost anything in wood and many things in iron. All the clocks and watches in the neighborhood were kept in repair by him, and when the instruments of the native musicians fell out of order it was to him that they were taken to be set to rights. Moreover, he had a leaning toward the medical arts, and the dalespeople would often intrust their ailments to his tender care. He had also great calls upon his time for the doctoring of horses and cows, and one way and another was kept well occupied.

It was not to be wondered at that Ralph Peacock's son Richard should have grown up with a taste for mechanics, and that when the railway era dawned he should have set before him as the object of his life the attainment of some position of eminence in connection with this grand development of power. The Stockton and Darlington line was opened in 1825, and one of Richard Peacock's earliest recollections is in connection with a visit paid to Darlington with his father to see the locomotive at work on this wonderful railway. To a mind of such strong mechanical bent as Ralph Peacock's there was much food for reflection in this sight, and he was stirred with new promptings and aspirations; but there were so many ties to bind him to the spot, that it was not until George Stephenson's locomotive had shown him fresh possibilities of useful action that he could screw his courage up to the depart-

ing point. He was devotedly attached to the small religious community of which he formed a leading member, and as he set religion before everything else in the world, it was with difficulty that he could sever himself from the old associations of his spiritual life. On Sundays there was an unbroken series of worshipings from morn to night on the part of the Peacocks, and every member of the family had to share in them. There were class meetings to attend before breakfast; and in the forenoon, as a matter of allegiance to the State, they had to take part in the orthodox service at the parish church. After that they returned home for the mid-day dinner, then proceeded again to the Wesleyan chapel, then home to tea, then to the chapel once more for the evening service.

The Peacocks did nothing by halves; the spirit of enthusiasm burned within them like a steady flame, and they were never wearied of well-doing. At all events, it was so with the head of the house, and if Richard the youngest son, did occasionally show a predisposition to play, it was not a matter for surprise, seeing that he was of a robust, hardy constitution, and well able to enjoy all healthful exercises. For all that, he was of such an apt and quick nature that he, at the age of seven, had awarded to him, under Lord Wharton's Trust, the Bible prize then distributed at certain periods to successful competitors. The conditions were that the candidate must be able to read and say by heart the Catechism, certain prayers, and the 1st, 15th, 25th, 37th, 101st, 113th, and 145th psalms. In making the award to Richard Peacock,

the trustee certified that "no child had previously secured this award at so early an age." There now came "a change over the spirit of the dream," and the locomotive was the one alluring power. So, after some little negotiation, Ralph Peacock made his leap into the outer world, and was selected in 1830, as assistant superintendent in the construction of the Leeds Tunnel on the Leeds and Selby railway. This appointment caused him and his family to remove from Swaledale to Leeds, where they continued to reside for some years. After the Leeds and Selby line was finished, the company recognized Ralph Peacock's faithful service and ability by placing him in a responsible position in connection with their Leeds station, and, ultimately, when he became too old for active employment, they pensioned him off.

We must now take up that particular thread of our narrative which has to deal with the career of Richard Peacock, whom we will now follow to Leeds. His education was continued at the Leeds Grammar School; but, as time went on, and railway enterprises extended with such marvelous rapidity, the boy grew anxious to take some part in the movement. He left school in 1834, at the age of fourteen, and was apprenticed to the firm of Fenton, Murray and Jackson, the engineers, who were at that time making locomotives for the Liverpool and Manchester and Leeds and Selby railways, and were largely employed in the building of steam engines of every class, as well as in the making of hydraulic machinery and pumps. The new apprentice soon made his way into favor. He remained in these

engineering works until 1838, getting an insight into every branch of the business, but devoting himself more particularly to locomotive work. In 1838 an opportunity of improving his position occurred. The Leeds and Selby line had been opened a few years, but from the first the locomotive department had been mismanaged. The young engineer was well acquainted with all that was going on, from the fact of his being constantly about either on business or to see his father. His movements had attracted the attention of the directors and of the general manager of the line. This led to an offer of the post of locomotive superintendent being made to Richard Peacock. At first he declined the honor, and gave as his reasons his youth and the difficulty there would be on that account in assuming sufficient command over a body of men. "Can you manage the work?" the manager said. "Yes," answered Peacock. "Well, if you'll undertake that, I'll see to the other part of the business," said the manager. It was a great responsibility to be assumed by a youth of eighteen, but it worked out all right, for Mr. Clark was as good as his word in regard to the management of the men, with whom, however, there was no difficulty after it had been once made clear that the new head of the department knew more than they did. Peacock held this position until an amalgamation was effected between the Leeds and Selby and York and North Midland railways, in 1840, when naturally a fresh shuffling of the managerial cards took place.

Peacock made his way to London, taking with him many testimonials

of ability, and presented himself before Daniel Gooch, who was at the head of the Great Western Railway undertaking, then in course of active construction under the direction of Brunel. So we find him in 1840 and 1841, bending all his energies to the congenial duties of railway work. Nothing came wrong to him, from superintending a "gang" of workmen to driving an engine.

In 1841 the Manchester and Sheffield Railway was nearing completion, and Peacock's friends suggested the desirability of his applying for the position of locomotive superintendent on that line. He made application, forwarded testimonials, and calmly awaited the issue. He had, it appears, "a friend in court," who gave verbal testimony to the board of Mr. Peacock's ability, and the latter had the satisfaction of receiving the appointment even without an interview. It is true, he had been written to asking him to present himself before the board at a certain time, but by some mishap the letter did not reach him until a few days after the date fixed. This was a remarkable stroke of success to be achieved by a young man who had barely attained his majority. Richard Peacock went down to Manchester and entered upon his new duties. Thenceforward for fourteen years he continued to fill this position, and won for himself a name and a fame among the engineers of the day.

The first workshops of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway consisted of a series of wooden sheds erected at Newton Moor, and there for a time all the work in connection with the locomotive department continued to be

done. Then the necessity of extension forced itself upon the Company, and they began to cast about for a favorable spot upon which to build permanent works. The selection of a site was left to Mr. Peacock, and he decided upon appropriating to the purposes of his department the first piece of level ground available outside Manchester in contiguity to the railway. The nearest point was found to be at Gorton, and at that place accordingly the new depot was subsequently erected, from Mr. Peacock's designs. It was about 1846 that the removal from Newton Moor to Gorton was effected. This led to the rapid industrial development of Gorton and the adjoining township of Openshaw. Gorton had then only about 2,000 inhabitants, while Openshaw had but a population of a few hundreds.

During the fourteen years that Mr. Peacock held the post of locomotive superintendent of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, he was not insensible to the active progress that was being made in social and political matters, and he always evinced a healthy sympathy with any movement that had for its object the improvement of the condition of the people. Early on, he threw in his lot with the advocates of reform, and became an ardent disciple of the Cobden school. He was a supporter of the Anti-Corn Law League, and attended many of the great meetings which Cobden, Bright, Villiers and other chiefs of the party addressed to such powerful purpose in those days. Still, much as Richard Peacock was attracted by the great political agitations which kept the country in such unrest during the years of his early

manhood, he did not permit himself to be carried away by them into the region of unreasoning prejudice. He has himself defined what his general political opinions were about this time. He said, "I am no revolutionist; I will not pull down for the sake of pulling down, though I will not hesitate to support changes when and where necessary; but in all such cases I will advocate full justice to all affected by such modifications as may be requisite and necessary to the well-being and legitimate advance and progress of the people and the nation." But in those busy years from 1841 to 1854 he had other things to occupy his mind than politics, so, while never wholly relinquishing his interest or assistance in imperial matters, he gave the best of his skill and energy to the fulfillment of his business duties. Early and late he was to be found at his post at the locomotive shops, seeing to every detail of the operations, and coping with his growing responsibilities in a manner that earned for him the full confidence and trust of his employers. Year by year extensions of line were made and traffic was increased, but the locomotive superintendent never lagged behind; his engines were always equal to the demands made upon them, and as far as he was concerned, there was "smooth running" all round.

So matters continued down to the year 1854, when Mr. Peacock, at the age of thirty-four, decided upon employing such ability as he had been gifted with in some enterprise of his own. He resigned his position under the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway Company, and began to cast about for a place

whereon to pitch his own industrial tent. About this time his friend Charles Beyer, who from 1843 until 1853 had been the mechanical head of the firm of Sharp and Co. of Manchester, locomotive and cotton machine makers, was also on the look-out for a new channel of employment. There was this difference between the two men—the launching out into business on his own responsibility was with Mr. Peacock a first and only thought, with Mr. Beyer it was a second thought. The fact was he had left Sharp and Co. with the idea of going to Oxford or Cambridge and embracing the career of a student. He visited the two University towns, and after having had time for reflection, he said to himself, as he sat on a gate looking across at the towers and roofs of Cambridge, "Beyer, you are a fool!" And thereupon he gave up the dream of becoming a collegian and retraced his steps toward Manchester. He saw Mr. Peacock, and the two at once agreed to go into partnership together as locomotive engineers, and they selected as the site of their future works the fourteen acres of ground at Gorton, upon which they forthwith began to build. Cattle were grazing on the land on the 1st of May, 1854; and within twelve months from that date the firm had built and sent out their first locomotive.

And now more than ever Mr. Peacock became wedded to his business, and for some years the outside world heard little of him. Both partners had an intimate practical knowledge of mechanical engineering and they had no difficulty in obtaining orders. From that time forward orders poured in upon the

new firm beyond their means of execution, and to aid in the more rapid development of the business a third partner, Mr. Robertson, was taken in. From 1854 to the present time the record of the firm has been one of continuous progress, and building after building had to be erected, until the whole estate of fourteen acres became utilized. Some idea of the extent of the firm's operations may be gleaned from the fact that they employ from 2,000 to 3,000 hands and turn out about 200 engines a year; and from the further fact that they have distributed in wages alone upward of two millions and a half sterling, their wages bill for 1885 being £125,821.

Mr. Beyer died in 1876, leaving a considerable fortune. He replaced at his own cost the old parish church at Gorton by an entirely new one, and rebuilt the schools and rectory connected therewith. He also contributed largely toward the expense of erecting St. Mark's Church at West Gorton, and by his will left £10,000 for the erection of another church and parsonage not far from the Gorton Foundry, the schools for which he built some years before. He also left large sums to Owens College, the Manchester Infirmary, and other charities. In 1883 the firm was converted into a limited liability company, Mr. Peacock continuing in the position of manager.

Mr. Peacock occupied such a prominent position in the neighborhood of Gorton and Openshaw, after the establishment of the firm of Beyer, Peacock and Co. in 1854, that it was hardly possible for him to escape being drawn into public life to a certain extent. In 1863 a

meeting of the inhabitants of Gorton—then numbering some 12,000—was held to discuss the question of adopting the Local Government Act for Gorton. Mr. Peacock strongly advocated this step, which was taken, the first election occurring on the 1st of November of that year, when Mr. Peacock headed the poll and was elected first Chairman of the Board, continuing to hold the post until the end of 1866, when, owing to the increasing claims of business, he retired from the Board.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary growth of the population of the district, consequent upon the establishment of the Gorton Foundry and other industries indirectly introduced by Mr. Peacock, Gorton and Openshaw have remained essentially a working-class community, toward whom he may be said to have stood *in loco providentiæ*. To his workpeople he has always been generous, both collectively in the high rate of wages paid, and individually in unostentatious sympathy and relief wherever suffering and want have existed. Nor has his generous consideration been confined to those in his employ. With open hand he has ever been ready to minister to the necessities and to relieve the distress of his poor neighbors. Every good work, every useful institution, in and far beyond his own district, has received his benevolent support. There is no church or chapel in the locality, Protestant or Roman Catholic, to which he has not been a liberal contributor; no charitable institution of which he has not been a most generous patron. Bazaars, soup-kitchens, Sunday and day schools, Temperance societies, bands, and healthy sports of every description have had in him a valuable and

often munificent supporter. Mr. Peacock was brought up in the Wesleyan faith; he did not in after life adhere to the creed of his youth. When he first removed to Lancashire he came in contact with certain prominent Unitarians and was induced to attend their chapel at Gee Cross. He soon found himself in sympathy with this community and in course of time became a member of the chapel. In 1859 Mr. Peacock purchased Gorton Hall. The hall was in close proximity to the old Unitarian Chapel, and he was thus drawn into more intimate relations with it and its minister. Of this chapel the Rev. G. H. Wells became the minister in 1837, and here the Unitarians of the neighborhood continued to worship until by the generous action of Mr. Peacock a better condition of things was brought about.

By Mr. Peacock's assistance new schools were built in 1863. The resources of the congregation were limited, and the obtaining of a new chapel seemed farther off than ever, when in 1870 this want was supplied by the munificence of Mr. Peacock in the building of Brookfield Church, which, with its lawns and shrubs, its garden-like surroundings and grassy graveyard—in all covering four acres—is a noble and beautiful structure. It was erected at an original cost of £12,000, a cost which was largely increased by the subsequent erection of a keeper's house, boundary walls, and other external work. At the laying of the corner stone, on the 30th October, 1869, Mr. Peacock, after referring to the history of the older building, said:

"Bigotry and intolerance are fast passing away, and, thanks to our glorious

Constitution, we have in this country comparative freedom in all things. We are rapidly approaching a more perfect freedom, not only in politics, but in that greater question of religion. We are building this new chapel, in the first place, because the old chapel built by our forefathers is falling into decay; secondly, because the accommodation it affords us is no longer equal to our growing requirements; and lastly—though to my feelings not least—I am taking the share it has pleased God to enable me to take in the erection of the building as a token of thanksgiving and in fulfillment of a pledge to Almighty God for the restoration to health of some of the dear ones in my family."

The church was opened in the autumn of 1870. It is in the Gothic style; the main entrance is through the tower, the lower part of which forms the porch, while above there is a ringing-chamber and belfry, containing a peal of eight bells, presented by Mr. Peacock and named after the members of his family. The tower is of an elaborate and ornamental character, and finishes with a graceful spire rising to a height of 150 feet from the ground. The edifice consists of a nave 77 feet long and 21 wide; north and south aisles each 70½ feet long and 10½ feet wide, making a total interior width of 42 feet, and a chancel 25 feet long and 19 feet wide. Accommodation is afforded for 450 persons. The chancel floor is laid with encaustic tiles; the roof timbers are of pitch-pine, as also is the woodwork generally; while the pulpit is composed of Caen stone and marble, surmounted by a carved oak framework. The windows are of stained glass. The organ was built by Mr. F. W. Jardine, of Manchester, and is considered one of his best productions. Mr. Peacock's broad Christian sympathies found expression in

a speech which he delivered at the opening of the church.

"He could say little," he remarked, "with regard to the doctrines that would be taught in that church. Little indeed could be said; they were of so simple a character that a very few words would suffice to describe them. To his mind the simpler the faith and the doctrines they professed and followed the more likely were they to live up to that faith, to comprehend it as every member of a congregation ought to do; he could not, however, but mention a circumstance which took place a few days ago when their friends the members of St. Thomas's Church opened their new building. He was very much struck by the doctrines propounded and the remarks made by the worthy Bishop of Manchester, and he could not help comparing those remarks with the words spoken at a similar gathering by Dr. Martineau some few months ago in Liverpool; the similarity in the remarks was so striking that he said to himself, What is this Bishop, and what is Dr. Martineau? They might call them what they liked, but the doctrines of those two men seemed so identical, their practical common-sense seemed to him so much alike, that—call them Church of England or Unitarian, or what they would—they were practically following the same path, and were practically preaching the doctrines of common-sense, and the doctrines which he felt proud as a Unitarian to say they endeavored to instill into those who belonged to their body. He could not but feel either that the Bishop was a Unitarian at heart or else that Dr. Martineau was an orthodox Churchman, and he came to the conclusion that it did not matter what they were called, they were both in the right path."

Turning now to the political side of Mr. Peacock's career, we find that in 1866 he was the Chairman of the Gorton Committee for securing the return of Mr. Gladstone for South Lancashire. He continued a consistent support to the Liberal party all through later electoral campaigns. In 1882 he gave active support to the Liberal candidates for the Gorton

division. In a speech made at that period he thus alluded to his own political views. He said "he was not an extreme politician—he had other things to occupy his life—but he had common sense enough to know that such a representation as the counties then enjoyed was neither right nor just," and he proceeded to argue in favor of the extension of household suffrage to the counties. On the question of Fair Trade, he said "there had been a great cry raised in the country for Fair Trade, and probably many of those present, who professed to be Free Traders, thought it a bad cry. He did not think so, but he went to this extent, and he would act up to it—no trade could be fair trade that was not free."

In 1885 Mr. Peacock was himself induced to come forward as a candidate for Parliamentary honors. The circumstances under which this was urged upon him have been thus described by Miss Emily Faithfull:

"I was present at a somewhat unusual demonstration on Saturday afternoon at Gorton Hall, the residence of Mr. Richard Peacock. Shortly after luncheon a crowd of people gathered together at the lodge, and when their number was complete they entered the grounds, and about 150 of the representatives of the electors of the new Parliamentary division of Gorton, Openshaw, and Denton took possession of one of the lawns, where some chairs and tables betokened the advent of both speakers and reporters. The object of the meeting was to present Mr. Peacock with a requisition, signed by upward of 5,000 of his fellow-townsmen, requesting him to come forward as the first Parliamentary candidate for the district. It is no secret that there have been some strifes and heart-burnings over this matter. While Mr. Peacock was recruiting his health with his daughter in the Riviera this winter, some ambitious spirits, fired with the hope of having the cherished dignity of M.P.

added to their names, circulated rumors detrimental to Mr. Peacock's political faith and interest, hurried on the action of the Liberal Council, and Mr. Crosfield received votes enough to induce him to flatter himself that his candidature would receive the support of the constituency.

The electors have determined to upset the action of the Liberal Council, and after various approaches they induced Mr. Peacock to promise to accept the candidature of the district if he received a requisition to do so signed by 3,000 of the rate payers. To-day they presented him with a bulky document bearing more than 5,000 names, which had been collected in the course of four days, and as the total number of voters is only 10,200 Mr. Peacock's popularity is very apparent."

Following this there was a vigorous electioneering campaign entered upon by and on behalf of Mr. Peacock. In the course of the contest Mr. Peacock addressed many meetings, and entered into the business of electioneering with characteristic energy. His first opponent found but few adherents, but Mr. Peacock presently found himself confronted by a more powerful rival in the person of Mr. Flattely, who came out with strong Conservative support. When the day of election arrived Gorton was the scene of great commotion, and on the result of the poll being declared it was found that Mr. Peacock's requisition had been more than made good at the polling booths, for while his opponent, Mr. Flattely, had had 3,552 votes placed to his credit, Mr. Peacock had received 5,300, giving him a majority of 1,748. It was not long, however, before another contest was forced upon the Gorton division by the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Irish schemes, which caused the general election of 1886. In the ordinary course Mr. Peacock would in all

probability have been re-elected without opposition, but the prominence given to the Irish question put before the constituencies something more than party considerations, and gave opportunities of opposition that otherwise might not have arisen. Mr. Peacock went with Mr. Gladstone, consequently many who had previously voted for him betook themselves to the opposite side, and relying on the chances of the division thus created Lord Grey de Wilton entered the field in the Conservative interest and was enabled to make a much better fight of it than Mr. Flattely had done; the result was that Mr. Peacock this time received only 4,592 votes as against the 5,300 of six months previous. For all that he was successful, the number of votes polled for Lord Grey de Wilton being 4,135, giving Mr. Peacock a majority of 457.

Mr. Peacock has always evinced a deep sympathy with artistic effort of every kind, and has both by word and deed greatly assisted the higher culture of the time. His pictures include some of the most notable examples of modern art and not a few works of the older masters. Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by his grand picture of the "Dogs of St. Bernard," of which it has been said that it will preserve the artist's fame "as long as art holds a place in the affections of mankind." Hardy's celebrated picture of the "Fighting Lions," one of the largest paintings of animal life of modern times, is also in Mr. Peacock's collection, which also contains many valuable and interesting works by R. Ansdell, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., E. W. Cooke, R.A., H.

O'Neill, Birket Foster, Erskine Nicol, Sidney Cooper, and others. He also possesses the famous copy of Paul Potter's "Bull." He has always been ready to place his collection at the service of the public when occasion has demanded or the cause of higher culture could be advanced. The works, of the great industrial concern of which Mr. Peacock is the head, comprise fourteen acres, and have for their northern boundary the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway and are bordered on the south by Gorton Lane. Every shop and foundry has had ample space given to it for its operations, breadth and loftiness being striking features of each workplace, resulting in the best attainable conditions of labor for the people employed. All have been built according to one general design, so that each workshop seems almost the counterpart of the others. On every hand, there is the evidence of prosperity and progress, and in nothing is this more attractively indicated, perhaps, than in the splendid suite of offices which guards the chief entrance to Gorton Foundry.

There is a drawing-office, 100 feet by 40 feet, and 25 feet high, lighted by the electric light, where a number of draughtsmen are constantly at work upon the large and extremely complicated drawings required for locomotive construction, every part having its full-sized drawing to work from. At the time of our visit drawings were in progress for engines of all descriptions, some for India, some for Russia, some for Sweden, some for Portugal, some for France, some for Italy. Some idea of the great amount of labor involved in this department may be

obtained from the fact that each locomotive requires from 200 to 300 separate drawings. There is also a separate department for the drawing of plans for mechanical tools, most of the tools used in the works being made on the premises. Close to the large drawing-room is the designing office, where the head draughtsman and his assistants do the initial work in connection with the plans. On the other side is a room specially built for the female copyists of plans, who have a separate staircase, and by beginning work a quarter of an hour before and leaving a quarter of an hour after the workmen, have insured to themselves a privacy not always accorded to their sex in their contact with the business world. The photographic artist has also a place set apart for him in the upper regions of these offices, and is kept busily engaged in photographing duplicates of drawings, which not only saves a good deal of labor but assures an accuracy not always attainable by hand-work. Among the other rooms contained in this immense range of offices may be mentioned the Book Store, in which is kept and arranged for easy reference, every book, document, receipt, letter, or paper that has been received or used by the firm since its commencement. Then there are offices for the principals, secretary, clerk, and what not, dining-rooms, strong-rooms, etc., and pay offices, in which by an ingenious check and ticket system the whole of the workpeople employed on the establishment can be paid their wages in about a quarter of an hour. The walls of the chief offices are adorned with large framed photographs of locomotives sent out by the firm to various parts

of the world, each engine having its portrait taken before being dispatched on its travels. The workshops are in three separate divisions, the one on the eastern side comprising pattern shops and stores, and a series of smithies and boiler shops of a total length of 691 feet and a maximum width of 123 ft. The middle division consists of tool and locomotive shops, and is 163 ft. wide, while the western division, which is devoted to similar purposes, is 143 ft. in width. These dimensions will give some idea of the general extent of the working part of the establishment. On the vacant ground on the western side a set of tram rails forming an immense oval, with sharp curves for testing tramway engines, has been put down. The larger tool shops are each about sixty yards in length. The workshops turn out some two hundred locomotives per annum, in addition to numerous machine tools.

The pattern-making room is a wilderness of saws and planing machines, from twenty to thirty benches being engaged in the work. In the great storeroom above, we have to thread our way through long avenues of patterns of cylinders, wheels, valves, etc., with light and dark interminglings, the light patterns being for brass and the dark for iron. A complete set of models for a locomotive will cost about £200. Then our way lies through a series of smithies in which sundry Titanic operations are being performed by the combined aid of fire, steam and human intelligence, the huge steam-hammers keeping up an incessant thundering, and the too substantial sparks from the red-hot iron seeming to keep the place under a continu-

ous stream of fire. The next stage of advancement is to the boiler shops, where the heavy operations connected with the shaping, drilling, and riveting of boilers are carried on. The drilling of holes for the reception of bolts, and the subsequent insertion and riveting of the bolts at white heat by means of hydraulic machines, are processes of ponderous precision.

We proceed from shop to shop, from forge to forge, and foundry to foundry, and at every stage are met with the evidence of wonderful activity. Here we see the production of the metal in the cupolas, the horizontal engine which drives the blowing fan running at 240 revolutions a minute; here the moulding of different parts of the locomotives; here the fixing together of various parts and the fitting of one with another; here the erection of the parts into one formidable whole; and here the painting, polishing, and beautifying of the completed engines ready for launching upon the outer world. Then there is a hydraulic testing machine, which has a shop pretty well to itself, as it deserves to have, for it is to this machine that all materials used in the construction of the engines are submitted for trial.

Then the mystery of wheel-making has to be looked at. Wheels are built up from the separate parts, previously forged under the steam-hammer. The spokes, after being forged, with their wedge-shaped ends, which meet in the center, having V-shaped grooves on both inclined sides of the wedge, are placed with the wedge downward and inclosed between two clamps, on the anvil of a steam-hammer, the other end having been raised to a

welding heat; a bar—also brought to a welding heat—is then “dabbed on,” and beaten down to form part of the rim. When the spokes are all put together in a hoop, the two V-grooves in the inclined sides of the wedge-shaped ends form diamond-shaped holes, to receive corresponding keys. The center is raised to welding heat, when a washer is welded, first on one side and then on the other, to form the boss. Tires are bored by being made to revolve horizontally on a table while being acted upon simultaneously by three tools set in boxes, self-acted in both directions, on fixed arms. Tires, for being shrunk on the wheels, are laid on a face-plate, and heated uniformly by a ring of gas jets, when the wheel is dropped in and the tire cooled by a stream of cold water applied by a hose.

The tool shops are several in number, but the largest of all, in which we look across a forest of belts and wheels, is probably the most extensive workshop of the kind in the country. There are also brass foundries, coppersmiths' shops, case-hardening sheds, tender shops, and other places too numerous to specify.

Locomotives of a non-smoke-emitting description are here made for the Metropolitan lines, engines for Buenos Ayres with motion bars boxed in for excluding dust, engines of special design for the Mersey Tunnel traffic, engines for the Dutch Government constructed for a regular express speed of 62 miles an hour, engines for India, engines for Japan, engines for Russia, and engines for many other countries, the total number of locomotives made by Messrs. Beyer, Peacock and Co. from their start to the present time

being about 3,000.—*London Society.*

CHAUTAUQUA.

A POPULAR UNIVERSITY.

“The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle” is an educational organization effected in America about ten years ago. Its first decade has been crowned with a success which seems to justify the enthusiasm of its projectors and members and which certainly commends its unique aims and methods to the critical examination of all who are interested in the cause of popular education. It enrolls a membership of more than one hundred thousand persons, few of whom are under twenty-one years of age. They are to be found, not only in the United States and Canada, but also in Great Britain, on the Continent of Europe, in India, China, South Africa, and the Isles of the Sea. There are circles of readers in the Sandwich Islands. More than nineteen hundred native members have been reported from Japan. The “Circle” has received the unqualified approval of eminent educators, of statesmen and of clergymen, who have taken time to examine its aims, organization, and plans of operation.

It is the distinctive mission of the “Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle” to direct the reading habits of that great majority in every community—the full-grown people who are no longer in the schools. It is an “after school” for those who have received the best that the educational institutions, at their best, can give; and for those also—

and I might almost say, especially for those—who, from necessity, or from waywardness, abandoned all educational institutions long before the best influence of these institutions was possible, and who now, awakened to a sense of loss and of imperative need, desire the assistance which once they could not appreciate and therefore deliberately rejected. There are many people of this class in every community. No educational provisions are made for them. For the infant, the kindergarten and primary school are ready. Graded schools serve him until the college approves and accepts him. Leaving the highest college class, he passes into the hands of special instructors in his chosen profession. From the beginning of his career he is cared for. Rooms, desks, books, tasks, hours are assigned. Teachers stand ready to answer his questions, or, in that wisest way of help, to ask other questions, which lead him to think his own way into knowledge and strength. Everything tends to make him a student—academic halls, scholarly associations, memorials that inspire by worthy examples of honorable success, and living teachers who, by power of personal influence, quicken him to desire and to resolve upon achievement.

But these favored classes, from the humble pupil on the lowest form of the primary school to the winner of prizes in the University, constitute but a small minority of the population. And, notwithstanding the advantages I have described, I am sorry to believe that a majority of this minority is made up of usually reluctant and apathetic students. They go to school because they *must* go. Recess, vacation, and final re-

lease from the bondage of lessons and pedagogue are hailed with delight. It is the majority that comes prematurely into this freedom. Then follow a few years of indolence or of mere manual labor; then regrets because of forfeited opportunity; then longings after a culture once possible but now unattainable; then deliberate abandonment to mercenary or other unworthy aims in life; no reading, or worse than none; "no perspective, no ambition;" frivolity, self-gratification, deterioration, stupidity. The "better" society within reach is avoided because of its higher standard. Such souls marry their own kind. Children grow up without desire for education, or they soon find how little father and mother know about the school-world, and how little they care for the things which the best teachers commend and emphasize. All the tendencies of that household are in the wrong direction. Evil influences multiply. Wrong political opinions easily find place, and are strengthened by a sense of separation between themselves and the more self-respecting families of the community. Households that do not struggle upward are, under any government and under any civilization, centers of corrupting influence, social, political, and religious. The nations need Homes with love and lofty ideals in them, with hope, and courage, and the ardent desire that beget united and continued effort. The political reformers who forget the "domestic power" must fail in their schemes for the "betterment" of the race.

We talk much and sagely about "beginning with the children." Wise social regenerators begin with

the parents of the children. They turn their attention to the four walls of "the living room"—to its pictures, its books, its magazines, its decorations, its talk, and its atmosphere. If children are to speak the English language accurately, mother and father must be their teachers.

If they are to receive correct ideas of truthfulness, justice, self-denial, sympathy with the needy, fidelity to principle in business, loyalty to the nation, love of learning, and reverence for religion, these ideas are to be given at home, by those who are with them earliest, with them longest, know them best, and wield the largest power over them in the most susceptible years of life. We talk superficially about the power of early impressions, and give dribblets of religious teaching in catechumen classes and Sunday-schools, forgetting that continuousness of influence is as much a factor in education as specific acts of teaching; that a day of ordinary life may easily neutralize a month of Sunday and Church instruction; and that to produce early impressions that will endure we must control the parents who control the children three hundred and sixty-five days every year.

When these people out of school—the grown-up men and women who are getting old, and who are in danger of losing hope, these parents and directors of home life—when they are once awakened to the possibilities that still await their acceptance in the realm of education, they do not find the assistance which comes so early and so abundantly to the juvenile members of their households. They find no direction, no books prescribed, no tasks, no hours, no helps, no teachers. Are they not

too old for these devices? Are they children, that one must lead and feed them? It would be undignified for such as they to accept advice and to come under anything like restraint. They may read, to be sure. But they do not know what to read. The world is full of books, but who can feel sure that what he reads is the best, or that he is not wasting time in the reading? Nor do these people always know what they like; nor with any definiteness or certainty what they ought to like. They may have (everybody does have) some peculiar gift and adaptation, the discovery and development of which might be a remodeling of their whole intellectual life. But how shall this work be begun? Who will make a voyage of discovery and find the San Salvador of their new life? How much more they seem now to need a teacher than when they were children! He was near them once. They did not appreciate him. Now, when they need him, he does not put in an appearance, and they are ashamed to ask for him.

And be it remembered that these adults are, intellectually, at their best. This is not the common idea. Childhood is the time for study, age for service. Seneca says: "It is an absurd and base thing to see an old man at his A B C (*elementarius senex*). We should lay up in our youth what we are to make use of in our old age." Seneca is only in part right. Educational opportunities lost in youth are not forever lost. Failure up to twenty-one is not necessarily final failure. A man of forty-five may be worth more, is probably worth more, for intellectual work, than a boy of fourteen. He has a less ready and retentive

memory, but more power of application; less desire to win prizes in competitive examinations, more desire to get useful knowledge for its own sake; less mental versatility and vivacity, more practical acquaintance with nature and human nature. He can think more steadily without exhaustion. Knowledge from books seems more real to him because of the knowledge he has won from life. He has more stability than the boy, more strength, more judgment. He knows what knowledge is most worth. But with the capacity and power which experience in this busy work-a-day world has given him, he lacks direction. Oh, if only the scholars and the sages would take his hand and tell him a secret or two—where and how to begin, what path to take, and how to know the true gold when he sees a glitter among the sands and the rocks!

It is the people of this class that the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" opens with its short and comprehensive courses of reading, its bonds of fraternity, its ideal associations, and its plans for leading those who join it to self-discovery as to their hitherto unrecognized aptitudes and lines of power. Nor to these alone, for it touches at the college portal to admit those whose formal education has been "completed." It supplies to non-professional collegians incentives to continued study. And this for their own good. If mental activity and application be suspended, power gained will soon be lost. There is an ecclesiastical doctrine: "Once a Bishop always a Bishop." But it is not "Once a scholar always scholar." Mind that is not developing is deteriorating. One may forget what he once knew.

Intellectual grip may be lost. Therefore college graduates who do not enter professional life are as much in need of assistance, incentive, and inspiration, as before they left the schools. Even those who enter the so-called learned professions are in danger of such devotion to particular lines of thought as to lose all that was most liberalizing and refining in the culture they have attained. They too need something to keep alive their interest in general literature, in the latest results of criticism and research, that, being specialists, they may still be men, and men in lively sympathy with all that is freshest and most important in the progress of humanity.

The "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" makes a provision in a two-fold way for all scholars, professional and non-professional. It sets them at the review of the subjects embraced in the college curriculum. And, still better, it puts them into close and kindly fellowship with adults eager to be educated, and it encourages them to use the knowledge and power already gained for the helping of others. It makes them teachers, so that they may sing, with Robert Browning—

"The office of ourselves . . . has been,
For the worst of us to say, they so have
seen,
For the better—what it was they saw; the
best
Impart the gift of seeing to the rest."

Thus those who have, and those who need, are brought into companionship—adult "scholar" and adult "student"—both out of school. They have a community of interest. They are equals and fellow students; and the scholar accustomed to the atmosphere and associations of the

college hall may receive corroborations, illustrations, new applications of his knowledge, and many useful hints from the every-day out-of-door life and experience of the man, who, knowing less of books, is acquainted with men, and who, although he has never studied geological or biological specimens—mounted, shelved, and classified—has kept open eyes, all his life long, among birds and flowers, rocks and reptiles. This, at least, I know, that in the early stages of this new association each will find in his own soul a larger respect for the other, and for the class he represents, and in this blessed brotherhood of Science, Literature, and Art they will mutually agree that man's real worth lies, not so much in antecedents, titles, or estates, as in dominant tastes, purposes, and other qualities of personal character.

The first or general course of reading of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" is limited by a single thought, which adapts the scheme to all classes of people. There are forty or more special or additional courses, to be pursued at the option of the reader. He may take two or more of these simultaneously with the first or general course. Or he may pursue them after its completion. His work in the "Circle" may thus be superficial or thorough, an avocation or a vocation, employing forty minutes or four hours a day. The first course, already referred to as limited by a single thought, covers what I have called "the College Outlook." It aims to give a general survey of the world of literature in science, history, art, and belles-lettres; the world which comes within the purview of the student who prepares for and pursues the ordinary

college curriculum. The member of the "Circle" takes up the outlines of history—ancient, mediæval, and modern; in a general and meager way he studies the scope and spirit of the ancient and modern literature, and glances at the realms of physical, mental, and moral science. As when, visiting London for the first time, he climbs to the dome of St. Paul's to get a general view of the city, its various parts, their relation to each other, the principal places of interest—and all this in anticipation of and preparatory to a more detailed and thorough exploration—so by this outlook on the broad world of knowledge he is prepared for wise selection and careful investigation.

The college student who enjoys the same outlook during the years of his undergraduate course receives immeasurably more. He sees broadly, but he studies critically. The wide survey is incidental. He seeks mainly mental discipline and development by linguistic and mathematical drill. He trains himself to habits of attention, concentration, and discrimination. He is not in quest of facts, but of force. In college he works that he may be able to know. Afterward he works in order to know. And he is glad to review this large world in which he wrought so diligently. It is a pleasure to him to stand on the dome of St. Paul's with the new-comer, and to see again in the general way what he has so long been familiar with in its details. And it is a good thing for the novice that the senior is there.

It is this horizon of facts and principles, as far as they can be made available as subject-matter of

knowledge, that the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" transfers to a series of readable books, which it places in the hands of the scholar, that he may review the world through which he has just passed; in the hands of busy, out-of-school, society people, that they may know what the college world is; and in the hands of parents, that they may form a just estimate of the school world, keep their children as long a time as possible in it, be able to keep company with their children after they do enter it, and render them help by all home ministries of persuasion and incentive, by ample provision of periodicals, books, pictures, apparatus, society, conversation, example, and inspiration.

The wide adoption of this scheme among the adult population must yield blessed results. Parents will look upon education and the school-master with greater respect. More students will enter the advanced schools. In its small, voluntary, local meetings, the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" will increase an interest in substantial reading and in rational conversation. It will save busy people from the petrifying influence of mercenary life. It will crowd out weak and dissipating literature. It will relieve the dreary monotony of routine lives; mitigate the sorrows of the smitten and bereaved; give to lowly and narrow homes hope, courage, and perspective; and put weight and worth into the houses of people, rich and poor, who are living in an aimless, self-indulgent, and useless way. It will find in lowly spheres heroes who never entered the army, poets who never framed a couplet, artists who never touched chisel or canvas,

and saints who never stood with folded hands before the eyes of men, but who have served their lives long in shops or kitchens. It will find a hard-working mechanic, who is a born reasoner, and encourage him to use his spare minutes, under wise direction, in the study of logic, mathematics, and philosophy. If a working-man has a taste for science, it urges and assists him to observe facts, collect and classify data, and make and test generalizations. It will show how much may be made of the spare minutes of a busy life. One hour of close and systematic study a day means sixty school days a year. And if that be kept up from the time a man is twenty until he is forty, he will have enjoyed four years of the most beneficial education. An American, who is now a high authority in Sanscrit and Zend, without early educational advantages, began the study of these languages at a time when he was employed for over seventeen hours a day collecting fares on a tram-car. Thus will the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" transfigure and ennoble common life, and illustrate the wise words of Epictetus: "You Athenians will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising the roofs of your dwellings, but by exalting the souls of your fellow citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses."

The first general course of reading of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" is accompanied by memoranda, which are to be filled out by the student. They serve as examination papers for those who wish to test the work they have done.

They are sheets of record and report for those who simply read. Beyond the "Circle" are classes for work by "correspondence," with provision for the most rigid written examinations. Into these come readers who wish to be enrolled as students. College classes are organized, local studies, lectures, and examinations provided, and all thorough work is rewarded by promotion. Under a charter granted by the Legislature of the State of New York, the "Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts" and the "Chautauqua School of Theology" have been organized to make possible and to encourage the most thorough work by those who have the ambition and the will to "wrest success from adverse circumstance." They provide for the student at home the benefits of professional direction. Although the advantage of personal presence is not enjoyed, yet by written questions, answers, outlines, theses, and criticisms, the teacher is, by a mystic law of the soul-life, present with his pupils, following, quickening, and inspiring them. Then in every neighborhood are college graduates, who constitute an unorganized brotherhood, glad to give help to those who, having been less favored, seek counsel in their search for culture. By conversations, criticisms, and direct assistance they put into the isolated student's life some of the advantages of the living teacher's voice and magnetic power. "University classes" are organized by students residing in the same neighborhood, and special teachers are employed. All members of this widely scattered fraternity may thus have their "college council," and many of them the "college class."

Provisions are also made for all classes of out-of-school readers and students who need guidance. There are a "Society of Fine Arts," a "Town and Country Club" (designed to train young people in observing the phenomena of Nature, and in doing something in the line of raising plants and fruits), a "Teachers' Reading Union," for the benefit of teachers in the secular schools; a "Young Folks' Reading Union," for the encouragement of good reading among the young people who are in school, or who have left it. Sunday-school Normal Work is also done through the "Chautauqua Assembly Normal Union," which has been in operation for fourteen years. Here, too, are the "Book-a-Month Reading Circle," the "Society of Christian Ethics," the "Look-up Legion," the "Children's Class," the "Musical Reading Union"—all with term "Chautauqua" as a common prefix.

The word "Chautauqua," (pronounced Shaw-tawk'-wah) is the Indian name of one of the most lovely of the smaller American lakes in the State of New York, five hundred miles west of New York City, seven miles south of and seven hundred feet above Lake Erie, among the hills which form the watershed of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. It is on the borders of this lake that the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" finds its "local habitation and a name." The lake is about twenty miles long, and from one to three miles in width. It is fourteen hundred feet above the Atlantic. Here, in a great grove of maple, beech, oak, mountain-ash, and other native trees, are five or six hundred cottages, a large sum-

mer hotel, and, during the "season" of from six to eight weeks, about three hundred tents. Here the people gather—probably seventy-five thousand different persons during the summer, some for one day, some for a week, several thousands of them for from four to eight weeks. They come to hear courses of lectures on science, on history, on philosophy; to witness experiments in chemistry; to study the stars through telescopes; to take, if they so desire, courses of lessons for six weeks in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, the modern languages, physical science, chemistry, political economy, and all branches relating to the department of pedagogy. Instrumental and vocal concerts, together with all possible legitimate recreations, are provided to lighten the days of study and make Chautauqua a paradise for children, a place where parents will feel it safe to settle down for the summer without exposure to the dissipation of the usual "resorts."

Here are boating, fishing, athletic games, archery, croquet, lawn-tennis, roller-coasting, military cadet drill for boys; classes for children in music, calisthenics, clay-modeling, and Bible study. A museum has been provided, with valuable treasures in casts, photographs, engravings, Oriental costumes, Syrian and Egyptian "finds," and fac-similes of many celebrated manuscripts. There is a beautiful model of the city of Jerusalem (in plaster of Paris), thirty feet in diameter. And by the shore of the lake, which is used to represent the Mediterranean Sea, is a model of Palestine, three hundred feet long, where one may visit the lake of Galilee, the flowing Jordan, and the Dead Sea. Here, on the hills and

in the valleys, are the cities of the land, well wrought in plaster or wood, and one may walk from Dan to Beersheba, Bible in hand, and be the better able to interpret that best guide-book of Palestine—the Word of God.

To Chautauqua come the best lecturers and the best teachers—clergymen of renown, statesmen, orators, college presidents and professors. The summer schools are taught by professors from Yale, Harvard, Middletown, Johns Hopkins, and other Universities, who spend six weeks with classes made up of teachers and students from all parts of the United States and Canada. Many a man, reviewing his summer life in the Chautauqua grove, may say, as Horace did of Athens: "Indulgent Athens taught me some of the higher arts, putting me in the way to distinguish a straight line from a curve, and to search after wisdom amid the groves of Academe."

The Chautauqua meeting began in 1874. It opened as a summer school, devoted especially to the training of Bible teachers, emphasizing the "week-day forces" in religious culture. This movement, known as "The Assembly," was the suggestion and joint product of Mr. Lewis Miller, of Ohio, and the writer of this article. Mr. Miller is a business man of wealth and enterprise, an extensive manufacturer, for many years interested in popular education, the father-in-law of the distinguished electrician Mr. T. A. Edison, and himself an ingenious inventor.

The "Assembly" gave a splendid opportunity for the development of the scheme of popular education

already described. It was duly organized in 1878, and made Chautauqua its summer head-quarters. The "Circle" has contributed to the permanency and power of the Assembly, in the midst of which it began and with which it soon became organically connected. The Bible is the basis of the "Literary and Scientific Circle," the first motto of which is, "We Study the Word and the Works of God." The leaders of this educational movement are believers in Revelation and lovers of "whatsoever things are true" in art, in literature, and in science. Their faith is so firm that they are confident of perfect harmony between the "Word" and the "Works" when both are rightly interpreted.

Every year a day of "Recognition" is observed, when those who have completed the four years' course of general reading receive certificates testifying that fact. Of all the Chautauqua days this is the brightest and best. In "St. Paul's Grove," among the green and ancient trees, stands the white-columned "Hall of Philosophy," an imitation in wood of the Parthenon at Athens. Here the ceremony of "recognition" takes place. A procession of old and young, of people representing all professions and all social classes, moves, with music, banners, and badges, to the great amphitheater. Here an audience of six thousand people joins in song, led by the great pipe organ and the "chorus," and listens to the "Recognition Address" by some distinguished speaker. Then the diplomas are distributed, some of them containing four or five or more seals, testifying to so much more than the "required" reading, and all of them, giving incentive to

those who have begun to continue until the diploma shall be filled with seals. There is a touch of pathos in that part of the Chautauqua "Recognition" programme when three score or more little girls in white, standing before the "Hall of Philosophy," fling flowers in the pathway of the thousand or more men and women who have, in middle or later life, attempted and completed a course of reading—a work begun for the sake of their children and for the brightening of their own lives. And one can hear the oldest of them say, with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

"What does Time leave, when life is well-nigh spent,

To lap its evenings in a calm content?

Art, Letters, Science, these at least befriend
Our day's brief remnant to its peaceful end—

Peaceful for him who shows the setting sun

A record worthy of his Lord's 'Well done!'"

Whether or not a similar movement may be begun in England I do not know. All that is best in its educational features is already carried on under the "University Extension Movement" and other noble enterprises of this great English people. The summer gathering like that at Chautauqua may be impracticable in the moist and uncertain climate of the British Isles; but in imagination I have already seen old Haddon Hall aglow with torches and hearth fires, its empty chambers for a time again occupied, its great dining-hall echoing with song and speech and prayer, its green lawns filled with people who have come from the busy scenes to rest and recreate, and the meanwhile to enjoy instruction and to receive inspiration

from those who are able to give it, and whom but for some such unique and special occasion they might never have seen. In my dreams I have seen what good work for the homes and the schools and the homeless and the out-of-school multitudes of England might be accomplished by noble lords and men of princely fortune, whose ample palaces and gardens seem to have been waiting these many years for a use and service which would make them pleasant and goodly places in the eyes of the Lord who loveth the children of men, and who loveth them also, and especially who love and help their kind.

But then, these are only the dreams of "A Stranger and a For-eigner."—J. H. VINCENT, D.D., in *The Contemporary Review*.

SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED.

A REPLY TO PROF. HUXLEY.

My sincere respect for Professor Huxley forbids me from following him into the field of personal polemics. There are, however, some points of general interest in his article on which I wish to say a few words.

The first of these concerns the use which Professor Huxley makes of the word "science." In common parlance this word is now very much confined to the physical sciences, some of which may be called specially experimental sciences, such as chemistry, and other exact sciences, such as astronomy. But Professor Huxley evidently uses it in that wider sense in which it in-

cludes metaphysics and philosophy. Under cover of this wide sweep of his net, he assumes to speak with the special authority of a scientific expert upon questions respecting which no such authority exists either in him or in any one else. It seems to be on the strength of this assumption that he designates as pseudo-science any opinion, or teaching, or belief, different from his own.

I will illustrate what I mean by an example. One of the most elaborate of Professor Huxley's own works is his volume on *The Elements of Comparative Anatomy*, published some twenty-three years ago. Comparative anatomy is one of the branches of the larger science of Biology in which Professor Huxley is an expert; and, like all the other branches which grow out of the one great stem of "Life," as a subject of physical investigation, it runs up into ideas and conceptions which belong to, or border on, the region of metaphysics. In that volume Professor Huxley deals with the well-known question of comparative anatomy whether the vertebrate skull can, or cannot, be "interpreted" as a developed vertebra. Through an elaborate argument, strictly conducted on the observation and analysis of physical facts, Professor Huxley comes to the conclusion that this "interpretation" breaks down. "The vertebral hypothesis of the skull," he says, "seems to me to be altogether abolished." Yet, while rejecting this particular "interpretation," he accepts and enforces the general conception that there is a complete "unity of organization" between all vertebrate skulls, from the skull of a man down to the skull of a pike,

Furthermore, Professor Huxley explains that by this "unity of organization" he means that all vertebrate skulls "are organized upon a common plan." Repeating the same idea in another place, he says, "osseous skulls are constructed upon a uniform plan."

Now, if not absolutely in this conclusion, yet on all the physical facts leading up to it, Professor Huxley is an authority in the strictest sense of the word. He is an original investigator, and if any other man were to contest his facts, or even his interpretation of them, without independent observation, Professor Huxley would be entitled to pronounce his opinions to be "pseudo-science."

But Professor Huxley's scientific conclusion may become itself the basis of a farther investigation, and in this farther investigation he may be no authority at all. We are all entitled to ask as a question, not of physical science, but of philosophy, "What are the conclusions involved in the mental recognition of a 'plan' as explaining an observed 'unity of organization' in all vertebrate skulls?"

This is a question—in the very highest interest—in which Professor Huxley as a biologist is not necessarily an expert. That laboratory in which the mind analyzes its own operations is a laboratory accessible to us all—in which we can all work, though not with the microscope or the knife. And if in this higher sphere of investigation other men are able to reach conclusions which Professor Huxley disputes, it is at least possible that it is his contention, and not that of his opponent, which best deserves the "pseudo"

prefix. In his article on the Preacher of St. Paul's he ridicules the word "archetype" as applied to the community of organization of the vertebrate skeleton. Yet this term was applied to it by an expert in biological science quite as eminent as himself; and it needs no expert to see that his own word "plan" as the best word to express the facts, stands exactly on the same level with "archetype" as what he calls a "realistic figment."

I have dwelt upon this point because men are very apt to be intimidated by authorities in "science," when in reality no sort of authority exists. Professor Huxley talks about "intellectual sins" quite in the language and spirit of the Vatican. I know a good many scientific men of the very highest standing who totally dissent from Professor Huxley's metaphysics and philosophy; and are by no means inclined to accept his expositions, even of physical science, when those expositions travel beyond the particular branch in which he is an original observer.

For example, Professor Huxley disputes the relation between the three laws of Kepler and the Newtonian law of gravitation, which in one chapter of a book published now some twenty years ago I have represented to exist. As that chapter has stood the test of criticism fairly well on the whole, I was curious to know whether Professor Huxley's attack is founded on distinctions of any value. For this purpose I have applied to two mathematicians of the highest authority, not only in Britain but in the world. One of these says, "It is certainly true that the three famous laws of Kepler turned out to be the necessary result

of the Newtonian law of gravitation. Another of these authorities says, "The laws of Kepler tell us *how* a planet moves, but are absolutely silent as to the *why*. To Newton we owe the *why*. But this was a step not only of an infinitely higher order than that of Kepler, it was in a totally different field. The one was descriptive, the other explanatory." This is exactly the kind of difference which I indicated between the two; and it explains the sense in which one physical law may be said to be higher than another. Fortified by this authority, I feel quite safe in pronouncing Professor Huxley's verbal distinctions upon this point to be worthless. The relation between "laws" such as those of Kepler and laws such as that of gravitation is a relation substantially such as I have represented it to be.

Professor Huxley propounds some of those old logical difficulties which attach to all our conceptions, and still more to all our language, upon the relations between mind and matter, as if nobody else had ever heard of them, or as if nobody but a comparative anatomist can even handle them. He refers me to Dr. Foster's excellent text book of physiology—I can assure the Professor that I know it well, and have made some recent use of it* for the purpose of clearing up confusions of thought in which his own philosophy abounds.

In conclusion, let me express a hope that Professor Huxley will yet do an important service to science, by entering in some detail upon a subject to which I have only alluded

in passing, but in terms which have excited his astonishment. He says, most truly, that "as is the case with all new doctrines, so with evolution, the enthusiasm of advocates has sometimes tended to degenerate into fanaticism, and mere speculation has, at times, threatened to shoot beyond its legitimate bounds." These words indicate vaguely and tenderly, but significantly, a fact which I stated, and will again state with emphasis. There has been not merely a tendency to degeneration into fanaticism, but a pronounced development of it, and a widespread infection from it in the language of science. But it will be enough if Professor Huxley will explain fully what he means by this "tendency," and if he will specify wherein it has been shown. This is a work which has yet to be done. The knowledge of a great expert would help Professor Huxley to do it sooner than it could be done by others. They can only work with the materials which are supplied by such as he. It is a work which has begun, and which his own warnings have encouraged. Since he has authority to deal with "intellectual sins," let him convict, and lay bare, and anathematize this one which he treats so gently. The tendency of new doctrines to degenerate into fanaticism is one of the "laws" to be traced in the long history of human follies, and all those who help to resist it are among the benefactors of their kind. I trust Professor Huxley may yet be with us for many years to come, and that he may expand and emphasize the hints and warnings he has given. — THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

* Unity of Nature, chap. iii.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY, VIRGINIA.—HON. N. H. R. Dawson, U. S. Commissioner of the Bureau of Education, thus describes the present condition of the once prominent seat of education:—

"The College of William and Mary, founded in 1693 by royal grant, and long supported by popular legislation in Virginia, has been suffered to decline almost to ruin since the civil war, which destroyed the greater part of its property. The oldest college in the South, in fact the oldest in the country with the exception of Harvard University, has been left to decay. The old college at Williamsburg, which gave Washington his first degree as civil engineer and to which he gave his last public service as chancellor, the college which trained in law and politics Thomas Jefferson, Governor Randolph, Chief Justice Marshall, and nearly all of the Virginia statesmen of the revolutionary and formative periods in our Federal history, has not now a single student. Its classic halls are closed and deserted. From a once flourishing faculty, which early and ably represented both history and political science with other liberal arts, only the President, who is also Professor of Mathematics and Physics, now remains. At the opening of every academic year, in October, Doctor Ewell causes the chapel bell to be rung, reminding Williamsburg that the ancient college still lives. To friends of the higher education in all of our States this fact will echo as a note of warning against public neglect and legislative indifference toward higher institutions of learning."

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE AND HISTORY.—The *Edinburgh Review*, apropos of the recently published *Reminiscences* of Count Vitthum, the late Saxon Minister at the British Court, says:—

"Not many years have passed since the discovery was made that diplomatic correspondence supplies the most valuable ma-

terials of history. Indeed, until a comparatively recent date, the archives in which these records of competent contemporary witnesses and observers are deposited were so jealously closed in all countries that no use could be made of them. We think the late Professor Ranke, in his *History of the Popes*, was one of the first writers who penetrated these recesses, and showed what abundant stores of information they contain. But within the last fifty years all this is changed. The State papers of former ages have not only been ransacked by historical students, but published to a great extent by the governments to which they belong. Our own voluminous series of calendars, the magnificent collection of *Documents inédits* of the history of France published under the auspices of M. Guizot, and more recently the very complete and ingenious disclosure of the military and political papers of Frederick the Great by the Prussian Government, have thrown a flood of light upon the transactions and the characters of former times, and the consequence is that the history of Europe has been rewritten. Much that was obscure has been explained; much that was false has been refuted; and we may now be said to know of many past events and negotiations as much as was known to well-informed persons at the time of their occurrence, and more than is known with certainty of eventful negotiations which are taking place under our own eyes. For at a period approaching the domain of present politics, these sources of information are closed. Our knowledge of contemporary events is derived from the newspapers and from the communications which it suits the governments of the day to lay before their respective parliaments; and although these communications have of late years become far more copious than of old, they seldom lay bare the inner causes of political change, and they pass as lightly as possible over the characters and motives of the principal actors in them. To trace these to their source, future generations will have recourse to the diplomatic correspondence of the period."

CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN.

THE ANTWERP PRINTER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

In the year 1876 the city of Antwerp, aided by a subvention from the state, purchased the Hotel Plantin, with its entire contents and dependencies, for one million two hundred thousand francs. Large as was the price, it cannot be deemed excessive; for the "Musée Plantin-Moretus, as it is now called, is unique among European museums. The building forms a large quadrangle, and the visitor on entering finds himself carried back to the days of Alva and Farnese. Through the ample but not extravagant apartments of a wealthy merchant's dwelling he passes into the offices and workshops requisite for the business of a royal printer, bookseller, and publisher. Pictures and portraits by Rubens and other Flemish artists decorate the walls. Engravings of singular merit and rarity hang in profusion and fill quaint oaken presses. Copper-plates and wooden blocks, head and tail pieces, initial letters of giant size and dainty device, countless store of type, Hebrew, Greek, Gothic, Italian, Roman—cast in the days when type-founding was an art which, like so many of its sisters, sprang into perfection from its birth, in contemptuous disregard of modern theories of gradual development—matrices, and punches, and printing presses, all occupy the places they filled three centuries ago. The correctors' tables suggest the memory of the painstaking accuracy with which (as we shall see) not only learned men, but young girls, pored

over proofs of sacred and classic literature in the original Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The library contains a very large and valuable collection of impressions from the famous press whose issues were of high, in some cases of unparalleled, artistic merit, and many of whose slight brochures have become rarities. The shop recalls the days when a passing student could purchase for a trifle editions for which the book-hunter now sighs in vain. Yet this enumeration embraces but a tithe of the contents of the Musée Plantin. The archives of the firm contain thousands of documents—minutes of Plantin's entire correspondence, as well as a multitude of letters addressed to him; account books, day-books, and ledgers; inventories, catalogues, and price-lists; records of payments to authors and correctors, to printers, engravers, bookbinders, and workmen of every craft; deeds of conveyance, contracts, privileges, and royal warrants; *cahiers* of the half-yearly fairs at Frankfort; current accounts with sovereigns, princes, and cardinals, as well as with ordinary mercantile correspondents at home and abroad. So vast is the mass of material, that Mr. Max Rooses, keeper of the Musée Plantin-Moretus, does not exaggerate in affirming that no similar record is in existence of the life of any private person who lived three centuries ago.

Christopher Plantin was born near Tours, in the year 1514. He lost his mother at an early age, and his father, flying from the plague, which was raging in Touraine, migrated to Lyons, where he entered the service of Canon Claude Porret. A boyish intimacy with Pierre Porret, nephew of the Canon—ripened into a life-

long friendship, and proved of lasting service. The two lads set off for Paris to take advantage of its schools. Porret remained in the French capital, where he seems to have combined very considerable mercantile transactions with the practice of medicine. Plantin eventually apprenticed himself to a bookbinder at Caen, from whence he removed with his wife in 1548 or 1549 to Antwerp. In the following year he was enrolled on the list of burgesses, and was admitted as a printer into the guild of St. Luke.

Antwerp, at the period of Plantin's arrival, was the commercial capital of the Netherlands and of Europe. Two thousand vessels of the largest tonnage could anchor within its spacious harbors; yet so thronged were its quays, that ships had frequently to wait for weeks before they were able to discharge their cargoes. The wealth, luxury, and magnificence of the city were unrivaled throughout Western Europe, and all the arts of civilized life flourished in so favorable an atmosphere. A special quarter—the *Kammerstraete*—was the resort of all sections of the book trade, and here printers, booksellers, typefounders, bookbinders, and clasp-makers abounded, when Plantin settled among them. He commenced business modestly enough as a bookbinder and tanner of morocco; his wife, as a dealer in linen, and the lace for which the Low Countries had even then long enjoyed a European reputation. Plantin's skill in bookbinding and casket-making—in which he is said to have been unrivaled—soon attracted attention and made him known, writes a contemporary, both "to Mercury and the Muses, to the

rich merchants and the men of learning," when an accident threatened a premature conclusion to so promising a career.

Signor Gabriel de Cayas, Secretary of Philip II., having occasion to send a jewel of great value to the Queen of Spain, had ordered a casket for it from Plantin, and shortly after giving him this commission he sent an earnest request that the box might be finished and delivered the same evening, as the royal courier would start for Madrid on the morrow at high tide. Accordingly at nightfall Plantin set out with the casket, accompanied by a servant carrying a torch. Presently he fell in with some masked and drunken revelers, who, mistaking him for a musician from whom they had received some real or imaginary affront, attacked and wounded him so severely, that his life was despaired of. The disaster proved a blessing in disguise, and changed the whole current of Plantin's life. It rendered him incapable of pursuing without serious inconvenience his own occupation, and induced him to adopt that of a printer, and it secured him the lasting friendship of two powerful champions, Goropius Becanus, his physician, and Secretary Cayas.

Abundant illustration is afforded, in Plantin's correspondence, of the difficulties by which, in his time, publishers and booksellers were beset. "I thought you were aware," he writes to an author who complained of delay in the publication of his works, "that we are not permitted to send anything to the press, from a single epigram or a notelet to a voluminous work, until the entire book has been perused, approved, and countersigned by the theologians

appointed for the purpose, and then we must further obtain the license of the Court to print." We shall advert presently to the severity of the decrees by which the censorship of the press was defined; but in addition to the sterner perils thus involved, a host of minor but irritating inconveniences arose in the administration of the law. At one time, the authorized censor might lose the manuscript sent for his perusal; at another, he might prove unacquainted with the language in which it was written; on a third occasion, when his approbation had been obtained, the Privy Council might be absent from Brussels on more urgent business than according permission to print an alphabet or an almanac. Not unfrequently the literary inquisitor was in the pay and interest of a rival publisher, and would purposely delay his *imprimatur* until the appearance of a competing edition had rendered useless all the pains and expense which had been incurred.

The whole question of copyright was a difficult and precarious one. In the case of theological and liturgical books—which were subject to the severest scrutiny—the commands of the Sovereign were sometimes incompatible with the requirements of the Pope. It is easy to imagine what scope there was for intrigue and exercise of backstairs influence; what long and wearisome waiting for approbation, delayed through pressure of business or chicanery; what opportunity for bribery, more or less veiled; what waste of time and money in journeys to Court, and audiences of influential ministers. Even when all these difficulties had been successfully surmounted, some

audacious rival might have the boldness to publish, unauthorized, the very work in question, so that the bewildered Plantin begins to doubt whether the Papal decrees have any force beyond the States of the Church. To what purpose has the Holy Father issued his Bull that the unauthorized publishers of ecclesiastical books incur excommunication *sub pœnâ latæ sententiæ*, if those who violate his commands are so insolent as to print this very Bull at the head of their pirated editions?

Many hindrances resulted from the distracted condition of the Low Countries, and the insecurity of transit to foreign lands. Plantin complains of heavy tolls on the passage of goods, of bales of books dropped into the water as they are being landed from the packet, of the interruption of traffic with important commercial centers, of the great migration (in 1567) from Antwerp and consequent stagnation of trade, of the repeated failure in the delivery of letters. The latter trouble was of such frequent occurrence, that correspondence was largely carried on in duplicate. At times, suitable paper for printing could not be procured, or when found, would not bear the heavy cost of carriage. Trade was often too slack to supply ready money for immediate necessities, and the prompt and satisfactory supply and exchange of books was impossible when works of such ordinary use as Demosthenes and Isocrates, Plautus and Galen, Eusebius and Clemens Alexandrinus, were not to be met with. The years 1568 and 1569 were exceptionally disastrous. The regency of Margaret and the government of Granvelle had conspicuously failed, and the general

uncertainty stifled credit so completely, that no one would become security for even the most upright and most solvent of his fellows. The lamentable outbreak of the Beggars, and the sack of Antwerp Cathedral, caused well-founded forebodings of royal vengeance, that hung like a nightmare over the city.

"Times are so hard" (writes Plantin, March 26, 1569), "that students have no heart to buy any more books, and it seems now to very many persons that literature and those who promote it are in some sort the foes of God and nature. May God in His mercy incline the heart of the King and his magistrates to compassion and pity toward his poor people, who desire to acknowledge their faults, and not destroy the good and penitent with the rebellious and the obstinate."

We have been led beyond the period of Plantin's start as a bookseller, but when his first publication was issued, the book trade was encircled with such perils as might well dismay the stoutest heart. By an edict, dated April 29, 1550, the penalty of death was decreed against all who should maintain or preach the doctrines of the Reformers of Wittenberg, of Zurich, or of Geneva; or should print or transcribe, sell, buy or distribute, read or keep, any of their books. The like penalty attached to any dealing with books which had appeared during the last ten years preceding, without the name of the author and the printer, or with any work tainted with heresy or unsound doctrine in the text or in the preface. The owners of such books were at once to surrender them, under pain of being burned alive for male, and of being buried alive for female, offenders. Masters were made responsible for the acts of their workpeople. No one could

become a printer without the Imperial permission, which was only granted upon proof of capacity and certificate of good conduct, as well as upon oath neither to print nor cause anything to be printed, except in the town where he was enrolled as a citizen. A copy of every new book was to be deposited with the censor of the press, and booksellers were not allowed so much as to open their parcels save in the presence of this official. Every bookshop was required, under a penalty of 100 florins, to possess a list of prohibited works drawn up by the University of Louvain, and a catalogue of the entire stock. This ordinance was to be republished every six months, and to be strictly enforced, all privileges, ordinances, statutes, customs, or usages to the contrary notwithstanding.

Plantin was soon to learn that so comprehensive an edict was no mere *brutum fulmen*. In 1558 he had published a work called *German Theology—a treatise upon How we must put off the Old Man and put on the New*, which Messrs. Ruelens and De Backer, the authors of the *Annales Plantiniennes* (Paris, 1846), describe as so strange a medley of fanatic and Anabaptist teaching that it is incomprehensible how it could have obtained the Imprimatur of Louvain. Whether misgiving was aroused by this production, or whether any suspicion attached to Plantin of being concerned in the far grosser violation of Papal and Imperial behests of which he had secretly been guilty we cannot determine; but on February 20, 1562, Margaret of Parma wrote to Jean d'Immerseel, Margrave of Antwerp, bidding him send her a copy of a

book which it was believed had been issued from Plantin's establishment; as, although it bore neither his name nor address, the type resembled that of his publications. The whole family (it was added), save the corrector of the press and a female servant, were thought to be tainted with heresy. The Margrave was therefore enjoined at once to pay a domiciliary visit to Plantin's house, to seize any copies of the incriminated book, and further to act as the royal edict required. On the first of March the Margrave replied, that immediately on the receipt of her Highness's letter he had been to Plantin's dwelling, but found that the owner and his family had left some few weeks before for Paris; that with the assistance of the corrector and a Spanish reader, he had discovered the persons who were guilty of printing the brochure in question, entitled *Briefue Instruction pour Prier*, and that the latter declared the work had been done at their cost, and without the knowledge of Plantin or of any of his family. Immerseel further stated that the impression had only been struck off eight or nine days previously, and that the whole edition of a thousand copies had been at once dispatched to Metz. Forthwith the inquisitor received orders from Brussels to apprehend Plantin's family, the handmaid included, from whom and from the young daughters of the household important revelations were expected. A further investigation resulted in the discovery of a Flemish translation of the guilty book, in the seizure of nearly a thousand copies of the French edition, which was now admitted to have comprised 1,500 copies, and in the strict impris-

onment of the guilty persons, who no doubt were rigorously dealt with.

Such an incident at a period of widespread dissatisfaction with, and imminent revolt against ecclesiastical and imperial tyranny, was calculated seriously to compromise Plantin; and the Margrave had further order to interrogate the workmen, and sift the whole conduct of the establishment most thoroughly, that he might discover whether at an earlier date anything heretical had been issued. There was reason to presume that the house "was not entirely clean as regards religion." Immerseel, however, reported that no evidence against Plantin was forthcoming, and that he consequently awaited his explanations on his return from France. It is plain that the inquiry was conducted in no unfriendly spirit by the municipal authorities; and when Plantin returned to Antwerp, after an absence of more than a year and a half, the affair had blown over. On two or three subsequent occasions some question was raised about Plantin's orthodoxy; and in a contemporary list his name was entered as a Calvinist, along with that of his friend, Alexander Graphæus, the town clerk of Antwerp, and his trade partners, the Bomberghes; but he succeeded in gaining the entire confidence of the authorities. Indeed, the *protégé* of Granvelle and Cayas, the favored publisher of the Papal Curia, to whom was intrusted the production of the sealed liturgical books for Spain and the Netherlands, above all the royal printer and chosen architypographer of Philip II., armed by royal mandate with exceptional powers to repress heresy among his fellows, must have been

believed to be orthodox beyond all suspicion. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the man who enjoyed such exceptional patronage was all the while an affiliated member of an Anabaptist sect. The circumstances of the case, and the evidence by which Plantin's connection with the Family of Love is established, are remarkable enough to deserve a somewhat more detailed notice.

Considerable obscurity overhangs the doctrines of the Anabaptist community, which assumed the title of the Family of Love. Its founder, Henri Nicolaes, a native of Münster, was a successful merchant, who combined the pursuit of commerce in Holland and the Low Countries with the propagation of his religious opinions. From an early age he had been wont to see visions and dream dreams, and when only eight years old had been vouchsafed direct and divine inspiration to resolve the religious difficulties which perplexed him. Some few names of eminence for learning, notably those of Guillaume Postel, and the geographer, Ortelius, are found in the scanty list of his adherents in France, Holland, and the Netherlands; but his doctrines obtained wider acceptance in England; where they survived till the middle of the seventeenth century and were deemed important enough for elaborate refutation in a ponderous and long forgotten folio entitled, *The Explanation of the Grand Mystery of Godliness* by the learned and mystic Dr. Henry More. If the representations of an avowed opponent may be accepted, the pretensions of Henri Nicolaes were blasphemously extravagant. He asserted that, as there had been a time for the service of Law under God

the Father, and then a service of Faith under Christ the Son, so now there was to be a service of Love under the Holy Ghost; to which service Nicolaes claimed to be God's appointed guide and mediator. Nor did the prophet of this new dispensation shrink from adopting all the logical consequences of so tremendous a prerogative. He himself was the man of whom St. Paul had spoken to the Athenians as ordained by God to judge the world in righteousness. Himself and his followers alone possessed true illumination and exclusive spiritual understanding. Alike saved and sinless, they had attained the secret of that complete inner union with God, which is the highest aspiration of man, but which outside the Family of Love he must long for in vain.

The form in which Nicolaes put forth his visionary theories, was almost as singular as their substance. The greater portion of his numerous writings has perished, but a unique copy of his chief work, *Den Spiegel der Gerechtigheit* (the "Mirror of Righteousness"), has been discovered in the library of the University of Leyden, and was placed at the disposal of M. Rooses. His description of its contents in his *Christophe Plantin* (Antwerp, 1882), shows that it might serve as a model for the modern parliamentary obstructionist.

"It is a veritable punishment of Tantalus to complete the reading of this book. In vain does one try to discover any clear sense or definite idea in it. I should call it an interminable string of detached thoughts and vague impressions which had possessed the author's mind, and which he had committed pell-mell to paper in the cloudy and confused state in which they had occurred to him. There are

hundreds of pages filled with scriptural quotations without any mutual cohesion, with mystic paraphrases, with moral exhortations, with lines of reasoning commenced and abandoned ten times over, resumed and repeated without plausible reason, forming a motley mass which enervates and repels the reader, without allowing him one glimpse of a large or clean-cut thought. Only at long intervals is the monotony of this long string of phrases broken by a comparison or an allegory laboriously worked out, and scarcely throwing any glimpse of light upon the reasoning."

It is difficult to understand how a man of such clear practical intelligence as Plantin could either have embraced so fantastic a creed, or how he could have at the same time stoutly asserted his invariable and unqualified fidelity to the Roman Church, without (as M. Rooses delicately expresses it) "too much hypocrisy."

With regard to the former of these questions, M. Rooses reminds us that religious fanaticism has not—as, for example, in the case of the earlier Quakers or modern Mormonites—been found inconsistent with the keen and successful pursuit of worldly prosperity. Unquestionably Niclaes possessed powers of attraction, and despite Dr. More's assertion that he clothed himself in scarlet satin, retained questionable females under his roof, and owned, *proh pudor*, a gigantic mirror, his character was probably better than his creed. But in a day when the more prominent men on both sides appeared to have forgotten the most fundamental element in the creed which they professed; when religious hatred was a prominent characteristic; when a mushroom sect of yesterday persecuted (if able) as mercilessly as its most powerful opponents;

was it strange that plain, straightforward men should be drawn to teaching, which, turning alike from the horrible despotism of Philip and the destructive iconoclasm of the Reformers, proclaimed as its own grand central truth no mean article of the Christian faith, viz., "that the end of the commandment is love out of a pure heart and of faith unfeigned?"

On the second point, there is more to be said on Plantin's behalf than that it was a day of universal dissimulation, when the policy of Machiavelli could claim every crowned head in Europe as an enthusiastic follower, and when the ruthlessness of the Inquisition would palliate, if not excuse, some concealment. Niclaes held all outward forms of religion to be equally allowable and equally contemptible. He did not require his adherents to separate from the communion of Rome. Yet it is impossible to reconcile Plantin's acts with his assertion in a letter to Mofflin, one of Philip II.'s chaplains, in March, 1568, that he had "never on his conscience had any familiarity, commerce, agreement, or undertaking, on any occasion, with any one in anything contrary to the holy Catholic and Roman religion." How far such a statement could be justified "without too much hypocrisy" we shall see immediately. Among the buried treasures of a Leyden library there lay a manuscript, to which attention was first called some twenty years ago, written in the low German dialect of Westphalia, and entitled the *Chronicle of the Family of Love*, whose pages afford conclusive evidence of Plantin's connection with Niclaes. The writer affirms that Plantin joined the

society and affected a deep interest in its welfare, but used it merely as a stepping-stone to his own advancement. He proceeds to say, that Plantin printed the *Mirror of Righteousness*, but that Nicolaes bore all the expense, even to the purchase of the types. At considerable length, and with references to Plantin's history which testify to the accuracy and minuteness of his information, he relates how Plantin disposed of the property of a Parisian jeweler which had been bequeathed to him as trustee for Nicolaes and his church, and roundly asserts that Plantin diverted to his own use some jewels which had been intended for the Family of Love or for its leader. Without accepting unreservedly the testimony of a hostile witness, it must be acknowledged that some of the most material of these statements have received the fullest corroboration. Microscopic investigation has established the identity of the types from which the *Mirror of Righteousness* was printed with those employed by Plantin in other works. Further confirmation has been obtained from a recent discovery of some legal documents bearing upon other details mentioned by the chronicler. Moreover, the period of Plantin's recommencement of his business at Antwerp on a greatly extended scale synchronizes very significantly with his inheritance of the precious jewels. At a later date Plantin joined another enthusiast named Barrefelt, who had also been a disciple of Nicolaes, but had left the community, and this desertion may account for the bitterness with which he is spoken of in the Chronicle. One additional item in proof

of Plantin's affiliation with the Family of Love should not be omitted before we conclude this digression. Among the papers of the Musée, M. Rooses has discovered three letters which passed in 1567 between Plantin and Postel, whose entire subject is the doctrine, and whose style and contents are a reflex of the prolixity and mysticism which seem inseparable from the teaching of Nicolaes.

On the 28th of April, 1562, all Plantin's property was sold by official order, at the demand of two of his creditors, Louis de Somere and Corneille de Bomberghe. The stock of books in hand, printing machinery, household furniture—everything except the family wearing apparel—was put up to auction. The sale realized 1,199 livres, a sum equivalent to about £2,000 sterling at the present day, and upon a settlement of his affairs it was found that there was a surplus to Plantin's credit of nearly the same amount. It should be noted that one of the petitioning creditors, Bomberghe, was a close personal friend and one of Plantin's partners in the firm, which recommenced the printing business in the following year. In truth, the whole affair was arranged by friendly hands to rescue Plantin's property from confiscation to the Government. We can estimate his peril from the promptitude and thoroughness of the measures employed to escape it. On no other grounds can we understand the sale of type and other material, which was re-purchased a twelvemonth later when the danger had passed, and Plantin could venture to return to Antwerp.—*The Quarterly Review*. •

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DANDELIONS AND BOOKS.

What is the color of the dandelion? There are many dandelions: that which I mean flowers in May, when the meadow grass has started and the hares are busy by daylight. That which flowers very early in the year has a thickness of hue, and is not interesting; in autumn the dandelions quite change their color and are pale. The right dandelion for this question is the one that comes about May with a very broad disk, and in such quantities as often to cover a whole meadow. What color is this dandelion? It is not yellow, nor orange, nor gold; put a sovereign on it and see the difference. They say the gipsies call it the Queen's great-hairy dog-flower—a number of words to one stalk, and so, to get a color to it, you may call it the yellow-gold-orange plant. In the winter on the black mud under a dark, dripping tree, I found a piece of orange peel, lately dropped—a bright red orange speck in the middle of the blackness. It looked very beautiful, and instantly recalled to my mind the great dandelion disks in the sunshine of summer. Yet certainly they are not red-orange. Perhaps if ten people answered this question they would each give different answers. Again, a bright day or a cloudy, the presence of a slight haze, or the juxtaposition of other colors, alters it very much; for the dandelion is not a glazed color, like the buttercup, but sensitive. It is like a sponge, and adds to its own hue that which is passing, sucking it up.

The shadows of the trees in the wood, why are they blue? Ought they not to be dark? Is it really

blue, or an illusion? And what is their color when you see the shadow of a tall trunk aslant in the air like a leaning pillar? The fallen brown leaves wet with dew have a different brown to those that are dry, and the upper surface of the green growing leaf is different to the under surface. The yellow butterfly, if you meet one in October, has so toned down his spring yellow that you might fancy him a pale green leaf floating along the road. There is a shining, quivering, gleaming; there is a changing, fluttering, shifting; there is a mixing, weaving—varnished wings, translucent wings, wings with dots and veins, all playing over the purple heath; a very tangle of many-toned lights and hues. Then come the apples: if you look upon them from an upper window, so as to glance along the level plane of the fruit, delicate streaks of scarlet, like those that lie parallel to the eastern horizon before sunrise; golden tints under bronze, and apple green, and some that the wasps have hollowed, more glowingly beautiful than the rest; sober leaves and black and white swallows: to see it you must be high up, as if the apples were strewn on a sward of foliage.

So have I gone in three steps from May dandelion to September apple; an immense space measured by things beautiful, so filled that ten folio volumes could not hold the description of them, and I have left out the meadows, the brooks, and hills. Often in writing about these things I have felt very earnestly my own incompetence to give the least idea of their brilliancy and many-sided colors. My gamut was so very limited in its terms, and would not give a note to one in a thousand of

those I saw. At last, I said, I will have more words; I will have more terms; I will have a book on color, and I will find and use the right technical name for each one of these lovely tints. I was told that the very best book was by Chevreul, which had tinted illustrations, chromatic scales, and all that could be desired. Quite true, all of it; but for me it contained nothing. There was a good deal about assorted wools, but nothing about leaves; nothing by which I could tell you the difference between the light scarlet of one poppy and the deep purple-scarlet of another species. The dandelion remained unexplained; as for the innumerable other flowers, and wings, and sky-colors, they were not even approached. The book, in short, dealt with the artificial and not with nature.

Next I went to science—works on optics, such a mass of them. Some I had read in old time, and turned to again; some I read for the first time, some translated from the German, and so on. It appeared that, experimenting with physical color, tangible paint, they had found out that red, yellow, and blue were the three primary colors; and then, experimenting with light itself, with colors not tangible, they found out that red, green, and violet were the three primary colors; but neither of these would do for the dandelion. Once upon a time I had taken an interest in spectrum analysis, and the theory of the polarization of light was fairly familiar; any number of books, but not what I wanted to know. Next the idea occurred to me of buying all the colors used in painting, and tinting as many pieces of paper a separate hue, and

so comparing these with petals and wings, and grass, and trifolium. This did not answer at all; my unskillful hands made a very poor wash, and the yellow paper set by a yellow petal did not agree, the scientific reason of which I cannot enter into now. Secondly, the names attached to many of these paints are unfamiliar to general readers; it is doubtful if bistre, Leitch's blue, oxide of chromium, and so on would convey an idea. They might as well be Greek symbols: no use to attempt to describe hues of heath or hill in that way. These, too, are only distinct colors. What was to be done with all the shades and tones? Still there remained the language of the studio; without doubt a master of painting could be found who would quickly supply the technical term of anything I liked to show him; but again no use, because it would be technical. And a still more insurmountable difficulty occurs: in so far as I have looked at pictures, it seems as if the artists had met with the same obstacle in paints as I have in words—that is to say, a deficiency. Either painting is incompetent to express the extreme beauty of nature, or in some way the canons of art forbid the attempt. Therefore, I had to turn back, throw down my books with a bang, and get me to a bit of fallen timber in the open air to meditate.

Would it be possible to build up a fresh system of color language by means of natural objects? Could we say pine wood green, larch green, spruce-green, wasp yellow, humble-bee orange? and there are fungi that have marked tints, but the Latin names of these agarics are not pleas-

ant. Butterfly blue—but there are several varieties; and this plan is interfered with by two things: first, that almost every single item of nature, however minute, has got a distinctly different color, so that the dictionary of tints would be immense; and next, so very few would know the object itself that the color attached to it would have no meaning.

The power of language has been gradually enlarging for a great length of time, and I venture to say that the English language at the present time can express more, and is more subtle, flexible, and at the same time vigorous, than any of which we possess a record. When people talk to me about studying Sanscrit, or Greek, or Latin, or German, or, still more absurd, French, I feel as if I could fell them with a mallet happily. Study the English, and you will find everything there, I reply. With such a language I fully anticipate, in years to come, a great development in the power of expressing thoughts and feelings which are now thoughts and feelings only. How many have said of the sea, "It makes me feel something I cannot say." Hence it is clear there exists in the intellect a layer, if I may so call it, of thought yet dumb—chambers within the mind which require the key of new words to unlock. Whenever that is done a fresh impetus is given to human progress. There are a million books, and yet with all their aid I cannot tell you the color of the May dandelion. There are three greens at this moment in my mind: that of the leaf of the flower-de-luce, that of the yellow iris-leaf, and that of the bayonet-like leaf of the common flag. With admission to a million books, how am I to tell you

the difference between these tints? So many, many books and such a very, very little bit of nature in them! Though we have been so many thousand years upon the earth we do not seem to have done any more as yet than walk along beaten footpaths, and sometimes really it would seem as if there was something in the minds of many men quite artificial, quite distinct from the sun, and trees, and hills—altogether house people, whose gods must be set in four-cornered buildings. There is nothing in books that touches my dandelion.

It grws, ah yes, it grows! How does it grow? Builds itself up somehow of sugar and starch, and turns mud into bright color and dead earth into food for bees, and some day perhaps for you, and knows when to shut its petals and how to construct the brown seeds to float with the wind, and how to please the children, and how to puzzle me. Ingenious dandelion? If you find out that its correct botanical name is *Leontodon tarazacum*, or *Leontodon dens-leonis*, that will bring it into botany; and there is a place called Dandelion Castle in Kent, and a bell with the inscription:

"John de Dandelion with his greet dog,
Brought over this bell on a mill cog,"

which is about as relevant as the mere words *leontodon tarazacum*. Botany is the knowledge of plants according to the accepted definition; naturally, therefore, when I began to think I would like to know a little more of flowers than could be learned by seeing them in the fields, I went to botany. Nothing could be more simple. You buy a book which first of all tells you how to

recognize them, how to classify them; next instructs you in their uses, medical or economical; next tells you about the folk-lore and curious associations; next enters into a lucid explanation of the physiology of the plant and its relation to other creatures; and finally, and most important, supplies you with the ethical feeling, the ideal aspiration to be identified with each particular flower. One moderately thick volume would probably suffice for such a modest round as this.

Lo! now the labor of Hercules when he set about bringing up Cerberus from below, and all the work done by Apollo in the years when he ground corn, are but a little matter compared with the attempt to master botany. Great minds have been at it these two thousand years, and yet we are still only nibbling at the edge of the leaf, as the plow-boys bite the young hawthorn in spring. The mere classification—all plant-lore was a vast chaos till there came the man of Sweden, the great Linnæus, till the sexes were recognized, and everything was ruled out and set in place again. A wonderful man! I think it would be true to say it was Linnæus who set the world on its present twist of thinking, and levered our mental globe a little more perpendicular to the ecliptic. He actually gathered the dandelion and took it to bits like a scientific child; he touched nature with his fingers instead of sitting looking out of window—perhaps the first man who had ever done so for seventeen hundred years or so, since superstition blighted the progress of pagan Rome. The work he did! But no one reads Linnæus now; the folios, indeed, might

moulder to dust without loss; because his spirit has got into the minds of men, and the text is of little consequence. The best book he wrote to read now is the delightful *Tour in Lapland*, with its quaint pen-and-ink sketches, so realistically vivid, as if the thing sketched had been banged on the paper and so left its impress. I have read it three times, and I still cherish the old yellow pages; it is the best botanical book, written by the greatest of botanists, specially sent on a botanical expedition, and it contains nothing about botany. It tells you about the canoes, and the hard cheese, and the Laplander's warehouse on top of a pole, like a pigeon-house; and the innocent way in which the maiden helped the traveler in his bath, and how the aged men ran so fast that the devil could not catch them; and, best of all, because it gives a smack in the face to modern pseudo-scientific medical cant about hygiene, showing how the Laplanders break every "law," human and "Divine," ventilation, bath, and diet—all the trash—and therefore enjoy the most excellent health, and live to a great old age.

Still I have not succeeded in describing the immense labor there was in learning to distinguish plants on the Linnæan system. Then comes in order of time the natural system, the geographical distribution; then there is the geological relationship, so to say, to Pliocene plants, natural selection and evolution. Of that let us say nothing; let sleeping dogs lie, and evolution is a very weary dog. Most charming, however, will be found the later studies of naturalists on the inter dependence of flowers and insects; there is another

work the dandelion has got to do—endless, endless botany! Where did the plants come from at first? Did they come creeping up out of the sea at the edge of the estuaries, and gradually run their roots into the ground, and so make green the earth? Did Man come out of the sea, as the Greeks thought? There are so many ideas in plants. Flora, with a full lap, scattering knowledge and flowers together; everything good and sweet seems to come out of flowers, up to the very highest thoughts of the soul, and we carry them daily to the very threshold of the other world. Next you may try the microscope and its literature, and find the crystals in the rhubarb.

I remember taking sly glances when I was a very little boy at an old Culpepper's Herbal, heavily bound in leather and curiously illustrated. It was so deliciously wicked to read about the poisons; and I thought perhaps it was a book like that, only in papyrus rolls, that was used by the sorceress who got ready the poisoned mushrooms in old Rome. Youth's ideas are so imaginative, and bring together things that are so widely separated. Conscience told me I had no business to read about poisons; but there was a fearful fascination in hemlock, and I recollect tasting a little bit—it was very nasty. At this day, nevertheless, if any one wishes to begin a pleasant, interesting, unscientific acquaintance with English plants he would do very well indeed to get a good copy of Culpepper. Gray hairs had insisted in showing themselves in my beard when, all those weary years afterward, I thought I would like to buy the still older Englishman, Gerard, who had

no Linnæus to guide him, who walked about our English lanes centuries ago. What wonderful scenes he must have viewed when they were all a tangle of wild flowers, and plants that are now scarce were common, and the old plows, and the curious customs, and the wild red-deer—it would make a good picture, it really would, Gerard studying English orchids! Such a volume!—hundreds of pages, yellow of course, close type, and marvelously well printed. The minute care they must have taken in those early days of printing to get up such a book—a wonderful volume both in bodily shape and contents. Just then the only copy I could hear of was much damaged. The cunning old bookseller said he could make it up; but I have no fancy for patched books, they are not genuine; I would rather have them deficient; and the price was rather long, and so I went Gerardless.

Of folk-lore and medicinal use and history and associations here you have hints. The bottom of the sack is not yet; there are the monographs, years of study expended upon one species of plant growing in one locality, perhaps; some made up into thick books and some into broad quarto pamphlets, with most beautiful plates, that, if you were to see them, would tempt you to cut them out and steal them, all sunk and lost like dead ships under the sand: piles of monographs. There are warehouses in London that are choked to the beams of the roof with them, and every fresh exploration furnishes another shelf-load. The source of the Nile was unknown a very few years ago, and now, I have no doubt, there are dozens of

monographs on the flowers that flourish there. Indeed, there is not a thing that grows that may not furnish a monograph. The author spends perhaps twenty years in collecting his material, during which time he must of course come across a great variety of amusing information, and then he spends another ten years writing out a fair copy of his labors. Then he thinks it does not quite do in that form, so he snips a paragraph out of the beginning and puts it at the end; next he shifts some more matter from the middle to the preface; then he thinks it over. It seems to him that it is too big, it wants condensation. The scientific world will say he has made too much of it; it ought to read very slight, and present the facts while concealing the labor. So he set about removing the superfluous—leaves out all the personal observations, and all the little adventures he has met with in his investigations; and so, having got it down to the dry bones and stones thereof, and omitted all the mortar that stuck them together, he sends for the engraver, and the next three years are occupied in working up the illustrations. About this time some new discovery is made by a foreign observer, which necessitates a complete revision of the subject, and so having shifted the contents of the book about hither and thither till he does not know which is the end and which is the beginning, he pitches the much-mutilated copy into a drawer and turns the key. Farewell, no more of this; his declining days shall be spent in peace. A few months afterward a work is announced in Leipsic which “really trenches on my favorite subject, and really after spending a life-

time I can't stand it.” By this time his handwriting has become so shaky he can hardly read it himself, so he sends in despair for a lady who works a type-writer, and with infinite patience she makes a clean manuscript of the muddled mass.

To the press at last, and the proofs come rapidly. Such a relief! How joyfully easy a thing is when you set about it, but by-and-by this won't do. Sub-section A ought to be in a foot-note, family B is doubtful; and so the corrections grow and run over the margin in a thin treble hand, till they approach the bulk of the original book—a good profit for the printer; and so after about forty years the monograph is published—the work of a life is accomplished. Fifty copies are sent round to as many public libraries and learned societies, and the rest of the impression lies on the shelves till dust and time and spiders' webs have buried it. Splendid work in it too. Looked back upon from to-day with the key of modern thought, these monographs often contain a whole chest of treasure. And still there are the periodicals, a century of magazines and journals and reviews and notices that have been coming out these hundred years and dropping to the ground like dead leaves unnoticed. And then there are the art works—books about shape and color and ornament, and a naturalist lately has been trying to see how the leaves of one tree look fitted on the boughs of another. Boundless is the wealth of Flora's lap; the ingenuity of man has been weaving wreaths out of it for ages, and still the bottom of the sack is not yet. Nor have we got much news of the dandelion. For I sit on the thrown timber under the trees

and meditate, and I want something more: I want the soul of the flowers.

The bee and the butterfly take the pollen and honey of flowers, and the strange moths so curiously colored, like the curious coloring of the owls, come to them by night, and they turn toward the sun, and live their little day, and their petals fall, and where is the soul when the body decays? I want the inner meaning and the understanding of the wild flowers in the meadow. Why are they? what end, what purpose? The plant knows, and sees, and feels; where is its mind when the petal falls? Absorbed in the universal dynamic force, or what? They make no shadow of pretence, these beautiful flowers, of being beautiful for my sake, of bearing honey for me; in short, there does not seem to be any kind of relationship between us; and yet—as I said just now—language does not express the dumb feelings of the mind any more than the flower can speak. I want to know the soul of the flowers, but the word soul does not in the smallest degree convey the meaning of my wish. It is quite inadequate; I must hope that you will grasp the drift of my meaning. All these life-labored monographs, these classifications, works of Linnæus, and our own classic Darwin, microscope, physiology, and the flower has not given us its message yet. There are a million books; there are no books: all the books have to be written. What a field! A whole million of books have got to be written. In this sense there are hardly a dozen of them done, and these mere primers. The thoughts of man are like the foraminifera, those minute shells which build up the solid chalk hills

and lay the level plain of endless sand; so minute that, save with a powerful lens, you would never imagine the dust on your fingers to be more than dust. The thoughts of man are like these: each to him seems great in his day, but the ages roll, and they shrink till they become triturated dust, and you might, as it were, put a thousand on your thumb-nail. They are not shapeless dust for all that; they are organic, and they build and weld and grow together, till in the passage of time they will make a new earth and a new life. So I think I may say there are no books; the books are yet to be written.

Let us get a little alchemy out of the dandelions. They were not precise, the Arabian sages, with their flowing robes and handwriting; there was a large margin to their manuscripts, much imagination. Therein they failed, judged by the monograph standard, but gave a subtle food for the mind. Some of this I would fain see now inspiring the works and words of our great men of science and thought—a little alchemy. A great change is slowly going forward all over the printing-press world, I mean wherever men print books and papers. The Chinese are perhaps outside that world at present, and the other Asian races; the myriads, too, of the great Southern Islands and of Africa. The change is steadily, however, proceeding wherever the printing-press is used. Nor Pope, nor Kaiser, nor Czar, nor Sultan, nor fanatic monk, nor muezzin, shouting in vain from his minaret, nor, most fanatic of all, the fanatic shouting in vain in London, can keep it out—all powerless against a bit of printed paper. Bits of printed paper that

listen to no command, to which none can say, "Stand back; thou shalt not enter." They rise on the summer whirlwinds from the very dust of the road, and float over the highest walls; they fall on the well-kept lawns—monastery, prison, palace—there is no fortress against a bit of printed paper. They penetrate where even Danae's gold cannot go. Our Darwins, our Lyalls, Herschels, Faradays—all the immense army of those that go down to nature with considering eye—are steadfastly undermining and obliterating the superstitious past, literally burying it under endless loads of accumulated facts, and the printing-presses, like so many Argos, take these facts on their voyage round the world. Over go temples, and minarets, and churches, or rather there they stay, the hollow shells, like the snail shells which thrushes have picked clean: there they stay like Karnac, where there is no more incense, like the stone circles on our own hills, where there are no more human sacrifices. Thus men's minds all over the printing-press world are unlearning the falsehoods that have bound them down so long; they are unlearning, the first step to learn. They are going down to nature and taking up the clods with their own hands, and so coming to have touch of that which is real. As yet we are in the fact stage, by-and-by we shall come to the alchemy and get the honey for the inner mind and soul. I found, therefore, from the dandelion that there were no books, and it came upon me, believe me, as a great surprise, for I had lived quite certain that I was surrounded with them. It is nothing but unlearning,

I find now; five thousand books to unlearn.

Then to unlearn the first ideas of history, of science, of social institutions, to unlearn one's own life and purpose; to unlearn the old mode of thought and way of arriving at things; to take off peel after peel, and so get by degrees slowly toward the truth—thus writing, as it were, a sort of floating book in the mind, almost re-making the soul. It seems as if the chief value of books is to give us something to unlearn. Sometimes I feel indignant at the false views that were instilled into me in early days, and then again I see that that very indignation gives me a moral life. I hope in the days to come future thinkers will unlearn us and find ideas infinitely better. How marvelous it seems that there should be found communities furnished with the printing-press and fully convinced they are more intelligent than auts, and yet deliberately refusing by a solid "popular" vote to accept free libraries! They look with scorn on the mediæval times, when volumes were chained in the college library or to the desk at church. Ignorant times those! A good thing it would be if only three books were chained to a desk, open and free in every parish throughout the kingdom now. So might the wish to unlearn be at last started in the inert mind of the mass. Almost the only books left to me to read, and not to unlearn very much, are my first books—the graven classics of Greece and Rome, cut with a stylus so deeply into the tablet they cannot be erased. Little of the monograph or of classification, no bushel baskets full of facts, no mi-

nute dissection of nature, no attempt to find the soul under the scalpel. Thoughts which do not exactly deal with nature direct in a mechanical way, as the chemist labels all his gums and spices and earths in small boxes—I wonder if anybody at Athens ever made a collection of the coleoptera? Yet in some way they had got the spirit of the earth and sea, the soul of the sun. This never dies; this I wish not to unlearn; this is ever fresh and beautiful as a summer morning:—

“Such the golden crocus, —
Fair flower of early spring; the gopher
white,
And fragrant thyme, and all the unsown
beauty
Which in moist grounds the verdant
meadows bear;
The ox-eye, the sweet-smelling flower of
Jove,
The chalda, and the much sung hyacinth,
And the low-growing violet, to which
Dark Proserpinus a darker hue has given.”

They come nearest to our own violets and cowslips—the unsown beauty of our meadows—to the hawthorn leaf and the high pinewood. I can forget all else that I have read, but it is difficult to forget these even when I will. I read them in English. I had the usual Latin and Greek instruction, but I read them in English deliberately. For the inflexion of the vowel I care nothing; I prize the idea. Scholars may regard me with scorn. I reply with equal scorn. I say that a great classic thought is greater to an English mind in English words than in any other form, and therein fits best to this our life and day. I read them in English first, and intend to do so to the end. I do not know what set me on these books, but I began them when about eighteen.

The first of all was Diogenes Laertius's *Lives of the Philosophers*. It was a happy choice; my good genius, I suppose, for you see I was already fairly well read in modern science, and these old Greek philosophies set me thinking backward, unwinding and unlearning, and getting at that eidolon which is not to be found in the mechanical heavens of this age. I still read him. I still find new things, quite new, because they are so very, very old, and quite true; and with his help I seem in a measure to look back upon our thoughts now as if I had projected myself a thousand years forward in space. An imperfect book, say the critics. I do not know about that; his short paragraphs and chapters in their imperfect state convey more freshness to the mind than the thick, labored volumes in which modern scholarship professes to describe ancient philosophy. I prefer the imperfect original records. Neither can I read the ponderous volumes of modern history, which are nothing but words. I prefer the incomplete and shattered chronicles themselves, where the swords shine and the armor rings, and all is life though but a broken frieze. Next came Plato (it took me a long time to read Plato, and I have had to unlearn much of him) and Xenophon. Socrates' dialectic method taught me how to write, or rather how to put ideas in sequence. Sophocles, too; and last, that wonderful encyclopædia of curious things, Athenæus.

So that I found, when the idea of the hundred best books came out, that between seventy and eighty of them had been my companions almost from boyhood, those lacking

to complete the number being chiefly ecclesiastical or continental. Indeed, some years before the hundred books were talked of, the idea had occurred to me of making up a catalogue of books that could be bought for ten pounds. In an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "The Pigeons at the British Museum" I said: "It seems as if all the books in the world—really books—can be bought for £10. Man's whole thought is purchasable at that small price—for the value of a watch, of a good dog." The idea of making a £10 catalogue was in my mind—I did make a rough pencil one—and I still think that a £10 library is worth the notice of the publishing world. My rough list did not contain a hundred. These old books of nature and nature's mind ought to be chained up, free for every man to read in every parish. These are the only books I do not wish to unlearn, one item only excepted, which I shall not here discuss. It is curious, too, that the Greek philosophers, in the more rigid sense of science, anticipated most of the drift of modern thought. Two chapters in Aristotle might almost be printed without change as summaries of our present natural science.

For the facts of nature, of course, neither one hundred books nor a £10 library would be worth mentioning; say five thousand, and having read those, then go to Kew, and spend a year studying the specimens of wood only stored there, such a little slice after all of the whole. You will then believe what I have advanced, that there are no books as yet; they have got to be written; and if we pursue the idea a little further, and consider that these are

all about the crude clods of life—for I often feel what a very crude and clumsy clod I am—only of the earth, a minute speck among one hundred millions of stars, how shall we write what is *there*? It is only to be written by the mind or soul, and that is why I strive so much to find what I have called the alchemy of nature. Let us not be too entirely mechanical, Baconian, and experimental only; let us let the soul hope and dream and float on these oceans of accumulated facts and feel still greater aspiration than it has ever known since first a flint was chipped before the glaciers. Man's mind is the most important fact with which we are yet acquainted. Let us not turn then against it and deny its existence with too many brazen instruments, but remember these are but a means, and that the vast lens of the Californian refractor is but glass—it is the infinite speck upon which the ray of light will fall that is the one great fact of the universe. By the mind, without instruments, the Greeks anticipated almost all our thoughts; by-and-by, having raised ourselves up upon these huge mounds of facts we shall begin to see still greater things; to do so we must look not at the mound under foot but at the starry horizon.—RICHARD JERFRIES, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE LAST BRITISH JUBILEE:—1809.*

In the autumn of 1809 the loyal subjects of His Most Sacred Majesty

* Victoria acceded to the throne, June 20, 1837, so June 20, 1887, will be the beginning of her Jubilee year.

George the Third were becoming daily more and more Jubilee-mad. It had required a vast amount of eloquence and persuasion, in the first instance, to work up the national spirit to the required pitch of enthusiasm, but this once accomplished, our grandfathers held to their purpose with a tenacity which, under the circumstances, did them infinite credit. Truth to tell, the political and social outlook both at home and abroad was at its gloomiest at the very time when arrangements were being made for general rejoicings; and the man who could persuade himself that he meant what he said when he joined in the great thanksgiving services for "peace and plenty," must have been a very enviable individual. That the long-drawn-out Napoleonic wars were becoming a sore drag both upon the hearts and the purses of those at home; that the depression in trade, though temporary, was great; that the Portland Ministry had quarreled and had sent in their resignation, after the failure at Walcheren had cost the lives some twenty thousand of our soldiers: these were among the many thoughts which were stirring in the minds of the people that autumn; and a certain Mr. Waithman expressed pretty accurately the feelings of many thinking men when he declared that to waste money in bonfires, when the people were at their wits' end to pay their taxes, was opposed to his own notions of common sense. This was at the Court of Common Council which was held on September 15 to consider the all-important question of the celebration. If they merely wanted to forward the King an address, well and good; if the Lord

Mayor chose to invite the Corporation to turtle and venison, he for one would accept a seat at table; but to ask an impoverished nation to spend more money was, in his opinion, ridiculous. The suggestion, he added, could only have been made to cover the disgrace of the Ministers.

This worthy obstructionist was calmed down at last, and, through him, the bulk of the people, by hearing a fuller explanation of how the great day was to be kept. It was to be no question of giving; it was all to be getting. This of course put a different aspect on affairs. Every one suddenly remembered what a bluff, soft-hearted, hard-headed old Englishman had been reigning over them for forty-nine long years. They told each other long-winded yarns of how he had trotted (in a very unkingly but very lovable fashion) in and out of every cottage round Windsor or Kew, and how he gave to one old biddy "five guineas to buy a jack," and to another substantial help toward her boy's schooling and so on. Old men who could relate or invent, anecdotes of the monarch's young days were in high requisition, and their tales fell on delighted ears. That with all his bigotry and with all his ignorance he had tried to do his duty in a brave uncompromising fashion, went for very little by the side of his own personal acts of kindness; and, once assured that the Jubilee meant no more than that the fatherly old king was arranging a universal holiday, the matter was taken up with zest and the enthusiasm spread like wildfire. Even the news that no single member of the royal family would be in town upon the great day could not damp the eagerness of

the Londoners. It seemed to be pretty generally understood that it was more natural for the homely, popular king to spend it at Windsor, where every petty tradesman or chubby Eton boy was almost a personal friend, than in the capital, and no dissatisfaction was shown.

The morning of October 25 dawned clear and bright, and before even early risers had left their beds, London was roused by the joy-bells pealing madly from every church-tower and steeple. Every one was early a-foot, dressed as befitted so festive an occasion; and in recalling the scene it should be remembered that a crowd of nearly eighty years ago was better worth surveying from an artistic point of view than is one of to-day, while the many flags and banners which were being hung from every house gave a holiday appearance to the whole. All business was suspended by mutual consent, and every doorway and window was gay with ladies and children, brave in holiday attire, and wearing, for the most part, ribbons of garter-blue, to which were attached the medals which had been struck for the occasion. The sovereign's head was represented in profile, and was declared to be an excellent likeness, while the obverse of the coin bore suitable legends and inscriptions.

The center of attraction was now the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor, gorgeous to behold in his state coach drawn by six prancing and beribboned grays, was joined by the members of the Corporation, and thence proceeded in solemn state to St. Paul's. The procession was swelled by several regiments of volunteers, and various city companies, and, with bands playing and banners

waving, it was altogether a goodly show for the patient and delighted mob. St. Paul's Cathedral crowded, and every member of that crowd—from the sweet-voiced charity-children to the gruffest-toned verger—joining in the glorious National Anthem, must have been a thing to remember; and so too, though in another way, must have been the sudden desertion of the streets, as every place of worship—Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Non-conformist—was suddenly carried by storm. Volunteers attended *en masse*, and, service once over, they made their way to Hyde Park, where they held a grand review, and fired countless *feux de joie*.

Meanwhile, a universal feasting was in active preparation. George the Third's Jubilee was altogether very typical of the time in which it was held. With one exception there does not seem to have been a man, woman, or child in the kingdom who did not consider that to eat a good dinner was the acme of human bliss, and to bestow one the highest form of Christian charity. One person was, indeed, so eccentric as to hint that the building of some almshouses would be a good way of commemorating the anniversary, but nothing came of the idea. As to imperial institutes, clergy houses, cottage hospitals, and the like, nothing half so unsatisfactory was even suggested. To prove a nation's joy by eating roast beef and plum pudding and drinking quarts of beer was pre-eminently British, and, therefore, to do anything else would have been flat heresy and disloyalty. So it comes to pass that in reading the records of this most auspicious twenty-fifth of October, one's mental

horizon becomes darkened with myriads of plum puddings, and rejoicings under the third George take the form of one long perpetual dinner list. In every town and hamlet throughout England an ox was roasted whole, and the dinner was the one event of the day, Dunstable boasting itself the most loyal because at the town hall the diners sat down to table nearly a thousand strong. In all British ports our sailors man-aged enough rum to float a man-o'-war; while in London itself some notion of the singleness of idea, as far as enjoyment went, may be gathered from the fact that the governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in the goodness of his heart, ordered plum pudding and porter to every patient there!

The one exception amid all this wasted money to which notice has already been drawn, was in the case of the poor debtors. Those unfortunate men were certainly given cause to bless the Jubilee, for not only all debtors to the Crown were released, but the King headed a subscription for the remainder with £4,000, and his example was loyally followed by all classes of men, among the larger sums being £500 from the Quakers and £1,000 from the Corporation. All deserters from fleet and army were granted a free pardon; those confined for military offences were released; officers of both services received general brevet promotion; and all prisoners of war on parole were sent back to their own countries, with the exception of those poor wretches who happened to be French. This was as a matter of course at a time when the requirements of pastors and masters were fully satisfied by Paterfamilias tak-

ing young Hopeful on his knee, and repeating the accepted formula: "Be a good boy. Say your prayers, love your mother, and hate the French." It would indeed have been almost an insult to the unbounded patriotism which was then rampant to have helped any poor "Monuseer," and among these otherwise very general rejoicings I can find but a single instance. Messrs. Burridge, of Portsmouth, gave three-pence each to the Frenchmen who were on board the prison-ships which were quartered there, "in consequence," as they said, "of the humanity shown by Marshal Mortier to the British sick and wounded after the battle of Talavera." Let us hope that the kindly Mortier, who was then leading his victorious armies against the Spaniards, heard of the outcome of his good deeds, and rejoiced that his old soldiers had not been left entirely out in the cold.

Nightfall in London brought the revelers into the streets, which were lighted with thousands of little colored lamps, while every coffee-house, public office, and building of any note, besides many private houses, were literally one blaze of light. Transparencies, showing the King under every guise, were exceedingly popular, and the streets were crowded with merry, jostling sightseers who waited until the lights were extinguished before walking contentedly home with, it is to be hoped, a deepened sense of the national glory to balance the many inevitable headaches of the morrow.

At Windsor the day was passed in the humdrum, staid style which one would have expected under Farmer George. A whole ox was roasted, and the Queen, with four dandified

sons and one rosy-cheeked daughter, went to inspect and taste this delicacy. The cooks wore new blue suits and white silk stockings, which appear to have created an immense excitement among the good people of Windsor. They cheered Her Majesty, the silk stockings, the bowing Princes, and the roasting Ox, and every one was exceedingly jubilant. The one touching incident in this somewhat prosaic picture is the absence of the good old King himself. It was only a year, remember, before his insanity was again openly declared, and the courageous little Queen had probably good reasons of her own for keeping him not only from the metropolis, but also as far as she could from the Windsor gossips upon such an exciting day as that of the Jubilee. He was visible at chapel, and again when they fired a *feu de joie* in the Long Walk and he rode past the men and responded silently to their salute, but this was all. Even at the grand *fête* which Queen Charlotte gave at Frogmore, where for once the etiquette-loving woman laid aside her notions of what was permissible, and invited not only the nobility but the tradesman and their wives; and where for once, too, her sons merged their horror of the slowness of the Court in hearty enjoyment of the novelty—even at Frogmore the King did not put in an appearance. This unexplained absence is the one touch of which redeems the whole useless and resultless pageant; and the thought of the old man wandering alone through the rooms of his palace holds more poetry than any or every grandiloquent verse which was written for the occasion, and echoed across the

dinner-tables of enthusiastic and toast-loving subjects.

One thing there was, and only one, to sustain the character of the much vaunted "good old times." Ireland not only joined in the Jubilee, but found three days instead of one barely sufficient to express her overflowing devotion to the powers that were. Universal thanksgiving; reviews; public dinners, public fireworks, public balls; every one asked everywhere, every one—high and low—responding eagerly; the King's health drunk with enthusiasm; all local magnates cheered to the echo. And following on all these good things, a certain magisterial notice which ought to be made a matter of history: "*not a single individual was charged on the watch.*" One reads of such things with envious eyes, and the men of the Georgian Jubilee—these Englishmen who drank and swore, who held "foreigners" and "Popery" in equal detestation, and whose notions of a fifty-years' celebration could rise no higher than freeing their poorer brethren from debt and giving themselves and their children an extra good dinner—they rise considerably in our estimation. In spite of their narrowness and ignorance they had brains enough to keep themselves and their fellow subjects in good order, and sense enough to prefer fighting a mutual foe to quarreling among each other. The obstinacy, the pig-headedness of these grandfathers of ours is almost proverbial, but much as we may pride ourselves on the different and enlightened spirit in which we are proposing to keep our own Victorian Jubilee, this sore question of Irish loyalty should not be let slip. For it was this "obsti-

nacy" which kept Ireland, this "pig-headedness" that saved the England of eighty years ago from the (then) un-English sin of vacillation; and if we would honestly seek the primal cause of our present trouble, we should find that in ridding ourselves of this, possibly, undesirable quality, it has only been to cultivate a process of thought which these ancestors of ours so wisely abhorred.

Thackeray closes his history of the Georges with an allusion to the Queen we all love so dearly, and as it was her Jubilee which suggested this chit-chat on that of George the Third, I cannot perhaps conclude better than by echoing the great writer's words:

"The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshiped heaven. I think we knowledge in the inheritor of his scepter a wiser rule and a life as honorable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue."—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

CATHERINE L. WOLFE.—Mr. R. H. Jesse, writing we believe from Athens, furnishes to the New Orleans *Journal of Education* an article upon "The American School of Classical Studies at Athens." From this we copy a single paragraph, written before the author could have known of the death of the noble woman of whom he makes mention:—

"In February, 1887, the financial condition of the enterprise was about as follows: 16 colleges stood pledged to support the school; it had a library of between 1,500 and 2,000 volumes, costing some thousands of dollars; it owned a fine site, valued at not less than \$13,500; it had in process of erection a solid and commodious building to cost \$20,000; it was wholly free from debt. It is impossible to give

an equally succinct account of what has been done toward fulfilling the aims of the school. Such things cannot be accurately weighed, measured, or described. But it may be safely affirmed that the intellectual income has been in far more than due proportion to the material output. The most distinguished of its Fellows has proved to be Dr. J. R. S. Sterritt, one of the original six, who went from the University of Virginia to Munich, and he took his degree in 1880. In April of 1883 he went to Assos to study the descriptions collected there in 1881-82 by an expedition sent out by the Archæological Institute. These he afterward edited. In the summer of 1883 he went with Prof. W. M. Ramsay, of Oxford, into Asia Minor, where they collected what are known as the *Inscriptions of Tralles*. These also were afterward edited by Dr. Sterritt. The summer of 1884 was again spent in Asia Minor. But here the lack of means had well-nigh forced him to abandon such researches, and to accept a professorship which had been offered to him in some Western College. The hubbub that this thing raised in Archæological circles brought the matter to the notice of Miss Catherine L. Wolfe. This lady came to Dr. Sterritt's aid, with a generosity, honorable alike to him and to her. With the \$1,000 she sent him he proceeded again into Asia Minor in the summer of 1885. The results are of extraordinary interest. He copied 611 inscriptions, almost all of them wholly new; gathered materials for maps of large districts hitherto almost unknown; and discovered the sites of ancient towns, one of which was the Lystra of the New Testament. A European archæologist of distinguished reputation has declared that the publication of the inscriptions Dr. Sterritt has gathered will be the third great event in Anatolian Epigraphy—the first being the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, and the second the Lesbas-Waddington Collection."

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF SHELLEY.—Perhaps the latest "fad" in literature is the new English Shelley mania. A "Shelley Society" has been instituted, and Mr. Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin, has just put forth a Life of Shelley in two bulky volumes. Of the poet himself the *Quarterly Review* says:—

"Shelley belongs to that school of poets which expressed the unrest of the Revolutionary era, its impatience of restraint, its credulous faith in human perfectibility. An uncompromising, shattering iconoclasm, a hectic glow of excitement, and a tendency to exercise the imagination in scenes of lurid ghastliness, formed parts of his natural heritage. But in the country of his birth he was a posthumous child of the Revolution. He was reared among reactionaries; he was neither the offspring nor the favorite pupil of his foster-parents. Conflict was from the first inevitable. Shelley himself, hating control and despising discipline, accelerated the shock with the self-reliant audacity of genius. The period of reaction in which he was born seemed to him evil to the very core. The idealist of a new order, he led a forlorn hope to attack the citadels in which society had garnered its sanctities; he thought to carry them by assault when the defenders were on their guard. It is no wonder that he fell back wounded and bleeding. . . . Shelley is in fact the poet of progress and of democracy, the lineal ancestor of Victor Hugo and of Walt Whitman, but he differs essentially from his successors. He is less a student of the human mind than Hugo; unlike Whitman, he rather vitalizes abstractions than links together realities. He has none of the theatrical extravagance of the Frenchman, the savage animalism of the American, the earthly materialism of the American. The remoteness and universality of his idealism destroyed his immediate influence; but half a century later his words retain the trumpet-note of unfulfilled and distant prophecy.

"Shelley's moral character was either utterly unformed, or so perverted and diseased by his lawless theories of the relations of the sexes, that he only regarded ties of relationship as accidents, and treated in the light of vulgar prejudices the natural instincts that separate, while they unite, a brother and a sister. He had no reverence for truth in the smaller matters of life; his habit of petty fibbing may be called a foible, but he told white lies without scruple to avoid inconveniences of social intercourse, and urged others to follow the example of his habitual practice. He was so prone to wild delusions that his mind perpetually

hovered on the verge of absolute insanity; he confused the facts of his real life with the facts of his imagination; he possessed a dramatic faculty which was always a ready instrument of self-deception. It is not enough to say, as Professor Dowden says, that the judgment of such a man is peculiarly liable to error. When his passions were aroused he was incapable of forming a judgment; his suspicions were not evidence; he was prepared to confound a pretext with a justification; his beliefs bore no more solid relation to adequate grounds of belief than do the whims of a child. He knew no creed which forbade him to sacrifice impulse to duty; he recognized no external law of right and wrong; he acknowledged no absolute standard by which to test the reality of moral distinctions.

"Shelley passed out into the grown-up world of actual life in mind a genius, in moral character and perception a child. By the peculiarities of his disposition he escaped the discipline which trains the child first for school and then for manhood; he lived in his own imaginings and not in reality; common-sense, concrete facts, experience, had not controlled the inward force of his ideas or emotions, and they exercised little or no influence upon his actions. From the moment that he took his place among his contemporaries in the world he was at war with society; he was its aggressive foe: it retaliated by casting him outside its pale. His relations with his fellows confirmed his stubborn adherence to opinions which had fastened upon him before he had proved their soundness. Shelley's principles and his conduct cannot be defended without surrendering the fundamental laws of morality; his offences deserved the emphatic condemnation which they received; on adultery and desertion, common-sense admits of no moral paradoxes. But the deep pathos of Shelley's career arises from the spectacle of a child punished as if it were a man, a child dazed by appeals to moral principles of which it is but dimly conscious, a child bewildered by blows inflicted for a fault which it does not understand. Yet, however pathetic the sight, the punishment was wholly inevitable; his conduct, though thoughtless as a child's, was fraught with the far-reaching, serious consequences of the actions of a man."

FRENCH CANADA.

About a century and a quarter has passed since the Treaty of Paris was signed, and France formally ceded Canada to Great Britain. Of all the vast domain she once possessed in North America, there remain to her only some rocky islets on the southern coast of Newfoundland, to which she has always clung as a nursery for her seamen, and as a headquarters for the fishing fleet that has resorted to the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for several centuries. Of all the formidable fortresses which she erected to environ the old English colonies, in pursuance of her ambitious designs in the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, only one—the picturesque walls of Quebec—is now standing to recall her former glory in America.

Nevertheless on the continent where she once thought to reign supreme France has been able to leave a permanent impress. But this impress is not in the valley of the Mississippi. It is true that a number of French still live on the banks of that great river, that many a little village where a French *patois* is spoken, lies hidden in the sequestered bayous of the South, and that no part of the old city of New Orleans possesses so much interest for the European stranger as the French or Creole quarter, with its quaint balconied houses and luxuriant gardens; but despite all this, it is generally admitted that the time is not far distant when the French language will disappear from Louisiana, and few evidences will be found of the days of the French occupancy of that beautiful State of the Union. In the valley of the St. Lawrence,

however, France has left behind her what seem likely to be more permanent memorials of her occupation. Wherever we go in the Dominion of Canada we see the names of her kings and statesmen, of her priests and saints, of her soldiers and sailors, clinging to many a bay and river. The picturesque banks of the St. Lawrence, from the Atlantic to the great lakes of the West, are the home of a large population whose language and customs are so many memorials of the old régime. Since the conquest of Canada in 1759-'60, the seventy thousand people who then inhabited the country, have increased to a million and a quarter of souls, without taking into account the many thousands who have made their homes in the United States during the last thirty or forty years. This people still speak the French language, profess the Roman Catholic religion, and adhere with remarkable tenacity to the civil law and other institutions of the land of their origin.

When the *Fleur de Lis* at last gave place to the Red Cross of England on the citadel of Quebec, the French Canadians for a while deeply mourned the humiliation of the country they had loved so well. Many of the wealthiest and best-born of the people sailed away to France and never returned to the colony for which they had struggled so many years. Though they knew it not at the time, the fall of Quebec was in reality the happiest event that could possibly have happened for the French Canadians. The Articles of Capitulation, which were signed by the Marquis de Vaudreuil in September, 1760, were very generous to the conquered people. They

were guaranteed the free exercise of their religion as well as undisturbed possession of their property. By the Quebec Act of 1774, the French Canadians obtained most valuable concessions, which are practically the basis of their present influence and power as a distinct nationality in British North America. Roman Catholics were no longer obliged to take the Test Oath, but only the Oath of Allegiance. They were permitted to observe their religion with perfect freedom, and their clergy were to enjoy "their accustomed dues and rights,"—that is, the tithe system which still exists—with respect to such persons as professed that creed. From the coming into effect of the Quebec Act up to the present time, there has been a steady improvement in the social, political, and material condition of the people. French Canada now occupies a high position among the communities of the Continent, and many of her sons have been able to win for themselves a conspicuous place in the administration of public affairs, in education, in literature, and in other pursuits of life.

It is the intention of the writer to give a brief review of the leading features of the progress of the community which dwells by the St. Lawrence and its tributary rivers.

In the old times of Canada, before the federal union of the provinces, the large section of British North America inhabited by the French-speaking people was known as "Lower Canada," but now it is distinguished by the historic name of "Quebec," in honor of the interesting old city founded by Champlain, the pioneer of French settlement in New France. The tourist who trav-

els through this province sees on all sides the evidence that he is passing through a country of French origin. Here and there in Quebec or Montreal, or in some quiet village sequestered in a valley or elevated on the Laurentian hills, he sees houses and churches which remind him of many a hamlet or town he has visited in Brittany or Normandy. The language is French from the Saguenay to the Ottawa, and in many remote communities English is never spoken, and is understood only by the curé or the notary. Nor is the language so impure and degenerated as many persons may naturally suppose. On the contrary, it is spoken by the educated classes with a purity not excelled in France itself. The better class of French Canadians take pride in studying the language of the country of their ancestors, and are rarely guilty of Anglicisms, though these have necessarily crept into mixed communities, where people are forced to speak both French and English. In the rural districts, isolated from large towns, the people retain the language as it was spoken two centuries ago—even the old, forgotten pronunciation—and consequently many words and phrases which are rarely if ever heard in France, still exist among the peasantry of French Canada, just as we find in New England many expressions which are not pure Americanisms but really memorials of old English times.

The people of Quebec are very tenacious of their language, and endeavor to keep it intact from the encroaching influence of the English-speaking communities, now largely in the majority throughout the Dominion. Ever since the conquest, the

language and religion of France have been carefully guarded, first by the Treaty of 1763, and again by the charters and constitutions granted by England to Canada from time to time as the country increased in wealth and population. *Notre langue, notre foi, et nos lois* has been the key-note of French Canadian politics for over a century. No part of the constitution of 1840, which reunited Upper and Lower Canada after the rebellion of 1837-'38, gave greater offence to the French Canadians than the clause which practically eliminated their language from legislative records and proceedings; for it was generally regarded by them as conclusive evidence of the policy of the British Government to obliterate them as a distinct race, and make them in the course of time English in language, thought, and institutions. But the French tongue and customs were found too deeply rooted by that time in Canada to be disturbed by any legislative enactments. The influence of the French Canadian was actually increased by the more liberal system of government that commenced in 1840, and one of the first proofs of his growing power was the repeal of the obnoxious clause with respect to the use of his language. At the present time the records and statutes as well as official reports of the debates are always given in the two languages in the Parliament of the Dominion. All the blue-books are translated into French, and circulated in that language in the province of Quebec. Every motion is put by the Speaker in the two languages, or, when he speaks no French, by a clerk at the table. Though the reports of the debates appear daily in French,

English prevails in the House of Commons and in the Senate. The French Canadians are forced to speak the language of the majority and it is some evidence of the culture of their leading public men, that many among them are able to express themselves in English with a freedom and elegance which no English-speaking member can pretend to equal in French.

The people of French Canada are exceedingly devoted Roman Catholics. Many of the churches, especially in Montreal, are handsome structures, and there is at present in course of construction in that city a noble building which is intended even to imitate many of the features of St. Peter's, and to surpass the finest cathedrals in America. Massive stone churches are to be seen in almost every village, even where the forest has hardly been subdued. Churches and convents, indeed, meet the eye wherever you travel in the province, and the poorest village attests the power and riches of the Church.

From the earliest times in the history of Canada the "Black Robe" has always been a prominent figure in politics as well as in religion. Jesuits, Franciscans, and Recollets have done much to mould the thought and control the political destiny of the people under their spiritual care. The universities, colleges and schools are mainly directed by the religious orders. The priests, it must be admitted, have been very active workers. No Protestant clergymen have been able to compete with them in exercising a powerful influence over the Indian population. The early annals of Canada prove that they have en-

dured famine, privation, and death for the sake of the religion they have labored to establish. Tender women, highly educated and nurtured in noble families, were the founders of the female educational institutions which have spread throughout Canada, in the English as well as French cities and towns.

Canada, too, has her "Notre Dame de Lourdes," to whose shrine the faithful flock by thousands. Some twenty miles east of Quebec, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, is the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, or as the Saint is more popularly known *la bonne Ste. Anne*, who has won fame in Canada for miraculous cures for two centuries at least. It is a very picturesque scene when the pilgrims assemble by thousands at the shrine. If a European stranger wishes to make himself familiar with the most striking phases of Canadian life, he should not fail to spend a few hours at this celebrated resort, where the religious phenomena of the Old World are fully reproduced among a devout peasantry of the New.

The situation of many of the French Canadian villages is exceedingly picturesque, when they nestle in some quiet nook by the side of a river or bay, or overlook from some prominent hill a noble panorama of land and water. The spire of the stone church rises generally from the midst of the houses, and the priest's residence is always the most comfortable in size and appearance. The houses are for the most part built of wood, except where there is a plentiful supply of dark gray stone in the neighborhood. The roofs are frequently curved, with projecting eaves, which afford a sort of

veranda under which the family sit on summer evenings. Some of the most pretentious structures, especially the inns, have balconies running directly across the upper story. Many of the barns and out-houses have thatched roofs, which are never seen in any other part of Canada. The interiors of the French Canadian homes are very plainly furnished, in many cases with chairs and tables of native manufacture. A high iron stove is the most important feature of every dwelling in a country where the cold of winter is so extreme. Whitewash is freely used inside and outside, and there is on the whole an air of cleanliness and comfort in the humblest cottage.

The loom is still kept busy in the villages, and a coarse warm homespun is made for every-day use. The habitant also wears moccasins and a *toque bleue*, or woollen cap, in which he is always depicted by the painter of Canadian scenes. But with the growth of towns and the development of the railway system a steady change is occurring year by year in the dress of the inhabitants, and it is only in the very remote settlements that we can find the homely stuffs of old times. As a rule, however, the people live very economically, and extravagance in dress is rather the exception. On gala days the young wear many ribbons and colors, though arranged with little of the taste characteristic of the French people. Both old and young are very sociable in their habits, and love music and dancing. The violin is constantly played in the smallest village, and the young people dance cotillons or *dansez rondes*. The priests, however, do not encourage reckless gayeties or ex-

travagance in dress. Now and then the Bishop issues a pastoral in which the waltz and other fast dances, and certain fashionable modes of dress, are expressly forbidden, and though his mandates are no doubt soon forgotten in the cities and towns, they are on the whole religiously observed in the rural communities. The feasts of the Church are kept with great zeal, and consequently the French Canadian has holidays without number. It is an interesting scene to witness a "first communion" in a village; the young girls are invariably dressed in white garments and veils, and the humblest, poorest family would think it very hard if they could not make a show on this occasion.

No class of the population of Canada is more orderly or less disposed to crime than the French Canadian. Their temperate habits make them necessarily valuable employés in mills and manufactories of all kinds. Indeed, they prefer this life to that of the farm, and until very recently there was a steady exodus of this class to the manufacturing towns of Lowell, Holyoke, and other places in New England. A large proportion of the men employed in the lumbering industry of Canada is drawn from the province of Quebec. The "shanties" (corrupted from *chantiers*) or rude log-huts built for temporary occupation in the forests of pine, are full of this cheery class, who in this employment satisfy their love for adventure and sociability.

The province of Quebec is less favored than the province of Ontario with respect to climate and soil. The French system of subdividing farms among the members of a family has tended to cut up the land

unprofitably, and it is a curious sight to see the number of extremely narrow lots throughout the French settlements. It must be admitted too that the French population has less enterprise, and less disposition to adopt new machines and improved agricultural implements, than the people of the other provinces. As a rule, the *habitant* lives contentedly on very little. Give him a pipe of native tobacco, a chance of discussing politics, a gossip with his fellows at the church door after service, a visit now and then to the county town, and he will be happy. It does not take much to amuse him, while he is quite satisfied that his spiritual safety is secured as long as he is within sound of the church bells, goes regularly to confession, and observes all the *fêtes d'obligation*. If he or one of his family can only get a little office in the municipality, or in the "government," then his happiness is nearly perfect. Indeed if he were not a bureaucrat, he would very much belie his French origin. Take him all in all, however, Jean-Baptiste, as he is familiarly known from the patron saint of French Canada, has many excellent qualities. He is naturally polite, steady in his habits, and conservative in his instincts. He is excitable and troublesome only when his political passions are thoroughly aroused, or his religious principles are at stake; and then it is impossible to say to what extremes he will go.

Nearly half a century ago, a distinguished English statesman, the Earl of Durham, wrote in his report on the state of Canada that the French Canadians "are a people without a history and a literature." It is a great mistake, however, to

suppose that the province of Quebec does not possess a history replete with interest. It is only necessary to read the works of that brilliant American historian, Francis Parkman, to be satisfied that the annals of New France are in some respects as attractive as the pages of a Froissart or a Prescott. Where in history can be found a chapter of more absorbing interest than that which describes the courage and daring of the adventurous La Salle in his journey down the Mississippi, which he followed from its head-waters to the Gulf of Mexico? The discoveries of this explorer have had a more momentous effect on the world's history than the exploits of a Bayard or a Du Guesclin, to whom so many eloquent pages of history and romance have been devoted. Everywhere in Canada do we find some evidence of his famous adventures. Only a few miles from the commercial capital of Canada, the substantial, picturesque city of Montreal, we come to a beautiful expanse of water, called Lachine; for here it was La Salle dreamed that he was to find in the great West a short road to the riches of the East. Indeed, wherever we go on the American Continent we find the impress of the fame of those *couriers de bois* and gentleman-adventurers who were the first to push their way into the great unknown West, and give a name to many a lake and river, on whose banks and shores have grown up communities enjoying an amount of prosperity which could never have presented itself even to their most sanguine imagination.

It is quite evident that while there exists among the more influential and cultured class a sentimental at-

tachment to Old France, there is a still deeper feeling, strengthened by the political freedom and material progress of the past forty years, that the connection with the British Empire gives the best guarantee for the preservation of their liberties and rights. No doubt the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood has had much to do with perpetuating the connection with England. They feel that it is not by a connection with France or the United States that their religious and civil institutions are best conserved. Besides, the sympathies of the great mass of the people of the province are not republican but monarchical, and they view with disfavor the leveling tendencies of the ruling powers in France. If we come to inquire into the causes of the content and prosperity, which, on the whole, have for many years characterized the French Canadian population, we find that they are the natural outcome of the stability and freedom of the political system under which they live.

The second era lasted from 1763 to 1840, during which the French Canadian had a legislature, and learned to understand and value the advantages of self-government. The discontent which culminated in the rebellion of 1837-'38 was caused by the unwillingness of the British Government to concede to the people their legitimate influence in the administration of provincial affairs. "To suppose that such a system would work well in Lower France," said Lord Durham, "implies a belief that the French Canadians have enjoyed representative institutions for half a century without acquiring any of the characteristics of a free people."

Then followed the union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, which was intended to weaken the influence of the French Canadian section in the government, but had the very contrary effect of giving it greater weight in the administration of public affairs. It was, in fact, the battle cry of years of a large political party that Upper Canada was ruled by the majority of the French Province. The union of 1840 enlarged the political liberties of the Canadas, but it too became inadequate to the circumstances of the country as the population of Upper Canada largely increased, and its representatives demanded a representation in the Legislature larger than that of the French province. For years the French Canadians contended vigorously for the equality of representation laid down in the Union Act, but at last the conflict became so great between the two sections that it was necessary to seek a solution of the political difficulty in a federation of the provinces. In 1867 commenced the new era, under which the influence of the French Canadians became stronger than ever. With respect to education the constitution expressly provides for the preservation of the rights of the dissentient Protestant schools in the province, and any laws made by the province cannot "prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools." In both the Parliament of the Dominion and the Legislature of Quebec, the representatives of the province are very persistent in asserting provincial rights, feeling that it is only by a strict adherence to the constitution they can preserve their provincial autonomy.

The question may now suggest itself to my readers, Will the French Canadian nationality continue to work in harmony with the English-speaking people, or is there danger at some future time of a strong antagonism between these two elements, which may tend to destroy the unity of the confederation? Professor Seeley, in his very suggestive work on the *Expansion of the Empire*, says that ethnological unity is "of great importance when we would form an opinion about the stability or chance of duration of an empire." In his opinion, "the chief forces which hold a community together, and cause it to constitute one state, are three—common nationality, common religion, and common interest."

Two of these three forces are certainly wanting in Canada. The people of one large province speak the French language, cling to the civil law and other institutions of France, and profess the Roman Catholic religion. It is true that this nationality is as yet in a minority; but there is conclusive evidence that it is a powerful minority, which does not show any sign of deteriorating strength, but rather of expansion. The province of Quebec is more thoroughly French Canadian than it has been for half a century and more. The French element has in a great measure crowded out the English-speaking people in places like Quebec, and it is only the superior energy and business capacity of the latter that enable them to hold their own even in Montreal, whose natural situation at the head of ocean navigation, and natural relations to the Great Lakes and the West must always make it an important com-

mercial emporium, attracting the enterprise and capacity of all nationalities. In certain towns and districts where the English were dominant a few years ago, the French Canadians are now in the majority. The Eastern townships were until recently exclusively English and Protestant, but the tide of French population has already flowed into these districts. We see a similar expansion in the direction of the province of Ontario.

There is not at present that steady flow of French Canadians into the manufacturing towns of the United States which for years relieved Canada of the surplus of a population whose natural increase is very great. The efforts of the leaders of public opinion in Quebec are now being directed toward keeping their people at home, and offering inducements to their expatriated compatriots to return. As a matter of fact, then, the French Canadian people are actually increasing in numbers, and should they overcome their natural indisposition to settle in a new country, they would soon over-run the North-west.

The future unity and stability of the Canadian Confederation depend on the fact that there is one great force which is ever operating among all nationalities to preserve the body politic, and that is, as Professor Seeley points out, *common interest*. While Lower Canada holds the portals of the great avenue of communication between the Old World and the West, she is indispensable to the Union, and no other province can afford to treat her with injustice. Were the French province to-morrow to leave the Confederation, it would at once be dissolved, and the result

would be fatal to the aspirations of those who are working to build up a new nationality to the north of the United States, in close connection with the parent State. One province after the other would find itself in the ranks of the American States, and Quebec itself would eventually be absorbed—a result fatal to the perpetuation of the language and institutions to which its people have always clung with such tenacity.

Without compromise and conciliation Canada, with its distinct nationalities, can never be successfully governed. As long as there are in her midst two distinct national elements face to face—the one in the minority animated by a determination to adhere strictly to its language and customs, the other in the majority equally believing in the superiority of its own institutions—it is inevitable that there should be always a latent spirit of antagonism in the country which might at any moment develop itself in a very dangerous form. Should one press nationalism beyond the limits of justice or prudence in a moment of passion, or should the other, with the arrogance sometimes characteristic of a majority, attempt to violate solemn obligations and overturn the institutions to which the minority are wedded, the result would be a political revolution which would end in bloodshed and ruin. But all this is perhaps mere idle speculation. Every reason exists to make us believe that as long as the same wise counsels continue to prevail in Canada that have heretofore governed her, and carried her successfully through critical periods, the integrity of the confederation is assured, and the two races will ever work

harmoniously together, united by the ties of a common interest, and a common allegiance to the Empire to whose fostering care they already owe so much. Although the lines of the two nationalities that now occupy Canada may at times appear to diverge from each other and to seek different channels, yet let us hope that as the years pass by, they will be brought more closely together, until at last their fortunes become indissolubly united, just as we see two great rivers which have kept apart for many hundreds of miles, coming at last to mingle their waters and form one mighty stream flowing grandly and uninterruptedly toward the ocean.—JNO. GEO. BOURINOT, *Clerk to the Dominion House of Commons*, in *The Scottish Review*.

CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN.

THE ANTWERP PRINTER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

We must pass very rapidly over the next five years, during which Plantin superintended the issues of the reorganized firm as managing partner. It is not a little remarkable that, despite the peril he had so recently surmounted, all his four new associates were under suspicion of heresy, and were all related to one another: they were Corneille and Charles de Bomberghe, Goropius Becanus, and Jacques Schotti. The additional capital they brought into the business enabled Plantin to enlarge it so materially that more than two hundred works were sent forth in about four years — some of which

were unsurpassed in beauty of type and execution by any of his later productions. At this moment the patriotic party was rapidly growing. Granvelle had left the Netherlands. The Duchess of Parma was in the utmost perplexity how to enforce the royal commands imposed upon her. Was it so doubtful at this critical period (1563-1567) which side would eventually prevail as to justify the risk of such an association: or did the image-breaking and the field-preaching, and the sack of Antwerp Cathedral, inspire some spirits like Bomberghe to declare themselves in favor of the Reformed doctrines, while the excesses then committed filled quiet cautious men like Plantin with aversion and distrust?

M. Rooses does not refer to the singular coincidence of political events with important transactions between Plantin and his associates. Already, before the close of the year 1566, Sir Thomas Gresham had given notice to the Court of Elizabeth that commerce would have no security at Antwerp "in these brabbling times." There was a great exodus of mercantile men, and among others, the Bomberghe fled the country; Plantin, after considerable hesitation, decided to remain. The association, which was to have lasted until October 1, 1567, was dissolved at an earlier date. On August 21, 1567, Alva arrived at Brussels, and eight days later Plantin wrote to Secretary Cayas in very earnest terms to purge himself from all complicity with the heresy of his former partners. He had never known Corneille's sympathy with the Reformers until the period of the field-preaching, and as soon as

he learned it he had forbidden him his house. He had dissolved his copartnership, preferring a more limited trade and smaller profits to any connection with heretics. He had indeed once been under considerable pecuniary obligations to Bomberghe, but he had discharged them all, and had nothing more to do with him. He added further, with audacious cynicism, that the man was now utterly ruined through the bankruptcy of a large creditor, and through the loss of 8,000 florins in maritime insurances. To the King's confessor, Plantin insisted upon his orthodoxy in abject terms. He had never once been to the field-preaching. He had never missed Catholic sermon, or ceremony or sacrament. The Jesuit fathers used his establishment more than any in Antwerp, and would bear witness to his unimpeachable fidelity to the Church and the Crown. The picture would be incomplete if we did not add that, ten years later, Plantin still owed the widow of Corneille 800 *livres de gros*, and that Charles de Bomberghe, who subsequently played a prominent part on the patriotic side, figured in Plantin's accounts as a creditor, under a *disguised name*, as late as the year 1583.

The reason for this persistent assertion of his unimpeachable Catholicism is not far to seek. Plantin was hoping to carry out a project for which he had been making long and costly preparations. The Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes, published half a century before, had become exceedingly scarce, and Plantin had conceived the idea of reprinting it. Two Protestant versions of a like work were in contemplation, and one of them had

secured the support of the Elector of Saxony. Nothing daunted, Plantin pushed on the work and brought a specimen sheet to the Lenten fair at Frankfort in 1666. The interest and admiration which the sight of it awakened were unbounded. The Elector abandoned competition with it in despair. The lords of Frankfort offered to subsidize the work, if Plantin would settle in their city and print it there. Similar invitations reached him from the Elector Palatine and the Constable of France. The thrifty Philip might hardly have been expected to accord equal favor to so costly an undertaking, had not Plantin been assured of the all-powerful advocacy of Cardinal Granvelle and Secretary Cayas. The former knew exactly how to make a suggestion so as best to find acceptance with the King, and the latter was no less skillful in fostering a half-formed inclination, and leading it to a definite and desired conclusion.

A letter to Cayas, under date December 19, 1566, in the archives of Simancas, contains the first known reference to the proposed Polyglot. It was to comprise the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek text—each with its Latin version—and was to fill six folio volumes. The cost of the paper would be at least 12,000 florins, and the wages for type-setting, printing, etc., as many more. What the other expenses would be for correction of the text, payment of scholars employed to superintend the proofs, compilation of a Hebrew dictionary, and other apparatus, could not be stated until the work was finished. Two years before the learned Jean Isaac, Professor of Hebrew at Cologne, had been al-

lowed by his superiors to visit Antwerp, that he might revise the Hebrew grammar of Pagnino, and had been maintained for nearly a year under Plantin's roof. Among others, he adds, "I have met with a young man, very learned in Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and Latin, to whom, the better to retain him, and to have him conveniently at hand, in the hope I entertain of eventually doing good service to the public, and also through the favor in which I hold his scholarship and his rare virtues, I have promised my eldest daughter in marriage." He had, besides, types ready cast of the most costly description, so that foreign printers from France, Germany, and Italy all acknowledged that his presses were unrivaled.

In a second letter, bearing the same date, Plantin inclosed a memorandum in more definite terms. If His Majesty would advance 6,000 or 8,000 crowns, he would undertake to print the Polyglot in His Majesty's name, and to preface it with a dedication, which would ascribe to the King all the credit of its publication. To the four languages already suggested, there would be added the Syriac version of the New Testament, which the late Emperor Ferdinand, of immortal memory, had caused to be printed at Vienna. He could give ample security for the royal loan. The Bishop of Ruremonde had promised 1,000 crowns, and wealthy Catholic merchants would assist in every possible way. As the price to purchasers should not exceed 20 ducats, the work would be extensively circulated, so that Philip would acquire, at a small cost, the most substantial reputation and everlasting renown.

From subsequent correspondence, we learn how deeply Plantin was concerned in the success of his gigantic enterprise. Evil days were gathering upon Antwerp, such as caused hosts of its commercial leaders to leave it; but Plantin held his ground, and kept together a body of compositors and workmen, whom he instructed how to work in Chaldee, Greek, and Hebrew. Under the pressure of the times, he was compelled to sell much of his stock to provide himself with ready money; but he would part with nothing which could help in carrying out his great design. Far from contracting his scheme, he kept enlarging its scope, and a revised edition of the *Thesaurus Linguae Sanctae* of Pagnino, and soon afterward a revised text of the Greek Testament, collated under Granvelle's auspices with the manuscripts in the Vatican, were embraced within his plan. In his anxiety to leave no available argument unemployed, he summoned to his aid a most unexpected ally.

Among the most erratic spirits of this strange time was Guillaume Postel, a name of note in the early annals of the Parisian press. This man, who was alternately a favorite at Court, and a fugitive for heresy, had been the first person to introduce into Europe a copy of the Syriac New Testament, and he entertained singular notions of the results to be expected from the publication of the Polyglot. He was persuaded that it would effect the conversion of a vast number of Mohammedans and Jews; that it would reunite the scattered and divided members of the Christian commonwealth; that it would further the union of the whole world in one flock and one

fold, under one God, one law, one faith, one pastor, and one king; that it would lead to the establishment of a universal Empire, whose mild scepter should be wielded by the beneficent hand of Philip II. of Spain. It is useless to inquire how Postel reconciled the frenzied dreams of a fifth monarchy man, with the sober stores of learning which he unquestionably possessed, and of which he could at times make profitable use. Without the key—if, indeed, there were any—wherewith to decipher his prolix and unintelligible letters, we are led to conclude that he was partially insane. But Plantin very skillfully quotes a letter he has just received from him—although he is held to be a fantastic visionary—which might perhaps tickle royal ears that are believed to have been specially accessible to this form of flattery.

The negotiations lingered through a whole twelvemonth, and Plantin feared that more pressing business arising from the anxieties of “these brabbling times” would delay the completion of his Polyglot. His own resources were so sadly crippled by the heavy expenses he had incurred in purchasing a stock of costly paper, and retaining skilled workmen during the weary months of waiting for His Majesty’s decision, that he had been compelled to sell a portion of the paper, and to employ the remainder in his edition of the *Summa* of Aquinas. Yet he did not lose his heart or relax his exertions. By March, 1568, the Syriac version of the New Testament had been transcribed from the Syriac letter into Hebrew characters, *without the change of a single word*, and a literal Latin version of it completed—both

from the pen of Guido Fabricius: wherefore he desires to go to press as soon as possible, that this Catholic Polyglot may see the light before one which is in preparation by a *quidam* Calvinist. At length, on his return from the Spring fair at Frankfurt, 1568, Plantin received a summons to wait immediately upon Alva at Brussels, and was then informed that a learned doctor would forthwith be sent from Spain to superintend the work, which was to be carried out at the King’s cost. Six copies were to be printed on vellum for the royal libraries, and Plantin was to purchase the necessary parchment and all other requisites without delay. To his plea that he could not proceed without an advance of money, it was rejoined that he must set to work at once, and that his outlay would be repaid on the arrival of the aforesaid doctor.

The person selected to edit the new Polyglot was Benedictus Arias Montanus, the King’s Confessor, and one of the royal chaplains. His learning and judgment had been conspicuous at the later sittings of the Council of Trent, to which he had accompanied the Bishop of Segovia, and where he had held a prominent rank among the professional theologians who helped to formulate the Council decisions. A better choice could not have been made. Spare in person, small in stature, with close dark beard, and the habit of a military knight of St. James—so abstemious that he touched neither meat nor wine, so indefatigable that he longed only for the solitude of unbroken labor—he was just the man to bring to the requisite stores of learning the minute and tedious accuracy which was de-

manded by his task. His mission was arranged with all the importance of a royal embassy. All the details of his embarkation and voyage, the reception to be accorded to him by the University of Louvain, the municipality of Antwerp, and the Viceroy himself—were carefully defined by Philip. His voyage was interrupted by a storm, which cast the vessel in which he sailed upon the west coast of Ireland, and he had to cross both that country and England before he could again embark for Antwerp, which he reached May 18, 1568.

At this moment Plantin had gone to Paris to purchase paper, but he hurried back to meet the welcome stranger. His anxieties, however, were not yet ended. Arias brought with him letters of credit from the Court of Spain, and a promise from Philip to contribute 12,000 florins to the work; but he required an undertaking from Plantin to repay three-quarters of the loan in copies of the Polyglot, and to give immediate security for the remainder. Compliance with this last condition was impossible. So universal was the feeling of insecurity and distrust, that "a father would not even be responsible for his son." After much discussion it was proposed that the proof-sheets, as they were printed, should be placed under the custody of Curiel, the royal factor, and Arias Montanus, and that, until the work was complete, Plantin's house, all his property, and his person should be pledged for whatever restitution the King should demand. Hard as were these conditions—for Plantin valued his printing establishment at more than 20,000 florins—they were not accepted without

hesitation, and after special reference to the Spanish Court. Arias well knew the thrift of Philip. His own annual stipend as a royal chaplain was about £100, and this allowance was increased during his sojourn at Antwerp to a sum equivalent to £152 a year of our money.

The archives of the Musée Plantin supply minute details of the daily progress of the work. Five learned collaborateurs, besides Raphelengien, his second self, worked under the direction of Arias. There were the texts of the different versions and their several Latin translations to be carefully revised. There were Hebrew, Syro-Chaldaean, Syriac, and Greek dictionaries and grammars to be compiled. There was a vast *Apparatus Sacer* to be written. M. Rooses enumerates these among the principal additions made by Arias to the Complutensian Polyglot—besides which he added the Bible of Pagnino, the treatises in the last volume, the Syriac text of the New Testament and the Chaldee paraphrase for the whole of the Old Testament, which Ximenes had only given in his first volume. He also added the accents to the Hebrew texts.

We are not giving a critical account of the work, but enough has been said to prove that the editor's labor must have been almost incredible. For four years he plied his task, Sundays not excepted, for eleven hours a day. His efforts were assiduously supported by Plantin. By the middle of May, 1570, four presses were incessantly and exclusively devoted to the royal Polyglot, and a *ternion*, and sometimes a sheet more, was struck off daily. "Forty craftsmen were constantly at work,"

says Arias, "each in his own department, and no intelligent person passes through Antwerp without coming to see the order and activity which reign through the factory and the skill with which the work is carried on." Universal interest was awakened in the success of so great an undertaking. Princes begged to have vellum copies, and Cardinals vied with one another in their efforts to render them complete. The theologians of Spain and the Netherlands proffered their manuscripts and their learning. Cardinal Spinoza, at Philip's elbow, stimulated his zeal in the cause. Cardinal Sirlet labored to supply an exact text, and furnished various readings for the Psalms. Cardinal Granvelle's hearty co-operation has been already mentioned. He eagerly looked for the proof-sheets which were posted to him at Naples, as well as to his royal master at Madrid, as fast as they were printed. Despite such distinguished patronage, Plantin was almost crushed under the costs of his enterprise. In December, 1569, he tells Granvelle that but for the sale of his Breviaries he would have been ruined by his outlay, which exceeded the value of all that he possessed. As time wore on, Philip became more exacting. He would allow no one to have a single vellum copy but himself, and he should require, not six, but thirteen. The Duke of Bavaria had bespoken and paid for one a year before, but Philip was inexorable. He was far less prompt in providing funds for his printer, who was distracted at the cost of 1,600 dozen skins, for which Curiel supplied him with less than half the price. To complete his task Plantin became seriously in-

involved in debt. By the time that the several versions of the text and the Bible of Pagnina were in the press, his resources were so exhausted that he could purchase no more parchment. The remaining volumes, comprising the *Apparatus Sacer*, had all to be printed on paper, and the first edition limited to 600 copies, or less than half the number of the impressions of the text.

At length, after five years of unwearyed labor and unceasing anxiety—from August 2, 1568, to August 18, 1573—the work was completed. Our space forbids more than a cursory description of its appearance and contents. The type, style and finish are magnificent. In the volumes of the Old Testament, each opening of two pages contains, in four parallel columns, the Hebrew text with Jerome's translation, the Greek Septuagint, and the Vulgate, and below them the Chaldee paraphrase and its Latin rendering. The New Testament comprises the Syriac, Greek, and Latin versions. Each book is headed by a preface from the pen of Arias Montanus, and by the prolegomena of Jerome. An abundance of engravings and maps increase the beauty and value of the edition. Besides various dictionaries and grammars the "*Apparatus*" contains a vast mass of information, such as schedules of various readings, explanation of idiomatic phrases, brief annotations upon obscure passages. A series of treatises, distributed under ten fanciful titles, such as Nehemiah, Tubal Cain, etc., explains the geography of the sacred volume and the antiquities of the chosen people. A quaint peculiarity is the occasional occurrence of a brief admonition

from the publisher to the reader, *printed on the title page*, of which the following is a specimen:—

“Let him who would understand the arrangement and the full purport of this work, and of all things which are contained in this ‘Apparatus,’ read attentively the preface immediately following, as well as all the prefaces of the same Montanus annexed to the several books. No one will ever regret this truly insignificant labor.”

A similar preface to the book entitled *Joseph, sive de arcano Sermone*, states that it contains a clear explanation of more than eleven thousand passages, and if taken with the following section will form a continuous commentary upon the Scriptures. Needless to say that modern research has superseded much of the learning of Montanus. We may smile at the assertion, that the Hebrew of the Old Testament is the one primæval language, spoken by our first parents, of which God Himself was the author, and in which He delivered the Law on Mount Sinai. This fact, it is added, is not merely established by broken tradition and admitted even by those who decry the Eastern languages (*apud ipsos linguarum detractores*;) but proved by monuments left in the desert by Israel during the forty years’ wandering. Despite all such imperfections, the work was to the date of its appearance, an unparalleled achievement, such as entitles Plantin to the highest honor, and goes far to justify the hyperbole which declared Arias Montanus to be the wonder of his age.

The edition consisted of 1,213 copies, of which 960 were on grand royal paper *de Troyes*, 200 on paper *au raisin de Lyon*, 30 on imperial paper *à l’aigle*, and 10 on grand imperial

paper *d’Italie*. These last were not offered for sale, but were reserved as presents for distinguished persons, and Plantin assured the Duke of Bavaria that they even surpassed in beauty and splendor the copies on vellum. Of the 13 royal examples upon parchment, six were sent to the library of the Escorial, one was presented to the Pope, and another to the Duke of Savoy. The destination of a third has special interest for the English reader.

The period of the publication of the Polyglot synchronizes with Alva’s government of the Netherlands. While the best blood of the country was flowing like water; while the heads of Horn and Egmont were quivering on the scaffold; while the most odious and unrelenting cruelty was rampant, most unblushing in audacity, now veiled under the more hateful guise of unfathomable treachery, the proof-sheets of the gospel of the Prince of Peace and Love were passing to and fro between Antwerp and Madrid, it may be not infrequently by the same post which bore tidings to Philip of the work of the Blood Council, and carried back royal instructions or approval to his ruthless representative. What reward more fitting as a mark of royal favor to the terrible viceroy than a vellum copy of the royal Polyglot! We have been unable to trace its subsequent history. But among the choicest treasures of the British Museum, its pages as spotless, its very ink as brilliant as when it issued three centuries ago from Plantin’s printing house, the visitor may gaze upon the splendid folios which Arias Montanus presented in his master’s name to Alva, and may read that it was designed as an

eternal monument of Alva's piety, "from the best of monarchs to the best of ministers."*

While the latter portion of the Polyglot was yet in preparation, Philip dispatched instructions to his ambassador at Rome to solicit the "approbation and privilege" of the Pope. It was urged that the orthodoxy of the work was indisputable, that it was guaranteed by the censorship of Louvain and the imprimatur of the Sorbonne, that it was under the special patronage of the most Catholic king. To the dismay of all concerned in the work, Pius V. sternly refused. In vain did Zuniga, the Spanish envoy, endeavor to obtain even the concession to Plantin of copyright within the Papal States. The impossibility of compliance was shown by a long list of reasons. *First*, the grant of copyright would tacitly imply approbation, and the Apostolic See could not approve what it had not seen. *Second*, there had been some change in the Latin version of the New Testament, which the Pope had not sanctioned and which might be the work of Erasmus or some other novel interpreter. *Third*, the Pope did not know whether the Syriac text omitted the Apocalypse and the Second Epistle of St. Peter, whose authenticity was disputed by certain heretics. *Fourth*, it was necessary to examine whether some of the

treatises were not cabalistic. *Fifth*, it was impossible to adopt without examination the modifications introduced into the translation of Pagnino. *Sixth*, it was said that the Talmud and other condemned books were quoted. *Lastly*, scandal was occasioned, in that Arias had invoked the aid of Masius, a scholar who only bore a doubtful reputation. So formidable an array of difficulties, however, was dissolved a few months later by the death of Pius V. and the election of the more accommodating Gregory XIII. The approbation of the Pope was speedily followed by that of the Catholic theologians of Germany and Spain.

During the progress of the royal Polyglot through the press, Plantin received a mark of the King's favor which he would gladly have been spared. The famous edict of 1550 had failed adequately to restrain heretical and seditious opinions, and it was determined to subject all who were engaged in the art of printing to severer scrutiny. By the first clause of an ordinance dated May 19, 1570, the office of royal "prototypographus" was created, whose duty should be to carry out the minute and vexatious regulations which subsequent articles of the same edict prescribed. The foremost of these was to examine and approve all master and journeymen printers throughout the King's dominions in the Low Countries, and to furnish them with letters of "identity," according to their capacity; which letters were then to be presented to the sovereign or his lieutenant-general for confirmation, before they could practice their art. Application to the prototypographus was not to be made until each master-printer had

* The entire dedication runs as follows:—
"Ex Philippi II. Catholici mandato Illmo. Alva Duci Ferdinando, quod compositis in Belgia belli ac pacis reb. religione instaurata bonis artibus locum servavit. Benedict. Arias Montanus sacra causa legatum sanctum Bibliorum opus eadem tempestate felicissime excusum. In eternum pietatis monumentum optimi regis optimo ministro detulit."

obtained from his diocesan or from the inquisitor a first certificate of orthodoxy and good conduct, as well as a second one from the magistrate, testifying to his life and reputation. It was further enacted that he should swear true obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, and acceptance of all the doctrines taught by the Holy Roman Church, as defined and declared by sacred canons and general councils, especially the Holy Synod of Trent. The same conditions were required of a journeyman before he could be admitted to a workshop. Yet this fourfold scrutiny of bishop and magistrate, prototypographus and viceroy, did not exhaust the paternal care of the Government. The new official was to have power to inspect printing houses, to test the capacity of "correctors" and their acquaintance with the languages they professed to understand, to keep a register of all printers, with their names and those of their parents, the places of their business and their births, their mode of life, and "the quality of their persons." A supervision, no less microscopic, followed every issue from the press. The day and year of its commencement, and the date of its completion, were to be scrupulously recorded. As soon as the impression had been taken of a work, previously approved by the censors, a copy was to be furnished to the King's commissioners, that it might be carefully collated with the original manuscript. This ordeal surmounted, the work was to be submitted to the Governor-General or the Privy Council, who should decide on the advice of the prototypographus the reasonable price at which it should be sold, and which price was in every case to be speci-

fied on its first or last page. An extract from the Notarial Act, in Plantin's own hand-writing, authorizing one Jacques Roschart, of Douay, to exercise the *métier* of a printer, will cast additional light upon the execution of the ordinance:—

"He also has promised, and promises, to observe, point by point, the ordinances made, or hereafter to be made, by his Majesty on the subject of printing. Also, to print whatever he shall carry out, correctly, clearly, on serviceable paper with ample margins, and that he will not attempt to print anything in which he is not expert, under the penalty that what he has printed shall be priced only as waste paper, to be sold to the apothecaries and butternen; and, moreover, if he should learn that any one commits any abuse in the matter of printing, that he will warn him duly and in good faith to abandon it, in default whereof he will inform the magistrate, the prototypographus, or the visitors, as the case requires. — Correspondence."

It was in vain that Plantin endeavored to decline the royal nomination to so invidious a position. He pleaded his imperfect knowledge of Flemish, and the overwhelming pressure of work occasioned by the Polyglot. He was more anxious, he said, for means to discharge his debts than to increase his dignities. He was peculiarly sensitive to ill-will, and had a superstitious dread of envy. Caution and conscience combined to make him deprecate any titular distinction. In reply to the congratulations and compliments of friends, he always expresses a wish to be regarded and addressed as a simple merchant and citizen; but he was constrained to accept the "honors, rights, pre-eminences, franchises and liberties" assigned to his office. These high-sounding advantages

resolved themselves into exemption from having soldiers billeted upon him, and a grant of land for an enlarged factory which he was never able to erect—a most inadequate return for a serious increase of labor and anxiety. After the troubles of the year 1576, the office became practically obsolete; but for three centuries the great Antwerp firm still employed as its address, "*Ex Architypographia Plantiniana.*"

One of Plantin's earliest duties in his new office was the printing of *Indices Prohibitory and Expurgatory*, which had been compiled by Arias Montanus, and were published by command of Alva. The annals of literature hardly contain a stranger chapter than that which narrates the history and vicissitudes of these singular catalogues, by which faithful members of the Roman obedience were to be guarded from contact with immoral and heretical authors. Ardent champions of Roman orthodoxy, saints vested in all the honors of canonization, infallible occupants of St. Peter's chair, even select inquisitors and compilers of indices, figure in the fatal lists side by side with heresiarchs ancient and modern, with doubtful philosophers and obscene poets. One of the earliest indices was the production of Della Casa, Archbishop of Benevento, whose own infamous poems were deservedly inserted in later editions of his own Index by express command of the same Pope, Paul IV., who had committed the censorship to Della Casa's hands. The commentaries of Arias Montanus himself did not escape proscription at a later date. It is not strange, therefore, to find some of Plantin's own publications included in the *Index*

Prohibitorius which he sent forth in 1570—notably the Psalms of Clement Marot, the stirring battle songs of the Huguenots.

The royal decree prefixed to the *Index Expurgatorius*, and dated July 31, 1571, expresses a solicitude for the purses of his subjects, which contrasts curiously with the indifference of Philip to their lives. It was a novel feature of the *Index* that by Alva's decree, printed on the back of the title-page, no one but Plantin was permitted to print it, and that neither he nor any one else should sell or even possess a copy without episcopal permission: so that an author's writings might be mutilated or even altered so as utterly to misrepresent his meaning, without his being aware of the treatment to which his work was subjected. The bishops were to obtain the assistance of the booksellers to carry out the enjoined expurgation.

Here was a fresh burden laid upon the consciences and fears of booksellers, who without communicating the contents of the *Index* to any one, were to occupy themselves in discovering, expunging, and restoring, the places marked for these purposes. The volumes surrendered for such manipulation must have presented a sorry appearance when objectionable passages had been excised by the shears or blotted out by the stamp, which was forbidden to spare even a passing complimentary epithet when applied to a heretic. How minute and circumstantial was the censorship of the *Index* may be gathered from the fact, that twenty-three pages are occupied with the writings of Erasmus alone. We have not space for further details. So carefully was the secret of

this *Index* kept, that its existence was only accidentally revealed after it had been for fifteen years totally unknown. The three *Indices* published by Plantin are of extreme rarity, but they are all to be found on the shelves of the British Museum.

The publication of the Royal Polyglot placed Plantin in the foremost rank of printers; but besides the high honor of such an achievement, it only brought enormous labor and considerable pecuniary loss. Before its completion, however, he was contemplating a new enterprise, which was destined to secure a princely fortune to his successors, and to be the means of preserving his establishment and its treasures to our own day.—*The Quarterly Review*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE BLIND OF CHINA.

Those who have attempted to master the excruciating difficulties of any of the numerous dialects of Chinese, or the terrible array of intricate written characters which the weary eye must transfer to memory ere it is possible to read the simplest book, can alone fully appreciate the boon which has been conferred on the legion of the blind in China by means of the patient ingenuity of a Scotch working man. Since in favored England, where the ravages of small-pox and ophthalmia are so effectually kept in check, there are nearly forty thousand blind persons, we can form some idea of their number in China, England being just about the size of the smallest of

the eighteen provinces of that vast Empire. Whereas in our own land even to see one blind beggar is exceptional, in China there is not a city where they do not abound, frequently going about in companies of a dozen or more, and assembling at a certain spots in clamorous crowds, hungry and almost naked—truly of all men most miserable—the more so as many are also afflicted with leprosy.

The benefactor who has in such a wonderful sense opened the eyes of the blind is Mr. W. H. Murray, whose calling to mission work must be traced to an accident in a saw-mill, whereby he lost an arm, and so was disabled from following his original profession. This apparent calamity has resulted in a discovery which, if properly developed, may prove an incalculable boon to millions yet unborn in the Celestial Empire. As soon as he was able to resume work Mr. Murray obtained employment as a rural letter-carrier in the neighborhood of Glasgow, but was subsequently employed by the National Bible Society of Scotland as a colporteur, and at this time his remarkable faculty for languages attracted the notice of some of the directors. It was accordingly arranged that he should attend classes at the College, though his studies were not allowed to interfere with his regular work. All day long, therefore, he traveled with his Bible wagon, rising daily at 3 A.M. all through the chill winter mornings in order to prepare for his classes at 8 and 9 A.M., and then began at a new day's work of bookselling. During this period, apparently so fully occupied, he found time for an additional study, his interest

having been aroused by seeing so many blind persons come to purchase books printed on Moon's system. Having mastered this, he took lessons in Professor Bell's system of visible speech, and also in Braille's system of reading and writing for the blind by means of embossed dots.

Ere long he was sent as agent for the National Bible Society of Scotland to Pekin, where his work as a colporteur was at first very discouraging, but has of late years proved remarkably successful, and has included several highly encouraging Bible-selling expeditions into Mongolia. In the course of his sixteen years' work he has sold upward of 100,000 copies and portions of the Holy Scriptures in the Chinese and Tartar languages, so that were this the sole result of his accident it would be no trifling gain to his fellow-men.

But, furthermore, on arriving in China he found that the aforesaid system of visible speech (which he had acquired simply as an interesting curiosity) actually facilitated his own study of the very difficult language, so he noted down the value of every sound he mastered, and thus ascertained that these are really limited to about 420—a very goodly number as compared with our own 24, but a mere trifle as compared with the 4,000 distinct and crabbed characters which every Chinaman must acquire before he can read such a book as the Bible in ordinary print. Even a child must master 1,200 characters before he can read the Chinese equivalent of Jack the Giant killer.

The continual sight of the innumerable Chinese beggars, whom

Mr. Murray met at every turn, awakened an unspeakable longing to devise some means of alleviating their hard lot, and it was evident that, in a country where literature is held in such high honor, the power of reading would be simply an incalculable boon. He therefore set himself to reduce the 420 sounds to a system of equivalent dots, and after eight years of persistent puzzling, his patient ingenuity was at length rewarded by finding that he was thus able accurately to represent the perplexing sounds of the language and to replace the bewildering multitude of Chinese characters.

Having thus overcome these apparently insuperable difficulties, his next care was to test the system, and prove whether even the most sensitive fingers could learn to discriminate four hundred separate arrangements of dots. Selecting a poor little orphan blind beggar, who was lying almost naked in the streets, and who, notwithstanding his loneliness and poverty, always seemed cheerful and content, Mr. Murray took him in hand, washed and clothed him, and undertook to feed and lodge him, provided he would apply himself in earnest to mastering this new learning. Naturally the boy was delighted, and we can imagine his ecstasy, and the thankful gladness of his teacher, when, *within six weeks*, he was able not only to read fluently, but to write with remarkable accuracy!

To complete the experiment, two blind men were next induced to learn, the boy acting as teacher. One was able to read well within two months; the other more slowly, but also with great pleasure. It was at this stage that I made their

acquaintance, and it struck me as intensely pathetic, as we stood at the door of a dark room—for it was night—to hear what I knew to be words of Holy Scripture read by men who, less than four months previously, sat begging in the streets, in misery and rags, on the verge of starvation.

No wonder that to their countrymen it should appear little short of miraculous that blind beggars should be thus cared for by foreigners, and endowed with apparently supernatural powers; consequently, when one was sent out to read in the street in company with a native colporteur, crowds gathered round to see, hear, and to buy the book. From the singular reverence of the Chinese for all written characters and for those who can read them, it is evident that a blind reader there occupies a very different position from that of the men whom we are accustomed to see in our own streets. Furthermore, in no other country have so many converts attributed the conviction which has induced them to face all the persecution that almost invariably follows the renunciation of idolatry, solely to their solitary study of some copy of the Scriptures which has casually fallen into their hands. Hence it is obvious that, as assistant colporteurs, blind Scripture-readers may prove most valuable agents in spreading the knowledge of Christian truth.

I may add that the same system has been applied to musical symbols, and several boys who were found to have a remarkable talent for music have now been instructed in its science, and have learned to write music from dictation with extraordinary facility. When the sheet is taken

out of the frame each reads off his part, and rarely makes any mistakes. One of these boys now plays the harmonium at the Sunday services in Chinese, the others forming an efficient choir.

Of course tidings of the wonderful gift thus conferred on a chosen few have brought others who, being able to maintain themselves, have come as self-supporting pupils. Thus one blind man arrived who had traveled 300 miles to put himself under Mr. Murray's tuition. Another came who was found to be endowed with talents which seemed so specially to fit him for the ministry that he has been transferred to an institution at Tien-Tsin, where candidates are prepared for Holy Orders.

Among the recent pupils has been a handsome young married woman, about eighteen years of age, who lost her sight shortly before her marriage. Her betrothed, however, proved faithful, and brought her under Mr. Murray's care, and in a few months she had mastered the mysteries of reading, writing, and music. Both bride and bridegroom are Christians. Another very satisfactory pupil is a young man who lost his sight when he was about twenty. He rapidly acquired the blind system of reading and writing, and then set to work to stereotype an embossed Gospel of St. Matthew in classical mandarin Chinese, which is the *lingua franca* understood by all educated men throughout the Empire.

Of course, in a country where the dialects spoken between Canton and Peking are so different as to necessitate the publication of at least eight different translations of the Bible for persons with the use of their

eyes, it is evident that all these must be reduced to the dot system ere the blind beggars of the Central and Southern Provinces can share the privileges already open to those of North China; so that eventually separate schools for the blind must be established in Southern cities.

Hitherto the work has been crippled in its cradle for want of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the continual self-denial of the working man to whom it owes its existence. Being bound to devote all his hours of recognized work to book selling, he has evolved every detail of the system and taught his pupils in hours stolen from sleep. Moreover, he has all along taxed his slender salary to the very uttermost in order to provide board, lodging, and raiment for these blind students. (For even a frugal Chinaman cannot be respectably clothed and fed for less than £10 a year). For sixteen years this patient toiler has thus worked on almost unknown, but it is now high time that he should be enabled to give up ceaselessly traveling with his book-cart, in order that he may have leisure to prepare the Holy Scriptures and other books for the use of successive generations of this vast multitude of darkened lives, variously estimated at from 500,000 to 800,000, for whom so little has hitherto been done either by their own countrymen or by foreigners.

But the Bible Society for which Mr. Murray works is at present unable to undertake any fresh expense in addition to the salary of its Bible-selling agent at Pekin. It therefore rests with the public to make it possible for Mr. Murray to devote his

remaining days to transmitting to others the knowledge which has been so specially revealed to him, and which he alone is competent to develop. It is hoped that Mr. Murray may be able to train many Teachers, gifted with sight, either Europeans or first-class Chinese converts, who may be employed by the various Missions in all parts of the Empire. One such sighted Head-Teacher in each district could there found a Blind School, and train Chinese Scripture-readers and others, and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended till it overspreads the whole vast Empire like a network. It is hoped that among those who offer themselves for this work some may be found who are endowed with that peculiar faculty which may enable them to apply the system to the principal dialects of the eighteen great Provinces of China.

Surely such a story as this may well incite many to prove their interest by some act of self-denial, which may enable them to help so earnest a worker. For we all know how very apt we are to limit our giving-power to such a sum as we can spare without involving much self-denial! Would that some who read these lines would consider for a moment what life would be to themselves were they deprived of gifts so precious as *Sight* and *Light*, and would each resolve to present for this branch of God's work such a sum as he shall really miss—not taken from the total of his accustomed offerings, but as a special thank-offering for these precious gifts—a portion of that money-talent which we know we only hold in trust, as we so often need to remind ourselves when we say, "Both riches and hon-

or come of Thee, and of Thine own do we give Thee!" All such donations for the Chinese Blind Mission will be gladly received by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, Glen-Earn House, Crieff, Scotland.—Miss C. F. GORDON CUMMING, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

JAPANESE MYTHICAL CREATURES.

Mr. William Anderson, for some time medical officer to the British Legation in Tokio, Japan, has given us a most suggestive work on the *Pictorial Arts of Japan*. Among the matters treated of are: Mythical Animals, without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but gifted with supernatural attributes; such as the tiger, which lives to a thousand years, but whose hair becomes white. Then there is the fox, who at fifty can transform himself into a beautiful woman. At a hundred he gains some new powers, among which is that of becoming a mighty wizard, strong in all the powers of magic. But when he has reached the age of a thousand years, he becomes a celestial fox, of a golden color and having nine tails; who can go to heaven whenever he feels like it. Then there are animals distinguished mainly by their size or by the multiplication of their members. There are serpents eight hundred feet long, who can swallow an elephant; foxes with nine tails; monkeys with four ears; fishes with ten heads and one body, whose flesh is a specific against boils; wonderful cranes which after they have reached the age of six hundred years have

need of no sustenance except water, and live nobody knows how many centuries longer.

Then there are composite beings each having the parts of several distinct animals. Among these is a dragon, which has "the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a demon, the ears of an ox, the body of a serpent, the scales of a carp, and the claws of an eagle." The *killin* or *kirin* is "the noblest form of the animal creation," and is the emblem of perfect good; it has the body of a deer, the tail of an ox, and a single horn. Those Occidentals who have ever happened to get sight of a live unicorn will be able to know how a *killin* looks.

There is an immense number of anthropological myths, which Mr. Anderson divides into three main groups:—

1. Persons born of woman with or without divine agency, who develop magical powers, work miracles, and attain a fabulous longevity.
2. Those distinguished by physical peculiarities of a fabulous nature. Among these are giants; dwarfs; perforated men, who are conveyed about by coolies by means of poles put through holes which conveniently exist in their bodies for this purpose; stomachless men, who, according to popular belief, "dare not laugh for they have no sides to hold;" men with enormously long legs, and those with similarly long arms; men with tails, who carefully dig holes where they sit in order to provide a receptacle for the appendage; and many other extraordinary beings, all of which are truthfully described, from Chinese works of authority and repute, in the great Japanese encyclopædia *Wa-Kan-San, Sai den*.

yé. 3. Transitional beings, who combine with human elements parts naturally appertaining to the lower animals: such are feathered men; those with human faces, but the wings and beak of a bird; mermen, who have human heads and arms attached to the body of a fish, and learn the secrets of the deep from the murmuring hollow of the Conchifer. To this section also belongs the vampire bride, who lures men to her deadly embraces till she has drained away their life-blood.

All or most of these strange creatures seem to be common to Japan and China. But the Japanese have some which are exclusively their own. Among these are giant centipedes, monster devil-fishes; earth-spiders, probably representing the troglodytes of old Japan; the raccoon-faced dog, which possesses in a minor degree the evil powers and tendencies of the fox; the wolf-like animal which produces thunder; the "whirling neck," or being which has the power of so elongating the neck that the head appears in places remote from the body; the man-devouring *kappa*, which frequents rivers and ponds, and politely challenges wayfarers to single combat; and many other equally strange creatures.—*Nature*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

ON HAND.—We congratulate the Boston magazine, *Education*, upon the success of its "Educational Bureau;" and we copy a few paragraphs from its last "Bulletin Board:"—

"In the same office with this magazine is the Eastern Educational Bureau. This Bureau has in its membership not only competent primary school-teachers, but experienced teachers for all grades of schools.

This Bureau can furnish Colleges with Professors of acknowledged ability; Cities and Towns with Superintendents of experience and skill; Academies and Seminaries with Principals and special Teachers. We have, in particular, one excellent Superintendent for some first class city.

There are also members of the Bureau who are expert Musical Teachers: fine native German, French, Italian, and Spanish teachers; teachers of Drawing and Painting, Kindergartens, etc.

Should you wish a teacher to take the place of one to be married, or one who goes to another school, or leaves you for any reason, you will be likely to find here just the teacher you need.

We have on our list a capital man for President of a New England College, or a first-class Western College or University; several Professors for chairs of Natural Sciences, Classics, Modern Languages, or English Literature and Rhetoric.

We have now ready a foot rule expressly for *primary school work*, made of stiff card-board, etc.

Education Facts on Civics, No. I., is a capital presentation of the necessity and origin of government 'by the people and for the people.' Send for a copy.

Education Tracts on Civics, No. II., is the best paper on how to teach civics in the schools, primary, grammar, and high, which has yet appeared. Send for it.

The lead pencil is an instrument to illustrate the power of the pen. This is especially true nowadays, for the lead pencil has taken the place of the pen to an extent alarming to the pen manufacturers. This is due to the greatly increased excellence of the lead pencil; and this degree of excellence is largely due to the ———.

Charles Reade says, 'I advise all parents to have their boys and girls taught shorthand-writing and type-writing. A shorthand writer who can type-write his notes would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar.' A boy or girl skilled in the correct use of the ——— type-writer, possesses at once the means of earning a handsome income. Send for illustrated pamphlet, with full particulars." And so on. In another part of *Education* we find the following profound thought, which could hardly be more lucidly expressed: "There is absolutely no use trying to float a boat upstream in a strong current."

COMPETITION IN WHEAT-GROWING.

Growing wheat at a loss is an operation that cannot be persisted in for a long period on an extensive scale; and it is not surprising that, after three years of unremunerative prices, many British farmers are disposed to regard their struggle with foreign and colonial competitors as almost hopeless. That few farmers in the United Kingdom have been able to grow wheat without loss during the last three years, is generally admitted. Indeed, when the high rents and other expenses of years further back are considered, it is not too much to say, that wheat-growing has failed to yield a living profit in this country for the ten years ending with 1886. Since 1876 the area of the wheat crop of the United Kingdom has decreased by 767,448 acres, or by nearly 25 per cent.; and this was not because other corn crops paid well, for the net decrease in the area under all kinds of corn during the period has been 1,196,059 acres, which quantity has been absorbed in the increase of permanent pasture, cultivated grasses, and clover. But rents have gone down greatly since 1876, and farmers have learned how to cut down expenses in many ways, so that if they expected prices to range as they were from 1876 to 1882 inclusive, that is from an annual average price of 44s. 4d. to 56s. 9d. per quarter, wheat would probably be grown now as extensively as it was cultivated ten years ago. Of course, if the average price of wheat were never to be below 40s., it would sometimes be higher, and, supposing it to range from 40s. to 45s., as a general rule, there is reason to be-

lieve that our farmers might easily be placed in a position to grow with profit a much larger acreage than they have produced during the last few years.

In proceeding to consider what grounds there are for expecting that, under fair conditions, wheat in the future may be profitably produced in this country, the cost of growing the crop is, of course, the first point to be dealt with. Now, the circumstances of farming, under the general heads of expenses and returns, vary so greatly, even in our own country, that it is impossible to state with precision what is the minimum or the average cost of producing an acre of wheat. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that very few farmers know what it separately costs them to grow wheat. Again, it is difficult to apportion the miscellaneous expenses of a farm, which cannot be charged to any particular crop or even field. Yet, if certain rules of valuation were uniformly followed, estimates close enough for their purpose might be made. An effort to obtain such estimates from growers of wheat in all the principal producing districts of England was made by the *Mark Lane Express* in 1885.

For all England the average expense of producing the wheat crop came out at 8l. 0s. 7d. an acre, and the average returns at 8l. 2s. 7d., wheat being uniformly valued at 36s. a quarter. There was thus an average profit of 2s. an acre; but no interest on capital was charged, and comparatively few returns showed any profit, except when straw was sold. It is also to be observed that, out of 200 returns, only a dozen put the rent at less than 1l. an acre,

although thirty-seven out of the forty English counties were represented. Several charged for rent over 2*l.* an acre, and some much higher amounts. If similar returns were collected now, rents would undoubtedly come out lower, and if wheat-growing is to pay in England, the average rent should be below, rather than above, 1*l.* per acre. Tithe rent-charge varied from a few pence to 10*s.* an acre, the average being a little over 4*s.* Rates and taxes ranged in amount from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 11*s.* in extreme instances. The cost of manuring was most commonly put at 2*l.* to 3*l.* an acre. Now, the higher of these amounts is not enough to charge for farmyard-manure, if the selling value of the straw used in making it be charged; but then a large proportion of the correspondents could not sell straw, their agreements forbidding the sale, and in their case it was proper to charge only consuming value.

In his evidence given before the Royal Commission on Depression of Trade and Agriculture, Sir James Caird expressed the opinion that "good wheat land, when the rent is re-arranged, will continue to be cultivated even at 36*s.* a quarter" as the price of wheat. "The straw," he added, "is of considerable value in many parts of the country," and the possibility of selling it at a good price evidently entered into his calculations. Now 36*s.* a quarter was the price taken for the valuation of the grain in the returns above referred to, although it was above the average market price which was then or has been since generally current; and it has already been stated that several correspondents showed a satisfactory profit through the sale of

straw. But at 36*s.* only the best of the wheat lands would pay a living profit, and the wheat area will certainly continue to decrease in this country unless we have a higher quotation for the grain. Even with reduced rents it is doubtful whether wheat can be grown in this country at much if any less than 8*l.* an acre, including interest on capital and other charges apt to be lost sight of in drawing up a balance-sheet.

The "ordinary average" yield of the wheat crop in England is nearly 29 bushels an acre, which, at 36*s.* a quarter (4*s.* 6*d.* a bushel), would return 6*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* If we allow 2*l.* an acre for straw, the total amounts to 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, leaving a profit of only 10*s.* 6*d.* if the expenses are 8*l.* That is certainly not a "living profit." Bearing in mind the fact, that crops fed on the land or in the yards, as a rule, do not yield any profit beyond the manure left by the animals which have consumed them, it is not extravagant to name 2*l.* an acre as a minimum satisfactory margin for interest and profit on the wheat crop, at any rate when straw as well as grain is sold off the land. To obtain that, the price of the grain must be 45*s.* a quarter. But the existing area of wheat, and perhaps a small extension, would be grown at half this satisfactory profit, which could be obtained, according to the estimates, with wheat at 40*s.*

No doubt many readers will be disposed to regard this statement as a verdict of extinction for wheat-growing in England. But it is the object of this article to show that the foreign wheat supply is not likely to be kept up at a lower range of prices than 40*s.* to 45*s.* a quarter, which, as we have said, will possibly

be a remunerative rate for home-grown wheat. Recently, during the period of our vanishing wheat acreage, imports of wheat have increased so enormously, in spite of falling prices during a portion of the period, that people are apt to think that we can obtain all we require at almost any abatement of price. This glut of the market is, however, only temporary and accidental. The wheat acreage of the world had been increasing enormously for several years up to 1880, and, less uniformly, up to 1883. In the ten years ending with 1880, the wheat area of the United States rose from a little under nineteen millions to nearly thirty-eight million acres; a gain of nineteen million acres in one country alone. In Australia, in the ten years ending with 1884, there was an increase of over two million acres of wheat. The wheat area of all India, including the Native States, was over twenty-seven million acres last harvest, an increase of probably one-fourth of that large acreage since 1874, when India first began to export wheat on an extensive scale. Egypt helped to glut the wheat markets of Europe for several years after 1871; but during the last two years the Egyptian supply has been a mere trifle. Chili, again, made a great advance as a wheat-exporting country in 1872, but has made no further progress. The increased supplies from the countries named have been far more than sufficient to supply the needs of the increased population of Europe. But will these supplies keep up at anything like current prices? Our argument is that they will not, and that they have already begun to fall off.

Our principal sources of wheat

and flour supply may be ranked in accordance with the quantities which we received from them respectively in the years 1885 and 1886, including every country which sent us in either year as much as a million hundred-weights. Flour imports, in the following list, are converted into wheat equivalents and added to wheat imports, and the total is computed in quarters of eight bushels.

WHEAT AND FLOUR IMPORTS.

SOURCE.	1885.	1886.
	qrs.	qrs.
United States.....	8,985,830	8,901,396
India.....	2,809,075	2,545,067
Russia.....	2,788,344	866,177
Australasia.....	1,256,213	170,469
Germany.....	865,301	539,763
Austrian Territories.....	544,261	802,967
Canada, etc.....	483,548	985,567
Chili.....	374,506	392,700
Total from principal sources..	18,107,270	14,884,106
All other Countries.....	661,941	369,258
Grand Total.....	18,769,211	15,193,464

Let us consider, then, the prospects of wheat-growing in each of these exporting countries. Does wheat-growing pay in the United States at current prices, or has it paid at the prices of the last three years? Mr. J. R. Dodge, the Statistician of the American Department of Agriculture, in his Annual Report of 1885, writes:—

“The value of an acre of wheat averaged only 8.38 dollars on an average yield of 13 bushels last year (1884), the lowest return of which there is any record, and a figure lower than the accredited estimate of the cost of production. It may confidently be assumed, therefore, that there is no profit in wheat-production at present prices. But there is a class of farmers who made a profit on wheat in 1884. Those who secured 25 bushels per acre, or 20, obtained a small profit, provided the cost of fertilizers was not too large an element of it.”

Now, this is said of the greatest

total crop of wheat ever produced in the United States, and of a yield per acre in excess of the average, which was only 12.3 bushels per acre for the twenty-four years ending with 1885. And if wheat-growing did not pay generally in 1884, when the average yield was 13 bushels, and the "farm value" 8.38 dollars an acre, according to the Department of Agriculture, much less could it have paid in 1885, when the yield was only 10.4 bushels, and the value 8.02 dollars; and there was no appreciable improvement in 1886, when the yield was estimated officially at 12½ bushels, and the value at 8.49 dollars per acre. As to the comparatively few farmers who grow 20 to 25 bushels per acre of wheat, getting a small profit, if they have not spent much in fertilizers, that does not amount to much, as there were farmers in England who made a profit, even in 1886. In considering the question whether wheat production is likely to be kept up in a country or not, at a given price or range of prices, exceptional instances like those referred to do not weigh at all in the argument. In the year referred to by Mr. Dodge, only Colorado yielded as much on an average as 20 bushels of wheat to the acre, and then only 117,420 acres were produced. One State gave only 5 bushels to the acre, five less than 7 bushels, and eight States in all, under 9 bushels. The loss on the wheat crop in those States—all in the South—must have been very heavy. In an exceptionally prolific year, taking those only which grew over a million acres, California, with over three million acres of wheat, gave an average of 13.2 bushels; Illinois, which ranks next in respect of

wheat acreage, 11.6 bushels; Minnesota, 15; Indiana, 12.5; Ohio, 15.3; Iowa, 12.0; Missouri, 11.8; Kansas, 16.5; Nebraska, 14.5; Michigan, 16.5; Dakota, 14.5; Pennsylvania, 13.6; Wisconsin, 14; Tennessee, 7; Kentucky, 10.6. These States contained considerably more than three-fourths of the wheat acreage of the country, or over 32 million acres out of the unusually large acreage of nearly 39½ millions. According to Mr. Dodge, wheat-growing did not pay in any one of these, but only in Colorado, where probably the cost of irrigation ate up all the supposed profit.

It appears to be the opinion of certain writers that American farmers plant wheat without any consideration of price. A glance at the official statistics will suffice to prove that this idea is absurd. These statistics show that in 1880 the acreage of wheat was 38,000,000. Since then the acreage has decreased, except in 1884, when nearly every acre sown was reaped, owing to the favorable character of the winter. In 1885 the area sown was over 38,000,000 acres; but about 4,000,000 acres had to be plowed up, chiefly on account of "winter-killing." For 1886 the area harvested was 37,000,000 acres, very little having been plowed up. The average price per bushel, stated in cents, was as follows: 1880, 95; 1881, 1.19; 1882, 88; 1883, 91; 1884, 65; 1885, 77; 1886, 69.

The wheat acreage of the United States, then, has been reduced since 1880, in spite of the increase in the newly settled land of the Northwestern States. It may be said that wheat is the only crop to be grown on land broken up from the prairie,

and it is quite clear that, but for the new land, the wheat acreage would have shown a great decrease since 1880. Indeed, the winter wheat area sown fell from 27,450,000 acres in 1881, to 25,265,297 acres in 1886; while spring wheat, grown chiefly in the North-western States, where the new land has been cultivated, increased from 10,259,000 acres to 12,037,000 acres. But for the newly settled land, then, the wheat acreage would have decreased by at least 2,000,000 acres, and in all probability by a much larger area, as the quantity named is much less than that of the land broken since 1881.

It is not surprising that an average gross return of about 33s. an acre, obtained in 1884 and 1885, did not prove satisfactory to the American wheat-grower. Out of that return there is the expense of carting the wheat, often for a great distance, to a railway or the nearest elevator. The straw is burned in most parts of America, and where it is not, the expense of growing wheat is increased by the labor of manuring the land. The most common size of a farm in America is 80 or 160 acres, and of course not nearly all the land is cropped with wheat in the same year, some of it usually lying fallow. It is a startling fact, that the gross returns of a farmer, getting the average yield from 50 acres of wheat during the last three years, have been less than the earnings of a farm-laborer in many States.

During the decade 1870-'80, the population of the United States increased from 38,558,371 to 50,155,783. At the same rate of increase, the number in 1890 will be nearly 65½ millions. During the five years ending with 1884, the average

annual consumption was nearly 324,000,000 bushels, and the average export 140,000,000 bushels. If the production in the five years ending with 1894 does not become greater, all but 43,000,000 bushels per annum, or less than 5½ million quarters, will be required for home consumption, and the surplus will not suffice for the increased population of the next five years. Before the end of the present century, then, the present production of wheat in the United States will be insufficient for home requirements, and the people of Europe will have to look elsewhere for that main portion of their foreign supply which now comes to them across the Atlantic. A continuance of recent prices for a few more years would not only prevent that surplus from keeping up to its recent average, but would prevent its production altogether. As already intimated, however, such a result is not to be apprehended, as the increasing demand of the world for wheat must send prices up to a remunerative standard, and then American production will once more advance steadily.

Taking the average value of the English wheat crop, at recent prices, to have been 8s. an acre, and that of the American crop to be 33s., is there any reason why American competition should drive our wheat-growers from their accustomed industry? We think not, and we maintain that English farmers can continue to grow wheat at 8s. an acre longer than American farmers can keep on growing it at 33s. If the game of "beggar my neighbor" is to go on, the American will be the first to throw up his hand. It is absurd to suppose that there is

necessarily a difference of 6*l.* 7*s.* an acre in the cost of wheat-growing in the two countries. Our climate and soil are better for wheat than those of America, and the crop here is much less liable to serious damage or partial destruction. If we used no manure for wheat, we should, by keeping to our rotation of crops, grow about double the American average yield. At present English farmers are handicapped by high rents, tithes, rates, and railway rates; but all these can be reduced, and wages are only about half as high here as on the other side of the Atlantic, while almost everything that the farmer has to buy is a great deal cheaper in this country, in consequence of the Protectionist tariff of the United States.

Evidence as to the embarrassed condition of American farmers is to be found in great abundance in American papers. It is well known that in the North-west, and in other parts of America, the system of landlord and tenant has lately been very much extended, owing to mortgagees being unable to pay their interest, and giving up their farms to the mortgagees, afterward becoming tenants. Deserted farms, again, have become more numerous than ever before, and bankruptcies among farmers in the wheat-growing States have been so common as to excite comment. On all sides American farmers have been advised to grow less wheat, and to devote their attention to mixed husbandry. There is abundant evidence tending to show that the wheat-grower in the United States has suffered at least as severely as the British wheat-grower from the extremely low prices of the last three years and that un-

der fair conditions, the wheat-grower in this country may fairly hold his own against American competition.

It is generally admitted that to the large increase in the supply of wheat from India, during recent years, the extremely low prices that have prevailed are mainly attributable. It is true that, owing to climatic conditions and occasional famines, India is an uncertain source of supply. For instance, after having sent us about 1,400,000 qrs. in 1877, the quantity fell off to less than 240,000 qrs. in 1879, and was only a little over 700,000 qrs. in 1880, when we were in need of a larger foreign supply than ever before, on account of the extremely unproductive harvest of 1879 in this country. Since 1880, however, the supply has not been less than 1,600,000 qrs. for any year, and in 1885 it was about 2,800,000 qrs., a larger quantity than had previously been sent to us from India. The area of land under wheat in India has greatly increased of late, though, owing to the defective character of agricultural statistics in the past, no one can tell with any approach to accuracy what the increase has been. The total area under wheat in India in 1885-'86 was not quite 27½ million acres, and the yield about 32 million quarters, or 9.3 bushels per acre. The "normal area," as it is termed, is about 23 million acres, and the normal or ordinary average yield is 10 bushels per acre. Since 1883 there is no reason to suppose that any large increase in the wheat area has taken place.

That wheat-growing does not pay in Russia at such prices as have prevailed during the last three years is certain. The Russian Agricultural

Department, in a recent Report, admits that the producer receives only one-third of the price paid in London, and that this, in many cases, is hardly sufficient to cover cost of production and transportation to the nearest railway station or river wharf. Other evidence goes further than this, and represents the condition of the agricultural classes of the Empire as miserable in the extreme. In the autumn of 1885, the Russian Government, to avert the ruin with which millions of the cultivators of the soil were threatened, deemed it necessary to offer loans of money on the security of the crops, at the not very charitable rate of interest of 6 per cent. Mr. J. Randich, a grain merchant of Odesa, writing in *Dornbusch's List* in July last, expresses the opinion that, although cereal production has not been checked in Russia, wheat-growing does not pay. Numerous complaints to that effect, he adds, have been made during the last two years, both in the assemblies of the zemstvos and in the small homesteads. It is, however, difficult to substitute any other crop for wheat, at any rate in Southern Russia, with its triennial rotation of crops; and the cultivators keep on producing the cereal at a loss, hoping for higher prices. The agriculture of Russia is wretched in the extreme, the large landowners alone employing machinery or using manures. The yield of the wheat crop appears to be below 8 bushels an acre, as a rule, and sometimes below 6 bushels. Any approach to exactness in Russian statistics is hopeless, no two accounts of crop areas or produce coinciding. In 1872, according to official figures, the wheat area of European Russia, exclusive of

Poland, was a little under 29,000,000 acres, and the yield not quite 158,000,000 bushels, or less than 6 bushels per acre. In 1870-'79, and in 1881, almost exactly the same acreage was returned, and in 1885 it was under 31,000,000 acres. During the whole period since 1870 the produce has varied as much as from 158,000,000 to 258,000,000 bushels. The latter quantity, returned for 1884, was quite unusual—in fact, the greatest crop ever grown in Russia; yet the yield was less than 9 bushels an acre. Mr. Henry Ling Roth, in his interesting *Sketch of the Agriculture and Peasantry of Eastern Russia*, gives 499 lbs., or 3lbs over 8 bushels of 62 lbs., as the average produce of wheat per acre during thirty-two years on black soil. This, he says, is above the mean yield for Russia as a whole, as the soil and management of the farm in question are much above average. For these reasons, as well as from the great variation in the produce of the wheat crop in Russia, we cannot rely with any certainty upon that country for our supply of breadstuffs. Agricultural depression in Russia is probably worse than anywhere else in the world, and there is no reason to suppose that the Russian cultivator can profitably lay down wheat in England at a lower price than that at which our own farmers can grow it.

There is no reason to fear increased competition from Austria-Hungary, or Germany. The extra-fine quality of Hungarian flour gives it a market as a luxury in this and other countries. This is partly due to the high quality of the wheat, but also in great measure to the superiority of the milling machinery.

Nearly all the bread-stuffs we import from Austria-Hungary come as flour, the quantity of wheat as grain being quite insignificant—only 22,000 qrs., in round figures, in 1885. Recently the millers of the United Kingdom have made a great advance in the perfecting of their machinery, and as they can get wheat of fine quality from various sources, they are now in a position to compete with the Hungarian millers. Our imports of wheat and flour from Germany have for a long time been decreasing, the total for the six years ending with 1885 having been only two-thirds of that for the previous six years. Besides, Germany is a wheat-importing country, her net imports of wheat and flour in 1884-'85 having been equal to nearly 3,000,000 quarters of wheat; while the net exports of Austria-Hungary for the same cereal year were only equal to 500,000 quarters of wheat. That the recent low prices have very seriously affected the wheat-growers of these countries there is abundant evidence to show; but it is sufficient to point out that both have recently raised their import duties on grain and flour. As population increases in these and other European countries, their ability to compete with British wheat-growers becomes less and less; and this remark applies to the Danubian Principalities and Turkey, from which we receive comparatively small quantities of wheat. Russia is the only great wheat-exporting country of Europe. Even with Russia, it must be borne in mind, Europe is not self-supporting in respect of wheat. A report recently issued by the American Department of Agriculture puts the average production of wheat in Europe at 1,144,000,000

bushels, and the consumption at 1,312,000,000 bushels, leaving a deficiency of 168,000,000 bushels. Since 1881 the wheat-area of Europe appears to have increased by about 3,000,000 acres, a quantity far from sufficient to supply the needs of the increased population.

The total wheat area of the Australasian Colonies was less by over half a million acres in 1885-'86 than in 1883-'84. For the later year, unfortunately, there were no official statistics for South Australia, and the estimate of the wheat acreage for that colony given by the *Adelaide Observer*, after collecting returns from farmers in all districts, is the best that is available for the year in question. The maximum wheat acreage was attained in 1883-'84 (harvest beginning in November and finishing early in January), in which year 3,698,817 acres were produced. There was a small reduction in 1884-'85, and a larger and more general one in the following year.

Victoria is the only Australian colony besides South Australia which, in an average of seasons, grows more wheat than is required for home consumption, unless Western Australia has an utterly insignificant surplus. New South Wales and Queensland never produce sufficient for home use, but import from South Australia and Victoria. The average yield of wheat in Victoria for the twelve years 1873-'84 was $12\frac{1}{2}$ bushels an acre; consequently, although the crop costs more per acre to produce than in South Australia, it is probably grown at a lower cost per bushel. No one pretends, however, that wheat-growing has paid in Victoria during the last two years.

New Zealand, with its fertile soil, and a twelve years' average of over 26½ bushels of wheat to the acre, or within about 1½ bushels of the "ordinary average" of the United Kingdom, might have been regarded as a formidable competitor to the British grower. Figures, however, show that the farmers of that colony were not disposed to send us wheat at recent prices. The acreage of the wheat crop fell off by more than one-half in two years after 1883-'84, and the inevitable conclusion is that the farmers of New Zealand cannot profitably send the grain to us when our average is under 40s.; for it was but little under that price when the New Zealand crop of 1884-'85 was sown, and yet there was a decrease in the acreage of more than one-fourth, as compared with that of the previous year. Australian and New Zealand wheats in good condition sell at prices above the English average; but, in spite of this advantage, due to fine climate, all evidence goes to show that the farmers of those colonies cannot profitably send us wheat when our average is less than 40s. a quarter; and it is doubtful whether they would again send and keep up the supplies they sent us a few years ago, even if our average could be fixed at that amount.

In spite of all that has been written in glorification of Canada as an agricultural country, it is safe to assert, that British wheat-growers have no reason to fear the competition of that colony. In 1874 we imported from the whole of British North America wheat and flour equal to 991,919 qrs. of wheat; by 1879 the quantity had risen to the highest point it has ever attained,

1,235,469 qrs.; and in 1885 the total was only 483,548 qrs. Last year the quantity was 935,567 qrs.; but as the production of wheat in Canada was smaller in 1885 and 1886 than in 1884, this apparent partial recovery must be due to an increase in exports of American wheat shipped from Canadian ports.

Twenty years ago, Chili and the Argentine Republic were each described as "the future granary of the world." From Chili in 1874 we received over two million hundredweights of wheat, and except in 1883, we have never received nearly as much from that country since. In 1886 the quantity was 1,701,695 cwts., or less than 400,000 qrs., not enough to feed the people of the United Kingdom for six out of the 365 days in a year. According to a recent Consular Report there has been very little advance in Chilean agriculture in recent years.. The farmer still plows with a pointed piece of wood, and his harrow is a bundle of bushes. The yield of wheat averages about 4 bushels to the acre, including a large proportion of dirt. In 1880 the wheat area was about 6,000,000 acres, and there appeared to be no increase in 1885. The Argentine Republic sent us 77,421 qrs. of wheat in 1885, a little over a day's consumption for the United Kingdom, and that is the largest quantity we have ever received from the country. Last year, wheat was so scarce in the Republic that it was 6s. 6d. per bushel of 56 lb., or 54s. per English quarter, and there were outcries for the removal of the duty of 40 per cent. levied on foreign wheat. The Buenos Ayres *Standard* admits that the River Plate Provinces cannot compete with

the United States in the production of wheat for export, and recommends the devotion of an increased proportion of the capital of the country to pastoral industry.

It has been too hastily assumed that, in the struggle for existence among wheat-growers, the British, the best farmers in the world, will not be among the fittest who will survive. The evidence adduced in the foregoing remarks appears to show this assumption to be unfounded. In all parts of the world, with the doubtful exception of India, wheat-growers have been partly or wholly ruined by the long period of low prices, and British growers have only suffered with the rest. If we are to have another year of such low prices as had prevailed for three years up to the end of 1886, the wheat area of the world will probably be contracted by many millions of acres, and bread once more may become temporarily dear. At the time of writing, however, there is reason to expect a sufficient rise in the price of wheat to encourage farmers everywhere to sow at least their usual acreage for another year.

A very great rise in price is neither to be expected nor desired, even in the interest of growers, as it would infallibly lead to over-production once more.—*Quarterly Review*.

CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN.

THE ANTWERP PRINTER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

One of the latest acts of the Council of Trent had been to commit to

the Pope all questions relating to the Breviary and the Missal. It was alleged that the former had been mutilated and altered and that certain bishops had introduced special breviaries into their dioceses. To remedy the confusion thus occasioned, all former "privileges," with few exceptions, were revoked. A commission was appointed to recast the Breviary upon the most antique and approved model, and rigid uniformity in its use was to be enforced throughout the entire Roman communion. The work of revision commenced under Paul IV., and was not concluded until the pontificate of Pius V., who with characteristic promptitude ordered that the new Breviary should be adopted in Rome within a month, and within six months, or as soon as copies could be obtained, in all regions beyond the Alps. The Papal brief further forbade the printing of the revised text without express authority. The copyright was granted to Paulus Manutius, the printer to the Papal Court. Two years later, a similar edict defined and ordained the publication of a new Missal, which was intrusted to Barthélémi Faletti.

It was obvious that the concession of exclusive copyright over any wide extent of country for books in such universal use would be likely to prove exceptionally profitable, and strenuous efforts were made by rival firms at Antwerp to secure so valuable a prize. Long negotiations followed, in which all the influence of Granvelle, now Viceroy at Naples, and in high favor both with Philip and the Court of Rome, was exerted on Plantin's behalf. It is amusing to read the indignation with which Plantin treats the efforts to supplant

him made by an *upstart* opponent, who had not only the audacity to advance pretensions to so important a task, but had secured powerful support in the Privy Council at Brussels. The Roman booksellers were fully aware of the value of their monopoly, and Faletti demanded such a price as would have absorbed the entire profits of several years. When, after endless discussion and a wearisome course of intrigue and disappointment, satisfactory terms were agreed on, the engagements so painfully concluded were only maintained for a short period, and were then abruptly terminated.

For a new competitor had descended into the book market. Philip II. had importuned the Pope to permit certain modifications in the Breviary and Missal destined for Spain, and through the consent of his Holiness to this request, the copyright of the liturgical books to be used in the Peninsula had become the property of the Catholic king. Arias Montanus earnestly advised Philip to turn the concession thus obtained to profit. The printers of Rome and Venice, he urged, had netted huge returns from the Papal monopoly; would it not be better to retain so lucrative a business in his own hands, and to keep within his own dominions the vast sums of money which would otherwise be sent abroad in payment for the new service books? If so much were conceded, who could be so suitable an agent to carry out the work on the King's account as Christopher Plantin? His ability had been abundantly proved. He possessed stores of type, and had provided engravings of a high order, and all the

other requisites for the adequate fulfillment of so important a task, so that the work could be done by him in royal fashion, and yet the profits would be greater by a third, at the least, than if the task were committed to any other hands. Forthwith Philip entered into the details of the business with his wonted minuteness. In one royal dispatch after another he inquired into the price per sheet of the various editions, and the quantities per month that can be supplied. It was eventually determined that the suggestion of Arias Montanus should be adopted, and that Villalba, another royal chaplain, should come to Antwerp and superintend the execution of the work.

It was in February, 1571, that the King reviewed the protracted instructions drawn up by Villalba for Plantin's guidance. It was a critical, almost a desperate, moment in the history of the Spanish dominion over the Low Countries. The iron rule of Alva and the Blood Council had confessedly failed to subdue the national spirit, and the statecraft of Philip was strained to the utmost; yet amid the absorbing intrigues, whose details embraced with plot and counterplot a thousand threads of policy in France, the Netherlands and Germany, in Italy and England, Philip found time to scrawl minute suggestions on the margin of Villalba's papers. No corrector for the press could have been more zealous in rectifying a clerical error, or be more concerned about the exact selection of a vignette or a colored initial letter. For "*Magnifica beata mater et innupta*"—as addressed to the Virgin—he proposed to read, "*Magnifica beata mater et*

intacta," and to the words of the versicle, "*Domine fac Regem*," he would add "*nostrum*"—especially as the phrase "*Oremus pro Papa nostro*" was used—"since it might not be clear what king, but could not be doubtful what Pope, was prayed for." Needless to say that the royal suggestions were adopted.

The first commission for the new Breviaries "of four sorts;" included an order for a hundred folio copies on vellum, and furnished with *cahiers* of the saints of Spain; fifty for the Order of St. Jerome, with the offices of the order; twelve for the Order of St. James, and the remainder for the Chapel Royal. It was found impossible to execute this splendid commission. It would have required 30,000 skins, costing at least 6,000 florins, and the Royal Polyglot had almost exhausted the available supply. As soon as the arrangements for the Breviaries and Missals were settled, Plantin turned his attention to other and yet more important liturgical works. Once more Gravelle came to his assistance, and magnificent editions of the *Psalter* and the *Antiphonaire*, furnished with authentic music, and issued with the utmost luxury of paper, type, illustration, and musical notation, were rapidly followed by similar impressions of the *Graduale Romanum*, the *Offices de la Vierge* and *Books of Hours*. Some of these were commenced on vellum; but the market was completely drained, and the concluding sheets had to be printed on paper. The splendor and finish of these service-books have never been surpassed.

From 1568 to 1575 extraordinary activity prevailed throughout Plantin's establishment. Contempo-

raneously with the Polyglot and liturgical books or in rapid succession to them, he sent forth elaborate and portly folios in every branch of literature. Of these we can only quote a few of the more important examples. The department of theology was represented by massive editions of the *Summa* and the *Aurea Catena* of Aquinas, by the *Commentaries* of Arias Montanus and Serranus, by the *Concordances* of Bullocus; in jurisprudence, the works of Gratian, the *Corpus Civile* of Charondas, the *Pandectæ Juris Civilis*, the *Institutiones* of Justinian; in science, the works of Dodoens, of De l'Ecluse and De Lobel; not to mention numerous issues of classical and miscellaneous authors. Some of these ventures were too gigantic to be undertaken exclusively at his own cost, or produced at presses already crowded with other work, and Plantin occasionally associated other printers with himself, or employed them to print on his account. Meanwhile projected editions of no less magnitude—such as the complete works of Augustine and Jerome—were in preparation. He soon gave further proof of his indefatigable industry by enrolling himself in the ranks of authors as compiler of a Flemish Dictionary, accompanied by a Latin and French rendering of each word it contained. The Dictionary was an epoch in the history of the Flemish language. It secured a definite precedence for the dialect of Antwerp among the still unsettled provincialisms of the country, and firmly established it as the recognized national tongue of the Netherlands.

Yet amid these absorbing activities clouds of misfortune were gathering around Plantin and Ant-

werp. The cruelties of Alva terrified and drove from the city in large numbers the merchants upon whom its prosperity was dependent, and the administration of Requesens failed to restore confidence or order. To the distractions of religious animosity were added the insecurity arising from the presence of bands of Spanish soldiery, whose pay was hopelessly in arrear, and whose pillage in the suburbs of Antwerp made all traffic impossible. On October 11, 1576, Plantin writes to Arias:—

"We hear of nothing but robberies, extortions, and murders of men, women, and children, and we are still only at the beginning of the war. Already all the roads are closed to commerce, and nothing comes into the city on the Flemish side. . . . Nearly all our soldiers have deserted their posts, under some pretext or other, and their places are taken by those who have been summoned to our succor against the Spaniards. Many persons are emigrating with their families and all their property. For myself, I no longer use a sheet of paper. I urge all those, with whom I have any influence, to remain. In fact, I trust that our good King and his ministers will not allow his loyal subjects to suffer troubles too heavy for them to bear. At present the people keep quiet, obey the magistrates, the government, the commandant of the troops, and the other authorities; and this makes me augur well for the future. The condition of our town has led me to abandon the idea of a public sale of my property, to free myself, at least in part, from debt and exorbitant interest; for no one will purchase anything. For the last two months I have only received enough to provide myself with wheat wherewith to make bread. Trust in God has never deserted me, I look to him for safety and the life of men, for deliverance from these ills and true peace."

The horrors of the "Spanish Fury" fell upon the devoted city, and Plantin could only congratulate himself that, with the other members of his family, he escaped per-

sonal violence and outrage. Nine times over during those three terrible days he ransomed his property, and he affirmed that it would have been more profitable to have abandoned his house to pillage and fire. In the depth of winter he had to set out for Liège, and thence to Paris, that he might obtain money to repay the 2,867 florins which Louis Perez had advanced. From Paris he went to the Lenten fair at Frankfurt. Here he was again unable to meet his liabilities without a fresh loan of 9,600 florins. It was his old partner, Charles de Bomberghe, who assisted him at this anxious crisis.

The varying fortunes of Antwerp during the next few years are faithfully reflected in Plantin's career. He became successively official printer to the States-General, to the Prince of Orange, to the Archduke Mathias of Austria, and to the Duke of Ajnau. With adroit versatility, which the Vicar of Bray might have envied, he contrived to make his services valuable to all parties in turn. His style and title varied with the quality of the reigning authority. In 1579 the Mayor and Aldermen of Antwerp granted him a pension of 300 florins, and toward the close of the year the Prince of Orange, accompanied by his wife, paid a visit to his printing-house. Such favors could hardly be secured without being committed to action, which would seriously compromise him in the eyes of Philip, should Parma, who was pressing closely the siege of Antwerp, eventually triumph. Plantin's conduct at this juncture hardly accords with his characteristic prudence. He renewed his intimate relations with Barrefelt. He published works in

defence of Protestantism, and in execration of Spanish cruelty. He might plead the necessity of his official position to extenuate his printing the official proclamations of a *de facto* government, even though it were in rebellion against the Spanish monarch, but it is astounding that he should have published pamphlets against Granvelle or in defence of heresy. He strove to disguise his personal connection with some of these publications by issuing them under the name of his son-in-law, Raphelengien. He endeavored to escape detection by imposing an oath upon his workmen, to which they were obliged to put their signatures, in further assurance that they would not divulge the secrets of his printing-house. The energy with which he asserted in the correspondence that he maintained all the while with Arias Montanus, Secretary Cayas, and others at the Court of Spain, that he was acting under compulsion, and that he was still and ever had been the most devoted and loyal of Catholics, could hardly have satisfied the partisans of Spain. The special pleading was too palpable. Plantin, doubtless, was no traitor to Philip or to the Catholic cause; he was simply a dexterous tactician, who made the best possible terms for himself in circumstances of special difficulty, and who felt that his conduct required elaborate exculpation. We wonder with what patience Cayas read the windy metaphor by which (in October, 1579) he veiled and defended his line of action: "The storms which have gathered in the mountains have so swelled the torrents that they carry all before them, and threaten not only to destroy the

pastures and corn-fields, but to leave them strewn with so deep a deposit of sterile sand as shall make them permanently desert. It is hopeless to arrest their course directly. What will the wise engineer do under such conditions?" and he prolongs the well-worn simile through sentence after sentence of weary verbiage.

The motive for so many protestations and apologies is to be found in Plantin's hope of assistance from Philip in his pecuniary embarrassments. After repeated and fruitless application through others, he drew up a long and formal recitation of his "griefs" against the Spanish King. He asserted that he had been induced by the King's agents to enlarge the type and paper of the Polyglot at a great increase of cost; that the royal grants, nominally supplied in payment for the parchment of the King's copies, had really been expended in books and manuscripts, purchased by Arias for the library of the Escorial; that the stipulated payments for the Spanish Missals and Breviaries had not been duly made, and that in partial liquidation of this contract a hundred copies of the Polyglot had been returned upon his hands at retail prices; that expenses incurred in the extension of his plans to supply the King's commands had been suddenly thrown upon him, and that definite instructions for a fresh series of publications, which were as suddenly countermanded, had involved him in ruinous losses. On these various items Plantin claimed over 23,000 florins, but he undertook to be content with whatever the King might be pleased to accord him. The state of his exchequer did not allow Philip

to meet such demands upon his purse, and years afterward Plantin's successors erased the royal debt as a hopelessly bad one from their ledger.

Yet never did the man's nobler qualities shine out more conspicuously than at this period. He faced his difficulties with a stout heart. At a heavy sacrifice he sold his business in Paris to satisfy some of his creditors; he worked with untiring energy to reduce the claims of others. He commenced and carried out enterprises before which, at such a season, the boldest might have quailed. The year after the Spanish Fury he published a magnificent edition of the works of St. Augustine, in ten volumes folio, revised by the doctors of Louvain. This edition held for a full century the foremost rank, and was only surpassed by that of the Benedictines. Two years later, Jerome's works followed. His exertions were continued with unflagging energy until Parma besieged Antwerp, when he retired to Leyden. On his return in 1585 he found the stately city but a shadow of its former splendor. Amid the declining and fitful prosperity of its commerce Plantin passed the last four years of his life, sending forth, as opportunity offered, colossal publications. His last great work was the commencement of the *Ecclesiastical Annals* of Baronius, of which the first volume was not issued until after his death, July 1, 1589.

The picture afforded by Plantin's life and correspondence would be altogether imperfect without some glimpses of commercial and domestic life in the sixteenth century, which his papers reveal to us.

The portfolios of the Musée Plan-

tin-Moretus cast abundant light upon the details of the three professions of printer, publisher, and bookseller, which Plantin followed simultaneously. Very few of the works which issued from his presses were printed at the expense of their authors; Plantin generally bore all the risk and monopolized all the profits. But if authors did not incur liability, they rarely enjoyed remuneration for their labor. When any payment was made, it was miserably inadequate. Only fourteen scholars, some of them of considerable celebrity, received more than ten florins for their works. The honorarium accorded to translators, editors, and annotators of foreign literature, was on the same meager scale. There were expenses to which the publisher of the sixteenth century was liable; a page from Plantin's *Journal* of 1565 will illustrate their character and amount:

"On the 11th of March I was at Brussels on the business of obtaining certain copyrights, and to secure the favor of Monsieur the Chancellor and other powerful persons." Then follows a detailed inventory of presents. "To the Chancellor, 4 Auvergne cheeses, worth 15 patards each; 8 baskets of plums and pears, at 3½ patards each; and a Bible in 16mo, ruled and gilded." The Curé of St. Gudule receives 2 cheeses and 6 baskets of fruit, and a Bible of the same description as before, and a like gratification is bestowed on Mons. Hopper. Some other laymen have to be content with creature-comforts only, on a carefully graduated scale. Then follow what appear to be fees for the visitation, approbation, and privi-

lege of various works: the whole outlay amounting to the substantial sum of 50 florins.

The mutual relations of capital and labor did not greatly differ from those which prevail among ourselves. The master spirit of the establishment under Plantin was his son-in-law, Jean Moretus, and he presents his father-in-law with an amusing account of the trouble caused him by the workmen. "They are as tiresome and ill-disposed as men can be. It seems they have learned from one another to *make Mondays*, and they will only work when they like. As to working well, it is only when you are at their elbow. In 1575, Moretus wished to present Plantin, as a new year's offering, with a *Typifice*, as he terms a volume containing the title-pages and engravings which had been issued by the firm, and he naturally wanted to get it finished by the end of the year, but he failed, and why?

"Because these rascals of printers would play, when only a leaf or two was wanting to complete the work. If I ask the reason why they have not been at work, I have directly the most outrageous answers imaginable. One informs me that he has been to hear the first mass of a printer who has been made a Canon. Another, that he has been with the Dean of the Painters' Guild, to restore order among the book-binders; a third, that he went to see a calf's entrails buried, and so forth. So that I would as lief have to do with any pack of humbugs as with them."

Twice a year—in Lent and Autumn—Frankfort was the gathering ground of a vast concourse of merchants from every quarter, and for nearly eighty years the firm of Plantin was represented at these fairs by its principals or their most confidential agents. In 1566, Plantin at-

tended the Lenten fair, accompanied by his son-in-law, Jean Moretus. Plantin went by carriage from Antwerp to Cologne, and paid 4 florins 10 sous for his fare, and 3 florins in other expenses. Moretus *walked* the same distance—it is 150 miles—and spent 5 florins 15 sous on the road. During the fair their joint expenses amounted to 11 German florins, and the rent of their shop to 13 florins more. They returned by water to Cologne, and walked thence to Maastricht, whence they took the *voiture* to Antwerp. The entire cost of the Frankfort journey was about 57 florins, and this sum was more than doubled by adding to it the carriage of the bales of books, the export and import duties, the loading and landing charges, and pourboires. It should be added that despite his impending ruin in 1576, and the heavy sacrifices required to maintain his credit, he left a fortune equivalent to nearly 50,000*l*.

A few details of domestic life will serve to bring out Plantin's character into strong and favorable relief. In reply to inquiries from Cayas he writes that he has five daughters, having lost his only son in childhood, whom he has trained to fear God, the King, and his magistrates, and also to assist their mother in her household duties:—

"And because early childhood is too feeble in body for manual housework or business matters, I taught them at that time to write and read so well, that from the age of 4 or 5 years up to 12 years old, each of the four first according to their age and position, has helped me to read the proofs from the printing-house, *in whatever language or writing it was sent to be printed*. And I have also taken pains at spare hours, and as leisure allowed, to have them taught to work with the needle upon linen. . . . with careful observation,

by degrees, to what each one specially inclined."

He proceeds to explain that Marguerite, the eldest, had displayed special capacity in writing, and had turned out one of the best pens in the country; but that weakness of sight had prevented her pursuing this accomplishment. She was given in marriage at eighteen years of age to Raphelengien, whose aid as a learned corrector of the press and coadjutor to Arias Montanus, was of singular value. The hand of the second daughter, Martine, was sought by Jean Moretus, "a young man expert and well instructed in Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, German and Flemish." "Thus I possess two second self; the first in the printing-house, for correcting the press; the second in the shop, for my accounts and commerce."

From another paper we learn the particulars of Marguerite's wedding. On the eve of the marriage, June 22, 1565, Plantin entered into a legal contract with his son-in-law to supply a *lit garni* as well as the bride's trousseau, and to defray the cost of the wedding feast. If any of the bridegroom's friends gave a wedding present, the young couple were to have the benefit of it; but if any of Plantin's friends showed a like generosity, the bride's father was to deal with it as he pleased. Raphelengien promised to continue in his father-in-law's service for three years, or until the edition of the Hebrew Bible was completed. Plantin, on his part, engaged to pay his son-in-law a salary of 100 florins a year, besides his household expenses, which were estimated at 60 florins

more. Both parties undertook to give six months' notice before terminating the engagement. At the same time Plantin lent Raphelengien 33 florins, that he might "make a good figure" on the occasion. Toward this moment $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of cloth were set down at $17\frac{1}{2}$ florins, a hat at 1 florin, and more than 9 florins for the bride's rings, leaving $5\frac{1}{2}$ florins in ready money. The loan was repaid from the presents of Raphelengien's friends, which amounted to 32 florins 5 sous. Plantin's guests contributed no less than 90 florins $16\frac{1}{2}$ sous. Shortly before the event, the bride's father had purchased a piece of Lille gros grain for the bride's dress and his own robe, and a piece of Lille serge for the promised bed. We are not informed how many of Raphelengien's friends were present, but M. Rooses gives the names of twenty-eight citizens who were invited by the host, including the town clerk of Antwerp and the Bomberghes and Schotti, his trade partners in 1568. The *menu* of the wedding feast was sufficiently substantial. It comprises 3 sucking-pigs, 6 capons, 12 pigeons, 12 quails, 5 legs of mutton and 3 more *en brun pôte*, 12 sweet-breads, 3 tongues, 6 veal pies and 6 hams. Besides these there were served cherries, guignes, strawberries, oranges, capers, olives, salad and radishes. The confectionery included masspains, sugar-plums, aniseed, and Milanese cheese. Wine was consumed to the value of 12 florins 5 sous for Rhenish, and 4 florins $2\frac{1}{2}$ sous for red wine, without reckoning 7 florins for a *pot de vin* given to the workmen. The festivities were prolonged for several days, and even

on June 30 money was being taken from the till for the wedding expenses.

Raphelengien remained for ten years under Plantin's roof, and so valuable were his services, that his annual stipend was increased on several occasions until, in 1581, it stood at 400 florins. How simply a man with so ample an income was satisfied to lodge is curiously revealed in a petition from Plantin to the municipal authorities, for exemption from having soldiers billeted upon him at a house which he held in the Rue du Faucon. "The place," he says, "is used as a warehouse, and never has any empty space in it for three days together, except a small low sleeping closet, about 12 feet wide by 16 feet long. This contains two beds, which fill almost the entire chamber, in which there sleep my son-in-law Raphelengien, with his wife and three of their children, and their chambermaid." This was in 1575; a few months later Plantin conveyed to Raphelengien for 300 florins one of the small dwellings which, until a few years ago, disfigured so picturesquely the western front of Antwerp Cathedral.

Catharine, the third daughter, was hardly as fortunate as her elder sisters. She went to live with her husband, Jean Gassen, in the family of his uncle at Paris, and shortly afterward her father was grieved to learn that the young couple did not comport themselves to the satisfaction of their host. Forthwith he addressed each of them in letters of appalling health. It appears that Catharine had carried her audacity to the pitch of refusing to fulfill the duties of a chambermaid, on the

plea that there were plenty of servants to do the work without her, and her father has the most vehement distress of heart to hear of behavior so entirely contrary to the will of God, his own wishes, and the proper order of things. He tells her with unsparing candor, that despite an apparently cheerful and cordial manner, he knows that she is only too disposed to imagine that she ought to be listened to, and that she would have authority to talk, chatter, babble, and even upbraid, as is the detestable custom of too many.

"I would remind you that as long as I could possibly do so, I used to arise betimes and to employ myself at anything, without setting myself above any one, and I never thought myself of any other degree than the very least of my servants or chamber women. Neither you nor your husband are made of different flesh from the most abject people in the world. Nor is she even to think herself the equal of the daughters of the house, who are under their father's roof and heiresses of his estate."

And so the merciless pen runs on through nine long pages of printed matter. It is not a little remarkable that throughout these letters there is not a single reference to confession or priestly counsel, to Virgin or saints, or any other means of grace which the Roman Church would commend.—*The Quarterly Review*.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE CONQUEST OF BURMA.

The sudden expedition to Upper Burma at the end of 1885, the feeble and ineffectual defence offered to General Prendergast's bold yet skillful advance by a Government which up to the last haughtily re-

fused all overtures for a peaceful settlement of differences; the bloodless occupation of Mandalay; the surrender and deportation of the puppet king; these events following in rapid succession, and their dramatic force completed by the annexation of that country, when a territory as large as France was added to the Indian Empire, were as remarkable as they were generally unexpected. But although hostilities with Burma broke out suddenly, the causes had for long been maturing. At the time, indeed, when Lord Dufferin assumed the government of India a year previously, there was no outward sign that we were not prepared to go on enduring the treatment of the Burma Government which for so many years we had put up with; but it was apparent to those acquainted with the circumstances that the limit of toleration had been nearly reached, and that unless the attitude of the Court of Mandalay underwent a change, an open rupture could not be much longer delayed.

Our relations with Burma ever since the war of 1852 have been such that only a very sincere desire to avoid hostilities enabled the British Government to maintain peace. From our earliest connection with them, the bearing of the Burmese Government toward the British, and indeed all other Europeans, has been characterized by a degree of insolence, effrontery, and conceit in amusing contrast to its intrinsic weakness, and the two wars which the Indian Government was reluctantly forced to embark on against it were in each case brought on by unprovoked aggression. The second of these wars, begun in 1852, was

not terminated by any definite treaty. Although they had made but a poor resistance, and were driven without much difficulty from all their maritime posts, and their trade with the sea had been completely cut off, the Burmese Government nevertheless refused to negotiate or to make any definitive submission, and the difficulty was finally settled by Lord Dalhousie announcing the annexation of the Province of Pegu—the delta of the Irrawaddy—and laying down a frontier line for this acquisition, declaring at the same time that the Burmese would not be pursued any further, but that hostilities would be resumed if they did not acquiesce in the state of things then established. A year and a half later the King of Ava sent a mission of compliment to the Governor-General of India, and the compliment was returned by the dispatch of a mission under Major (the late General Sir Arthur) Phayre, the first Commissioner of the newly acquired province of Pegu, and afterward Chief Commissioner of the amalgamated maritime provinces, which made up British Burma before the recent annexation. With Major Phayre went Captain (now Colonel) Yule as secretary, to whose presence on the occasion we owe the valuable monograph on Upper Burma, published in 1857 under the title of *A Narrative of the Mission to the Court of Ava*, a work, like all the other contributions to geography and history of the distinguished author, as interesting as it is learned, and which after thirty years still remains the most complete and accurate record of our new acquisition and the adjacent countries.

Notwithstanding the establish-

ment of friendly relations, however, the King of Burma manifested an insuperable objection to signing any treaty relinquishing the Province of Pegu, and the cession was never formally agreed to. Subsequently to this mission a treaty was concluded, in 1862, but this provided only for the protection of trade and the establishment of free intercourse with Burma. A further treaty was made in 1867, by the terms of which a British Resident or Diplomatic Agent was established at Mandalay, upon whom also were conferred certain powers of jurisdiction for the disposal of civil suits between registered British subjects, while a mixed court was established, composed of the Resident and a Burman Judge, for the hearing of suits between British and Burmese subjects. But although diplomatic relations were thus established, and although also their military incapacity had been signally brought home to them by the loss of their richest province, the Burmese Government, in their dealings with the Indian Government, nevertheless continued to maintain an attitude of arrogant superiority. Our representatives at his court were admitted into the presence of the King only by appearing in a degrading attitude, and when, as time went on, our Resident declined to visit the King on these humiliating terms, he was debarred access to him, and finally the mission which had been established at Mandalay in 1867 was withdrawn in 1880, after undergoing a degree of perverse ill-treatment which only extreme forbearance sufficed to put up with. The insistence of the Burmese on this degrading etiquette, it should be mentioned, was pursued even after their

Government had sent missions to Europe, the members of which had been treated with all the courtesy customarily shown to persons exercising diplomatic functions, and when therefore they had no longer the excuse of ignorance of the manners of the Western world. It may be observed that the Burmese themselves are by no means deficient in natural politeness of manner, as was seen from the bearing of the envoys received by Lord Ripon at Simla in 1884, and of those who have visited France and England at different times. Indeed, the manners of the Burmese gentlemen are agreeable enough, being free from that servility which too often imparts a taint of insincerity to the manners of even the best bred of the races of India. The truculence with which we put up so long was a special feature of Burman court life.

Although the British Resident has been withdrawn from Mandalay, a considerable number of European residents, mostly English, still remained in the country, and the steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company plied on that river without much hindrance, although occasionally officers and crews were subjected to insult and ill-treatment. The timber export of the country was conducted through the agency of an English Company, styled the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, which had obtained a monopoly of the trade, and their *employés* were permitted to carry on business throughout the country. The brutal massacres perpetrated in 1878, when Theebaw came to the throne, and the further massacres of 1885, naturally excited general horror and indignation, but especially among

the European community in British Burma, nearest to the scene. The merchants of Rangoon, whose dealings were affected by the growing sense of insecurity attaching to the residence of their agents at Mandalay, were urgent that the Indian Government should interfere to put a stop to the cruelties and misgovernment obtaining there, and their proposals were supported by some of the English Chambers of Commerce. But it was justly held that the misgovernment of an Independent country did not constitute a cause for interference, and a rupture might have been postponed but for the intrigues which the Burmese Government entered on, which, if not stopped, would have resulted in establishing paramount French interests in that country.

As has been more than once remarked in the blue-book by their diplomatic representatives, the English Government could no more tolerate the preponderance of French interests in a country situated as British Burma is, than the French Government would be expected to permit the establishment of British interests in Tunis or the country south of Algeria. And although the French Government professed to repudiate any intention of interference in the affairs of Burma, or of acquiring specific influence there, and the treaty concluded at Paris early in 1885 between the French Republic and the King of Burma contained no formal provision for giving any such right to the former, but provided ostensibly only for the due protection of French subjects residing in the dominions of the latter, at about the same time unquestionable evidence came to light

that a negotiation was on the point of being concluded with a French company, with the French Consul-General at Mandalay at the head of it, for the establishment of a bank, the advances to be made by which to the King were to be secured by hypothecation of the different revenues of the country, from mines, forests, and other sources. This meant that the company would soon establish a paramount interest in the administration, which would give them a claim to establish themselves as virtual masters of the territory. As a preliminary step to handing over to it the monopoly of the forests, a quarrel was deliberately picked with the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, upon whom a fine of about two hundred thousand pounds was arbitrarily levied on a plea which even the Burmese Government hardly professed to deal with seriously, while the protests of the Chief Commissioner of British Burma at Rangoon, to whom the corporation appealed for protection, and his offers of arbitration, were contemptuously set aside.

It was impossible to abstain any longer from direct action, and the Governor-General, with the approval of her Majesty's Government, instructed Mr. Bernard to make a categorical demand for redress. This involved three main conditions: that an envoy from the Viceroy should be suitably received at Mandalay, and that the dispute with the trading company should be settled in communication with him; that meanwhile all action against the company should be suspended; and that a diplomatic agent should be allowed to reside permanently at Mandalay, with a suitable guard,

and receiving becoming treatment. An expeditionary force was prepared to follow up these demands, if necessary, by action. With characteristic levity, the Burmese Government refused compliance with the demands, while yet taking no adequate precaution for defence, although our preparations for enforcing them were made quite openly. The result was the brilliant advance of General Prendergast's expeditionary force, the too late concession of the King of all that had been demanded, the capture of Mandalay, and the annexation of his kingdom.

We can well understand that it was not with a light heart that the Indian Government accepted the responsibility of undertaking the direct administration of this great country. The multifarious duties connected with the government of the Indian Empire already form a burden which tasks the capacity of its governors to the utmost. The occupation of Burma necessarily involved at the outset the employment of a considerable portion of the Indian army, which while thus locked up ceased for the time to be available for the general military purpose of the Empire; and although no part of India offers a more promising prospect of eventual return, yet for some time to come the cost of establishing an administration there must necessarily exceed the revenue to be derived from it. We may readily believe that any other solution of the difficulty which afforded a prospect of finality and a real settlement of the difficulty would have been gladly accepted. But no such alternative presented itself. There was no other prince of the royal house whose character or antece-

dents gave any promise that he would be strong enough to hold his own as ruler. The Council of State, the timid agents of a cruel despot, without either the honesty or capacity to rule, did not contain the elements of a stable government. To place the administration in charge of a British official, as regent, to be held in trust for some young prince while under training in the art of government, although a method which has been on several occasions adopted in India itself, when the reigning prince has been succeeded by a minor, would not have been a suitable agency in this case. The British Resident at the court of an Indian prince exercises his office in a province surrounded by British territory, and where his authority can be supported if necessary by an irresistible force. Moreover, a native government, pure and simple, does not exist in India; in every native State the moderating influence of British rule in the surrounding territories is necessarily at work; the mode of administration of every native State is nowadays more or less a copy of the system established throughout the provinces of the paramount Power, so that a British resident finds the work of introducing a stable form of administration already in part accomplished.

The condition of a country like Burma, lying beyond the British provinces, is obviously quite different. The indirect influence of the course of English administration, so powerful in India, would here have been wholly ineffectual. An English Resident at Mandalay, associated perhaps with a native Council of Regency, would have been bound to exert his authority on

the side of order and good government; yet he would have been powerless to enforce it unless backed by a strong force at his disposal; in fact, to have administered the country in trust in this way would have necessarily involved a military occupation of it also. We should thus have had all the expense, all the burden, all the responsibility of annexation with none of the advantages; and with the further risk that, when the time came for handing it over to the prince whom we might set up, the country would relapse into its former anarchical condition. Theebaw, it may be remembered, was educated by a missionary at an English school, yet his rule was enforced in a spirit of savagery exceeding anything exhibited even in Burma for many past reigns. In default, then, of any other solution of the problem which offered any prospect of finality, Lord Dufferin's Government proposed annexation, and this measure, carried out under Lord Salisbury's Administration, was equally approved by that of Mr. Gladstone which succeeded it.—*Edinburgh Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

ENGLISH PERIL.—A writer, who styles himself "a Modern Soldier," contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an elaborate "Apology for Armies." We quote a page or so of the "Apology:"—

"Admirable as the Volunteers are, they will be the first to acknowledge that they cannot take the place of a regular army. We arrive then at the conclusion that a regular army is necessary for this country because:—*First*. It guards our food supply, which involves the retention of everything we value—liberty, prosperity, peace itself,

and the influence which England exercises over the progress of mankind. It is easy to show that England might be invested like a fortress and starved out, if the convoys of food could be stopped by an enemy. The fleet would guard those convoys, but would itself be dependent on the safety of coaling stations, which must be protected by land forces.—*Second*. We have undertaken a magnificent task in the government and civilization of India. Irrespective of the shame of shrinking back now, and casting the work of a century into the fire of anarchy, we derive large indirect advantages from holding it. If Manchester chafed at the small taxes which slightly protected the internal trade of India, British trade would receive a startling shock if all the ports of Hindostan were closed against us, and our influence as the greatest Asiatic Power were gone forever. Through India we are even now drawing China to our views. Individuals may talk theoretically about abandoning our rule over India. The instinct of the nation is against any such measure. India pays for an army of about 200,000 men, which on emergency is interchangeable with the home forces. Like the fleet and the army, the army in India and at home support each other, and their task is to protect the advance of English civilization in the cradle of the Aryan Race.—*Third*. European civilization has arrived at an era when force is once more the guiding power. Every politician of standing expects to see the passions of war and the crash of empires ere long. And the bleeding is to be to the death. It is mere moonstruck madness to imagine that our interests will be considered unless we are at least ready to fight for them. The lamb cannot persuade the wolf. 'The prey inviteth, and decay in valor encourageth a war.'—*Fourth*. All new markets, needful enough in these days, are opened up and protected by armies. The missionary and the merchant are the last to be able to do without them. Their moral effect works even when physical power is not called in, and, if England does not throw her shield over such markets, other nations will. Wrong or right, wise or foolish, they will take what we do not protect. Witness Tonquin, Madagascar, and Zanzibar.—*Fifth*. The acquisitions of other Powers have

deprived us of our insular position all over the world. It is merely a question of time when the Sepoy and the Cossack, the British recruit and the French conscript shall exchange remarks peaceable or otherwise, over a frontier line. When we can persuade those countries to put down their armies we may dismiss ours: but not till then.—*Lastly*. The army stands behind the police as the protector of civil order, and upon it as a last resource peaceable folk rely for daily protection."

HENRY WARD BEECHER AT COLLEGE.
—Mr. Gilman C. Fisher furnishes to *Education* a paper describing Mr. Beecher "at School, College, and Seminary." Of Beecher's life at Amherst College, Mr. Gilman says:—

"The room he occupied was a curiosity shop. In the center stood a large circular table with a hole in the middle, where he sat, so that everything might be within convenient reach. When he wanted to begin work, he dropped down on all fours, crawled under to where the hole was, thrust his head up through, drew his body after it, and concluded the performance by sitting down upon a stool. In other words, he dove for his domicile, like a beaver, and reappeared inside. The only difficulty rose in winter time, when he could not sit near the fire, so as to be comfortable, or the great pine table would be in a blaze. Frequently he was discovered in this central position, with his cloak buttoned up to his chin and his cap on, a most ludicrous picture of comfort under difficulties. Books and papers were piled upon this table in unutterable confusion. Chiefly in one corner of the apartment, and lying in vagrancy with a shattered wood-heap, were various articles of wearing apparel, an old pair of trousers or two and a cobb-webby waistcoat; in another corner were phrenological busts, new and busts in making, and chunks of lime and a pail with rags; and in another, brooms, brushes, and other student necessities. The windows were adorned with

spider-webs and inhabited by former denizens of stone-heaps—abnormally large and exceptionally hideous creatures he had secured during his strolls in the neighboring fields. One of these he called 'Van Buren,' 'Van,' for short. That apartment was *his*: sometimes he was in it, trying to restore it to order, but oftener he was out of it, exploring the beautiful region in and around Amherst. Here in the great outdoors he developed that love of nature and acquired that habit of observing it which attended him through life. Sometimes he climbed the mountain-sides or watched the sunrise from the college belfry. Sometimes he walked the lone forest paths, slippery with fallen pine needles: listened to the noisy songsters in their leafy haunts: lifted the heads of pale wild flowers and gazed into their sweet faces: studied the mosses upon ledges of rock: watched, perchance, the conflict of two ants for the possession of a worm, or threw himself supine upon a bed of leaves. No one knew the country roads—where they were hilly or flat, where they were crooked or straight, where they were gravelly or sandy—better than he. No one knew where lay the greenest meadows, where waved the fairest woods better than he. Nature was the instructress most cherished and sought by him during this moulding period of his life; and his Alma Mater, with a true appreciation of his wants, did not see fit to interfere much with the more potent and attractive sway exerted over him. He was a privileged character even in those days. At one time the tutor in mathematics, who was very tall, came to remonstrate with him. Mr. Beecher, who had somehow got wind of his coming, removed all his chairs but one and sawed off several inches from the legs of that one. The tutor entered, and, taking the only seat that presented itself, stretched out his legs half-way across the room. The sight of them confused him so—for he had never before beheld them to such advantage (or rather, disadvantage)—that he could not find it in his heart to reprimand the engaging young man."

ON MEN AND WOMEN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In his *Descent of Man* Mr. Darwin has shown at length that what Hunter termed secondary sexual characters occur throughout the whole animal series, at least as far down in the zoological scale as the Articulata.

The secondary sexual characters with which he is chiefly concerned are of a bodily kind, such as plumage of birds, horns of mammals, etc. But I think it is evident that secondary sexual characters of a mental kind are of no less general occurrence. Moreover, if we take a broad view of these psychological differences, it becomes instructively apparent that a general uniformity pervades them—that while within the limits of each species the male differs psychologically from the female, in the animal kingdom as a whole the males admit of being classified, as it were, in one psychological species and the females in another. By this, of course, I do not mean that there is usually a greater psychological difference between the two sexes of the same species than there is between the same sexes of different species: I mean only that the points wherein the two sexes differ psychologically are more or less similar wherever these differences occur.

It is probably due to a recognition of this fact that from the very earliest stages of culture mankind has been accustomed to read into all nature—inanimate as well as animate—differences of the same kind. Whether it be in the person of Maya, of the pagan goddesses, of the Virgin Mary, or in the personifica-

tions of sundry natural objects and processes, we uniformly encounter the conception of a feminine principle coexisting with a masculine in the general frame of the cosmos. And this fact, as I have said, is presumably due to a recognition by mankind of the uniformity as well as the generality of psychological distinction as determined by sex. I will now briefly enumerate what appear to me the leading features of this distinction in the case of mankind, adopting the ordinary classification of mental faculties as those of intellect, emotion, and will:

Seeing that the average brain-weight of women is about five ounces less than that of men, on merely anatomical grounds we should be prepared to expect a marked inferiority of intellectual power in the former.* Moreover, as the general physique of women is less robust than that of men—and therefore less able to sustain the fatigue of serious or prolonged brain action—we

* This is proportionally a greater difference than that between the male and female organisms as a whole, and the amount of it is largely affected by grade of civilization—being least in savages and most in ourselves. Moreover, Sir J. Crichton Browne informs me, as a result of many observations which he is now making upon the subject, that not only is the gray matter, or cortex, of the female brain shallower than that of the male, but also receives less than a proportional supply of blood. For these reasons, and also because the differences in question date from an embryonic period of life, he concludes that they constitute “a fundamental sexual distinction, and not one that can be explained on the hypothesis that the educational advantages enjoyed either by the individual man or by the male sex generally through a long series of generations have stimulated the growth of the brain in the one sex more than in the other.”

should also on physiological grounds be prepared to entertain a similar anticipation. In actual fact we find that the inferiority displays itself most conspicuously in a comparative absence of originality, and this more especially in the higher levels of intellectual work. In her powers of acquisition the woman certainly stands nearer to the man than she does in her powers of creative thought, although even as regards the former there is a marked difference. The difference, however, is one which does not assert itself till the period of adolescence—young girls being, indeed, usually more acquisitive than boys of the same age, as is proved by recent educational experiences both in this country and in America. But as soon as the brain, and with it the organism as a whole, reaches the stage of full development it becomes apparent that there is greater power of amassing knowledge on the part of the male. Whether we look to the general average or to the intellectual giants of both sexes, we are similarly met with the general fact that a woman's information is less wide and deep and thorough than that of a man. What we regard as a highly cultured woman is usually one who has read largely but superficially; and even in the few instances that can be quoted of extraordinary female industry—which on account of their rarity stand out as exceptions to prove the rule—we find a long distance between them and the much more numerous instances of profound erudition among men. As musical executants, however, I think that equality may be fairly asserted.

But it is in original work, as

already observed, that the disparity is most conspicuous. For it is a matter of ordinary comment that in no one department of creative thought can women be said to have at all approached men, save in fiction. Yet in poetry, music, and painting, if not also in history, philosophy, and science, the field has always been open to both.* For, as I will presently show, the disabilities under which women have labored with regard to education, social opinion, and so forth, have certainly not been sufficient to explain this general dearth among them of the products of creative genius.

Lastly, with regard to judgment, I think there can be no real question that the female mind stands considerably below the male. It is much more apt to take superficial views of circumstances calling for decision, and also to be guided by less impartiality. Undue influence is more frequently exercised from the side of the emotions; and, in general, all the elements which go to constitute what is understood by a characteristically judicial mind are of comparatively feeble development. Of course here, as elsewhere, I am speaking of average standards. It would be easy to find multitudes of instances where women display

* The disparity in question is especially suggestive in the case of poetry, seeing that this is the oldest of the fine arts which have come down to us in a high degree of development, that its exercise requires least special education or technical knowledge, that at no level of culture has such exercise been ostracized as unfeminine, that nearly all languages present several monuments of poetic genius of the first order, and yet that no one of these has been reared by a woman.

better judgment than men, just as in the analogous cases of learning and creative work. But that as a general rule the judgment of women is inferior to that of men has been a matter of universal recognition from the earliest times. The man has always been regarded as the rightful lord of the woman, to whom she is by nature subject, as both mentally and physically the weaker vessel; and when in individual cases these relations happen to be inverted, the accident becomes a favorite theme for humorists—thus showing that in the general estimation such a state of matters is regarded as incongruous.

But if woman has been a loser in the intellectual race as regards acquisition, origination, and judgment, she has gained, even on the intellectual side, certain very conspicuous advantages. First among these we must place refinement of the senses, or higher evolution of sense-organs. Next we must place rapidity of perception, which no doubt in part arises from this higher evolution of the sense-organs—or, rather, both arise from a greater refinement of nervous organization. Houdin, who paid special attention to the acquirement of rapidity in acts of complex perception, says he has known ladies who, while seeing another lady “pass at full speed in a carriage, could analyze her toilette from her bonnet to her shoes, and be able to describe not only the fashion and quality of the stuffs, but also to say if the lace were real or only machine made.” Again reading implies enormously intricate processes of perception, both of the sensuous and intellectual order; and I have tried a series of experiments,

wherein reading was chosen as a test of the rapidity of perception in different persons. Having seated a number of well-educated individuals round a table, I presented to them successively the same paragraph of a book, which they were each to read as rapidly as they could, ten seconds being allowed for twenty lines. As soon as time was up I removed the paragraph, immediately after which the reader wrote down all that he or she could remember of it. Now, in these experiments, where every one read the same paragraph as rapidly as possible, I found that the palm was usually carried off by the ladies. Moreover, besides being able to read quicker, they were better able to remember what they had just read—that is, to give a better account of the paragraph as a whole. One lady, for example, could read exactly four times as fast as her husband, and could then give a better account even of that portion of the paragraph which alone he had had time to get through. For the consolation of such husbands, however, I may add that rapidity of perception as thus tested is no evidence of what may be termed the deeper qualities of mind—some of my slowest readers being highly distinguished men.

Lastly, rapidity of perception leads to rapidity of thought, and this finds expression on the one hand in what is apt to appear as almost intuitive insight, and on the other hand in that nimbleness of mother-wit which is usually so noticeable and often so brilliant an endowment of the feminine intelligence, whether it displays itself in tact, in repartee, or in the general alacrity of a vivacious mind.

Turning now to the emotions, we

find that in woman, as contrasted with man, these are almost always less under control of the will—more apt to break away, as it were, from the restraint of reason, and to overwhelm the mental chariot in disaster. Whether this tendency displays itself in the overmastering form of hysteria, or in the more ordinary form of comparative childishness, ready annoyance, and a generally unreasonable temper—in whatever form this supremacy of emotion displays itself, we recognize it as more of a feminine than a masculine characteristic. The crying of a woman is not held to betray the same depth of feeling as the sobs of a man; and the petty forms of resentment which belong to what is known as a “shrew” or a “scold,” are only to be met with among those daughters of Eve who prove themselves least agreeable to the sons of Adam. Coyness and caprice are very general peculiarities, and we may add, as kindred traits, personal vanity, fondness of display, and delight in the sunshine of admiration. There is also, as compared with the masculine mind, a greater desire for emotional excitement of all kinds; and hence a greater liking for society, pageants, and even for what are called “scenes,” provided these are not of a kind to alarm her no less characteristic timidity. Again, in the opinion of Mr. Lecky, with which I partly concur:

“In the courage of endurance they are commonly superior; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. They very rarely love truth, though they love passionately what they call ‘the truth,’ or opinions which they have derived from others, and

hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief as a source of consolation rather than as a faithful expression of the reality of things.”

But, of course, as expressed in the well-known lines from *Marmion*, there is another side to this picture, and, in now taking leave of all these elements of weakness, I must state my honest conviction that they are in chief part due to women as a class not having hitherto enjoyed the same educational advantages as men. Upon this great question of female education, however, I shall have more to say at the close of this paper, and only allude to the matter at the present stage in order to temper what I feel to be the almost brutal frankness of my remarks.

But now, the meritorious qualities wherein the female mind stands pre-eminent are, affection, sympathy, devotion, self-denial, modesty; long-suffering, or patience under pain, disappointment, and adversity; reverence, veneration, religious feeling, and general morality. In these virtues—which agree pretty closely with those against which the Apostle says there is no law—it will be noticed that the gentler predominate over the heroic; and it is observable in this connection that when heroism of any kind is displayed by a woman, the prompting emotions are almost certain to be of an unselfish kind.

All the æsthetic emotions are, as a rule, more strongly marked in women than in men—or perhaps, I should rather say, they are much

more generally present in women. This remark applies especially to the æsthetic emotions which depend upon refinement of perception. Hence feminine "taste" is proverbially good in regard to the smaller matters of every-day life, although it becomes, as a rule, untrustworthy in proportion to the necessity for intellectual judgment. In the arrangement of flowers, the furnishing of rooms, the choice of combinations in apparel, and so forth, we generally find that we may be most safely guided by the taste of women; while in matters of artistic or literary criticism we turn instinctively to the judgment of men.

If we now look in somewhat more detail at the habitual display of these various feelings and virtues on the part of women, we may notice, with regard to affection, that, in a much larger measure than men, they derive pleasure from receiving as well as from bestowing: in both cases affection is felt by them to be, as it were, of more emotional value. The same remark applies to sympathy. It is very rare to find a woman who does not derive consolation from a display of sympathy, whether her sorrow be great or small; while it is by no means an unusual thing to find a man who rejects all offers of the kind with a feeling of active aversion.

Touching devotion, we may note that it is directed by women pretty equally toward inferiors and superiors—spending and being spent in the tending of children; ministering to the poor, the afflicted, and the weak; clinging to husbands, parents, brothers, often without and even against reason.

Again, purity and religion are, as

it were, the natural heritage of women in all but the lowest grades of culture. But it is within the limit of Christendom that both these characters are most strongly pronounced; as, indeed, may equally well be said of nearly all the other virtues which we have just been considering. And the reason is that Christianity, while crowning the virtue of chastity with an aureole of mysticism more awful than was ever conceived even by pagan Rome, likewise threw the vesture of sanctity over all the other virtues which belong by nature to the female mind. Until the rise of Christianity the gentler and domestic virtues were nowhere recognized as at all comparable, in point of ethical merit, with the heroic and the civic. But when the ideal was changed by Christ—when the highest place in the hierarchy of the virtues was assigned to faith, hope, and charity; to piety, patience, and long-suffering; to forgiveness, self-denial, and even self-abasement—we cannot wonder that, in so extraordinary a collision between the ideals of virtue, it should have been the women who first flocked in numbers around the standard of the Cross.

So much, then, for the intellect and emotions. Coming lastly to the will, I have already observed that this exercises less control over the emotions in women than in men. We rarely find in women that firm tenacity of purpose and determination to overcome obstacles which is characteristic of what we call a manly mind. When a woman is urged to any prolonged or powerful exercise of volition, the prompting cause is usually to be found in the emotional side of her nature, where-

as in man we may generally observe that the intellectual is alone sufficient to supply the needed motive. Moreover, even in those lesser displays of volitional activity which are required in close reading or in studious thought, we may note a similar deficiency. In other words, women are usually less able to concentrate their attention; their minds are more prone to what is called "wandering," and we seldom find that they have specialized their studies or pursuits to the same extent as is usual among men. This comparative weakness of will is further manifested by the frequency among women of what is popularly termed indecision of character. The proverbial fickleness of *la donna mobile* is due quite as much to vacillation of will as to other unstable qualities of mental constitution. The ready firmness of decision which belongs by nature to the truly masculine mind is very rarely to be met with in the feminine; while it is not an unusual thing to find among women indecision of character so habitual and pronounced as to become highly painful to themselves—leading to timidity and diffidence in adopting almost any line of conduct where issues of importance are concerned, and therefore leaving them in the condition, as they graphically express it, of not knowing their own minds.

If, now, we take a general survey of all these mental differences, it becomes apparent that in the feminine type the characteristic virtues, like the characteristic failings, are those which are born of weakness; while in the masculine type the characteristic failings, like the characteristic virtues, are those which

are born of strength. Which we are to consider the higher type will therefore depend on the value which we assign to mere force. Under one point of view, the magnificent spider of South America, which is large enough and strong enough to devour a humming-bird, deserves to be regarded as the superior creature. But under another point of view, there is no spectacle in nature more shockingly repulsive than the slow agonies of the most beautiful of created beings in the hairy limbs of a monster so far beneath it in the sentient as in the zoological scale. And although the contrast between man and woman is happily not so pronounced in degree, it is nevertheless a contrast the same in kind. The whole organization of woman is formed on a plan of greater delicacy, and her mental structure is correspondingly more refined: it is further removed from the struggling instincts of the lower animals, and thus more nearly approaches our conceptions of the spiritual. For even the failings of weakness are less obnoxious than the vices of strength, and I think it is unquestionable that these vices are of quite as frequent occurrence on the part of men as are those failings on the part of women. The hobnailed boots may have given place to patent-pumps, and yet but small improvement may have been made upon the overbearing temper of a navvy; the beer-shop may have been superseded by the whist-club, and yet the selfishness of pleasure-seeking may still habitually leave the solitary wife to brood over her lot through the small hours of the morning. Moreover, even when the mental hobnails have been removed, we generally find that there still

remains what a member of the fairer sex has recently and aptly designated mental heavy-handedness. By this I understand the clumsy inability of a coarser nature to appreciate the feelings of a finer; and how often such is the case we must leave the sufferers to testify. In short, the vices of strength to which I allude are those which have been born of rivalry: the mental hide has been hardened, and the man carries into his home those qualities of insensibility, self-assertion, and self-seeking which have elsewhere led to success in his struggle for supremacy. Or, as Mr. Darwin says, "Man is the rival of other men; he delights in competition, and this leads to ambition which passes too readily into selfishness. These latter qualities seem to be his natural and unfortunate birthright."

Of course the greatest type of manhood, or the type wherein our ideal of manliness reaches its highest expression, is where the virtues of strength are purged from its vices. To be strong and yet tender, brave and yet kind, to combine in the same breast the temper of a hero with the sympathy of a maiden—this is to transform the ape and the tiger into what we know ought to constitute the man. And if in actual life we find that such an ideal is but seldom realized, this should make us more lenient in judging the frailties of the opposite sex. These frailties are for the most part the natural consequences of our own, and even where such is not the case, we do well to remember, as already observed, that they are less obnoxious than our own, and also that it is the privilege of strength to be tolerant. Now, it is a practical recognition of

these things that leads to chivalry; and even those artificial courtesies which wear the mark of chivalry are of value, as showing what may be termed a conventional acquiescence in the truth that underlies them. This truth is, that the highest type of manhood can only then be reached when the heart and mind have been so far purified from the dross of a brutal ancestry as genuinely to appreciate, to admire, and to reverence the greatness, the beauty, and the strength which have been made perfect in the weakness of womanhood.

I will now pass on to consider the causes which have probably operated in producing all these mental differences between men and women. We have already seen that differences of the same kind occur throughout the whole mammalian series, and therefore we must begin by looking below the conditions of merely human life for the original causes of these differences in their most general form. Nor have we far to seek. The Darwinian principles of selection—both natural and sexual—if ever they have operated in any department of organic nature, must certainly have operated here. Thus, to quote Darwin himself:—

"Among the half-human progenitors of man, and among savages, there have been struggles between the males during many generations for the possession of the females. But mere bodily strength and size would do little for victory, unless associated with courage, perseverance, and determined energy. . . . To avoid enemies or to attack them with success, to capture wild animals, and to fashion weapons, requires reason, invention, or imagination. . . . These latter faculties, as well as the former, will have been developed in man partly through sexual selection—that is, through the contest of rival males—and partly through natural selection

—that is, from success in the general struggle for life; and as in both cases the struggle will have been during maturity, the characters gained will have been transmitted more fully to the male than to the female offspring. . . . Thus man has ultimately become superior to woman. It is, indeed, fortunate that the law of the equal transmission of characters to both sexes prevails with mammals; otherwise it is probable that man would have become as superior in mental endowment to woman as the peacock is in ornamental plumage to the pea-hen."

Similarly, Mr. Francis Galton writes:—

"The fundamental and intrinsic differences of character that exist in individuals are well illustrated by those that distinguish the two sexes, and which begin to assert themselves even in the nursery, where all children are treated alike. One notable peculiarity in the woman is that she is capricious and coy, and has less straightforwardness than the man. It is the same with the female of every species.

[Were it not so] the drama of courtship, with its prolonged strivings and doubtful success, would be cut quite short, and the race would degenerate through the absence of that sexual selection for which the protracted preliminaries of love-making give opportunity. The willy-nilly disposition of the female is as apparent in the butterfly as in the man, and must have been continually favored from the earliest stages of animal evolution down to the present time. Coyness and caprice have in consequence become a heritage of the sex, together with a cohort of allied weaknesses and petty deceits, that men have come to think venial, and even amiable, in women, but which they would not tolerate among themselves."

We see, then, that the principles of selection have thus determined greater strength, both of body and mind, on the part of male animals throughout the whole mammalian series; and it would certainly have been a most unaccountable fact if any exception to this rule had occurred in the case of mankind. For,

as regards natural selection, it is in the case of mankind that the highest premium has been placed upon the mental faculties—or, in other words, it is here that natural selection has been most busy in the evolution of intelligence—and therefore, as Mr. Darwin remarks, we can only regard it as a fortunate accident of inheritance that there is not now a greater difference between the intelligence of men and of women than we actually find. Again, as regards sexual selection, it is evident that here also the psychologically segregating influences must have been exceptionally strong in the case of our own species, seeing that in all the more advanced stages of civilization—or in the stages where mental evolution is highest, and, therefore, mental differences most pronounced—marriages are determined quite as much with reference to psychical as to physical endowments; and as men always admire in women what they regard as distinctively feminine qualities of mind, while women admire in men the distinctively masculine, sexual selection, by thus acting directly as well as indirectly on the mental qualities of both, is constantly engaged in moulding the minds of each upon a different pattern.

Such, then, I take to be the chief, or at least the original, causes of the mental differences in question. But besides these there are sundry other causes all working in the same direction. For example, as the principles of selection have everywhere operated in the direction of endowing the weaker partner with that kind of physical beauty which comes from slenderness and grace, it follows that there has been everywhere a general tendency to impart to her

a comparative refinement of organization; and in no species has this been the case in so high a degree as in man. Now, it is evident from what has been said in an earlier part of this paper, that general refinement of this kind indirectly affects the mind in many ways. Again, as regards the analogous, though coarser, distinction of bodily strength, it is equally evident that their comparative inferiority in this respect, while itself one of the results of selection, becomes in turn the cause of their comparative timidity, sense of dependence, and distrust of their own powers on the part of women, considered as a class. Hence, also, their comparative feebleness of will and vacillation of purpose: they are always dimly conscious of lacking the muscular strength which, in the last resort, and especially in primitive stages of culture, is the measure of executive capacity. Hence, also, their resort to petty arts and pretty ways for the securing of their aims; and hence, in large measure, their strongly religious bias. The masculine character, being accustomed to rely upon its own strength, is self-central and self-contained: to it the need of external aid, even of a supernatural kind, is not felt to be so urgent as it is to the feminine character, whose only hope is in the stronger arm of another. "The position of man is to stand, of woman to lean;" and although it may be hard for even a manly nature to contemplate the mystery of life and the approach of death with a really stoic calm, at least this is not so impossible as it is for the more shrinking and emotional nature of a woman. Lastly, from her abiding sense of weakness

and consequent dependence, there also arises in woman that deeply-rooted desire to please the opposite sex which, beginning in the terror of a slave, has ended in the devotion of a wife.

We must next observe another psychological lever of enormous power in severing the mental structures of men and women. Alike in expanding all the tender emotions, in calling up from the deepest fountains of feeling the flow of purest affection, in imposing the duties of rigid self-denial, in arousing under its strongest form the consciousness of protecting the utterly weak and helpless consigned by nature to her charge, the maternal instincts are to woman perhaps the strongest of all influences in the determination of character. And their influence in this respect continues to operate long after the child has ceased to be an infant. Constant association with her growing children—round all of whom her affections are closely twined, and in all of whom the purest emotions of humanity are as yet untouched by intellect—imparts to the mother a fullness of emotional life, the whole quality of which is distinctively feminine. It has been well remarked by Mr. Fiske that the prolonged period of infancy and childhood in the human species must from the first "have gradually tended to strengthen the relations of the children to the mother," and, we may add, also to strengthen the relations of the mother to the children—which implies an immense impetus to the growth in her of all the altruistic feelings most distinctive of woman. Thus, in accordance with the general law of inheritance as limited by

sex, we can understand how these influences became, in successive generations, cumulative; while in the fondness of little girls for dolls we may note a somewhat interesting example in psychology of the law of inheritance at earlier periods of life, which Mr. Darwin has shown to be so prevalent in the case of bodily structures throughout the animal kingdom.—GEORGE J. ROMANES, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BLUNDERERS.

In the *Cornhill* for June, 1886, appeared a paper on "Boys' Blunders;" the present writer does not mean to classify or criticise the authors of those blunders, he wishes to show that infinite possibilities of error yet remain. In a word, blunderer is merely the comparative degree of blunder, and thus forms a brief equivalent to "more blunders." If it be objected that the superscription is in itself a blunder because adjectives alone admit of comparison, the writer takes refuge in the immortal utterance of a North Devon farmer, "Well, 'tis as 'tis, and it can't be no 'tisserer;" and if yet higher sanction be needed, reference may be allowed to an ancient language wherein is found *bhavatitaram*, i.e., a comparative form of "is," or, in other words, "isser." It is well at the outset to make some slight display of recondite information because a critic of the earlier paper suggested that blunders throw discredit not so much on the boys who make them as on the masters who teach the boys that make them.

The present writer throws blame on no one; indeed, he is, as a pedagogue, grateful to the blunderers for the oases that they provide for him in the desert through which he and his pupils walk, hand in hand.

The mention of a Journey suggests Geography. Under this head it must be remarked, that there is a lack of lucidity in the statement that "the Thames is in the South of England, near London:" that examinee would seem to share the mental confusion of the person who saw the beneficence of the Creator in the fact that he made rivers run near all large towns.

From Geography to History seems a natural step, having regard to alphabetical order and eternal fitness; and History may be in turn divided into English, Constitutional, Biblical, and Natural; your true schoolmaster dearly loves method.

In English history a prominent figure is the Black Prince: "he belonged to the Britons, defeated the Romans; thus ended the Battle of Cressy." Of Regulus, the Roman, we are told that "he abolished all sorts of prayers;" the original is *omnibus suppliciis extinctus est*. Among details of history that can be called Constitutional may be mentioned the fact that "a constitutional monarch is one who has a good constitution." Descending a few steps we come to dukes. One heard something at a recent election of "dukes and earls overruling a great nation and wrecking its fortunes," but we do not all know accurately the electoral power of peers and other great folk; one boy informs us that "dukes have ten votes, earls eight, marquises six, bishops six, baronets four, citizens one or

two." About the time of the last election one youth ventured to prophesy "the Conservatives are short to get in," presumably he meant "sure."

Another seems a little vague about the feudal system; he writes, "The feudal system was a law that every one should get up at 8 A.M. to put out his fires." It must have been a little tiresome to get up again soon for the purpose of lighting them, to say nothing of the extravagance of burning fuel all night while *ex hypothesi* the householder was in bed. Some of us have heard about Septennial Parliaments; there would appear to be considerable doubt as to the meaning of the word septennial; it is "sevenfold," or "was held in September," or "in the seventh month," or "met every seventh month," or "consisted of seven people." Would that it did!

Passing on to Bible History we find versions of the Beatitudes which differ from those generally received: "Blessed are ye when men shall say unto you Raca," and "Blessed are the poor in spite of it."

Natural History is known to contain curiosities and to have attractions for young minds: "Now hear of a little pig," writes one, "adorned with no spots:" these words are supposed to represent Juvenal's *Fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis*, the translation is not quite accurate. Perhaps a pig is the creature spoken of in a certain sentence, *Bestiæ dentibus necatus esse nec gemitum edidisse dicitur*. These words are said by one young scholar to mean "to bind beasts with their teeth, nor groaned to have been eaten;" this is a hard saying, and does not fairly represent the Latin. Sinking in the scale of creation we

come to a mouse. One boy writes, "I have been a mouse;" the statement startles; learned men talk of metempsychosis, and less learned folk have heard of the transmigration of souls, this boy seems to believe in it; the Latin of his English was the fairly familiar *fui*, but the word chanced to be divided by the exigencies of printing; *fui* appeared on one line, *-mus* on the next.

Rising from the ridiculous to the sublime we reach elephants. A master read a certain story to boys and asked them after an interval to reproduce it in writing; one boy wrote, "after a while they reached an open space in the forest where they saw elephants sitting on the lower branches of the trees." There is something admirable in a mind that would minimize the imagined marvel by saying the *lower* branches.

Branches suggest Birds. "Crows laying eggs in a gutter" would be an unusual sight; one can hardly find authority for such a statement in *ovantes gutture corvi*.

Crows are thought wise, geese are not; a well-known passage in the *Anabasis* tells us that on a certain occasion all the soldiers escaped unhurt, "but one man on the left wing was said to be shot." The translator by transposing the word said "one was said to be shot on the left wing," on which a sharp boy aptly remarked "he must have been a goose." This recalls to the writer's mind another ready remark in class. The master asked the gender of *lepus*; a Welsh boy said it was neuter, on which the master observed, "I don't know what hares may be in Wales, but the Romans call them masculine." "Please, sir," quickly remarked a neighboring boy, "he's thinking of

a Welsh rabbit." These jesters were about ten years old; it is fearful to think what they may become. If we descend from goose to duck, which one boy thought to be a young swan, we shall find another eccentricity of genius. A class was practicing for examination; each boy had before him a printed paper; among the words in the first question was *anas*, which is usually supposed to mean a duck, but one boy on being asked the meaning of it found association of sound too much for his sense and promptly said "high priest."

Priest suggests Clergy. A boy enumerating, in a written essay, God's good gifts to man, closed his list with "insects, reptiles, clergymen." Was he a blunderer or acynic?

Est natura hominum novitatis avida is a clear, and to some a familiar statement, "the rareness of birds is natural to man" seems vague and unfamiliar; *avida* has not much to do with *avis*. This last error is partly due to a supposed knowledge of etymology. Some boys take daring flights in this region; for instance, one derives "vaccination," which he seems to have confounded with "circumcision," from "*circo*, I cut, and *va*, around," while another sees its germ in "*naccio*, I scrape." *Credo* is said to come from "*do*, I give, *credus*, credit." The mention of *credo* recalls an answer given by a boy who was asked to parse *credas*. "*Credas* is in the accusative case, because the object of a transitive verb is always put in the accusative unless the verb governs a certain case." "I give credit" seems to lead naturally toward a certain translation of *solvere*. A boy was confronted by *emere facilius*

est quam solvere, "to buy is easier than to —." The master, by way of helping on the weak brother, asked, "When you buy a thing what do you generally do?" The answer was prompt but disappointing, "Eat it;" personal experience outweighed commercial probity and grammatical probability. Personal experience, too, of a painful kind may have led another young etymologist to derive *crudelis* from *crus*, a leg; he may have been more familiar with kicks than halfpence. From leg to nail seems a natural transition. *Unciolum Proculcius habet, sed Gillo duncem*, appears as "Proculcius has a little nail, but Gillo has a double nail;" there is danger in a little knowledge: *unciola* is not a diminutive of *unguis*. Nonconformists may object to the rite of confirmation, but the word does not find its origin in that fact: "Nonconformist is a person who is not confirmed." As Nonconformists are believed to have great political influence of a certain kind, this may be a fitting place for noting the fact that "ballot means a grand ball;" some people do not find it so amusing. In sharp contrast to Nonconformists stands the Episcopal Church; if it be true that Nonconformists object to confirmation, it is also true that Epistles are read in Episcopal churches, but it is not generally thought that the name episcopal is to be attributed to this fact. It is also true that *eccles* means "God" and *res* means "a thing," but a boy would seem to be treading on debatable ground who asserts that "a problem is that which any man can prove; Theorem (*thea, res*) is that which can be proved only by one under the guidance of divine inspiration."

A learned man in a useful book writes of "negatives and quasi-negatives." One boy explained quasi-negative as "one that was not quite firm;" he evidently associated quasi with *quatio*, I shake. False analogy may be treated in this connection; the scholar was led astray by this who gave *meliusvolus* and *optimevolus* as the comparative and superlative of *benevolus*. *Opte*, *optius* are not the usual positive and comparative of *optime*. It is true that "seraphim is supposed to be the plural form of seraph, but is not generally thought that the plural of sheriff is "sheriffim;" perhaps, however, this answer was meant as a delicate compliment from a city boy to a city magnate, just as another boy being asked to write an essay on the "Advantages of Public School Education," selected his own school as a type, and stated among other blessings, "at the age of fifteen or sixteen we are sent out to earn our own living and to become great men such as the present Lord Mayor." What a stimulus to toil! How useful is a definite aim! How ennobling is a lofty ideal!

If "seraphim" led one youth astray, familiarity with the Psalms tinged the translation of another, who gave "a good law is broad" as the equivalent of *lex bona lata est*. Some young minds are painfully literal: *Vivebunt pro unquam* is not elegant in point of Latinity, but any Latinist sees in a moment that it is meant to represent "shall live forever." In direct contrast to this, a boy who was asked to explain the meaning of the "last infirmity of noble minds," answered at once "the disease that you die of." So, "passive" is said by one boy to refer

"to past time," and by another to be "the past of the active." *Totidem, pater optime, dixi* does not find its equivalent in "*I said, O best father Totides.*" *Bellica navis* may fairly represent "a man-of-war," but when Goliath is described as a "man-of-war from his youth" we feel that the sense is not adequately conveyed—even after making due allowance for exigencies of meter and poetical licence—by *bellica navis erat* as the end of a pentameter. For this sweet thing in poetry the writer is indebted to a friend.

But let it not be thought that this is the only specimen of poetry; he can name one lovely instance of poetic amplification and ingenuity. A boy was pondering deeply how to make a pentameter out of some such scant English as "Delay not, be up and doing;" a kind friend seeing his distress said, as he took up his pen, "You must spin it out; for instance, *Nec mora, fac numerem protinus ante decem;*" which being literally translated means "nor is there delay: do it forthwith before I count ten;" the puzzled boy gratefully wrote it down and showed it up. As to the feelings of the master and as to the fate of the pupil history is silent.

Of English poetry let one specimen suffice. A certain master, weary—as some of his brethren have been before and since—of English prose and Latin poetry on historic themes, suggested to his pupils an English poem on the death of an English king. On one boy the divine afflatus rested only for one moment; it enabled him to say—

Sir Walter Tyrrell

Shot the king for a squirrel,

and then left him speechless.

This flowret of English poesy may serve to remind us that there is in some young minds an irresistible tendency to translate Latin words by their nearest English equivalent in sound and spelling. Proceeding on this plan a pupil represents *sapiat quid vulva popinæ* by "what the taste of the yellow poppy is;" *vulva* is something like *fulvus*, and if *popina* does not mean poppy it ought to. One dainty suggests another; an epicure translates *si quis lectica nitidam gestare amet agnam* by "if any one should like to taste fat lamb with lettuce;" *gesto* is not unlike *gusto*, and *lectica* is more like lettuce than anything else. The food of man may naturally lead our thoughts to the drink of the gods, which is said to be nectar; with this word a young Anglo-maniac chanced not to be familiar, and so he stated *nectar* to mean necktie, and soon afterward gave "flock" as the English of *phœdæ*. The Latin for "flock" is generally thought to be *grex*, and one boy asserted the ablative of this word to be *greve*, while another preferred *gregore*. Were rich gravy and Gregory painfully associated in the young minds? One would expect a boy of this kind to translate *floci* by "flock," but in this, as in other things, the unexpected always happens, and so *floci non faciam* appears as "I may not make wool."

If some creatures carry wool, others carry hair: "hairs from an ass" is an aggravated instance of this class of mistake; it does not adequately reproduce *heres ex asse*. A donkey in this condition, *i.e.*, after the removal of these hairs, might be called a defective donkey (some people, by the way, may not know that *i.e.* means "in English.") Verbs are

sometimes spoken of as defective; one person defines such verbs as being "those which hurt or defect anybody;" his friend explained frequentative verbs to be "those which have frequent changes of tenses." Such constant change must somewhat perplex; these verbs must have much in common with locative cases, which "are so called because they move about." Another authority derives locative from *loquor*, "it is the speaking case;" presumably a sister to the vocative.

Terruit Auster euntes seems a simple sentence, but an Anglomaniac can find difficulties; he makes it mean "the rushing Austrian frightened them." His position is not mentioned, he probably attacked them in front; such a position might be expressed by *pre*, which is rightly stated by one young scholar to mean "before," but he is not correct in saying that "pretext" means "the text before the sermon." Sermons may suggest Cathedrals; in this connection mention may be made of an error into which a man fell in a cathedral. A country parson was taking his choir round to see objects of interest; among other things they visited the tomb of a dean. One of the singing men who was in advance of the rest, said "Oh, I see he died in the Crystal Palace." The parson thinking this improbable, drew near to read the authority for the statement, and saw the words *obdormivit in Christo placide*. He was enough of a student to know the meaning of the verb. The word student reminds one that *omnes ratione regi student* has been translated by "all men study the reason of the king."

We have spoken of defective verbs;

even Anglomania is defective sometimes; the patient's guessing power has been known to fail him in the very midst of a sentence, thus causing a classical aposiopesis, *e.g.*, *Sororem tuam æstare reversuram esse non verisimile est*, sorrow in summer is like your —."

One cause of mistake is sheer confusion between two words which are somewhat alike. An extreme case is given in the statement, "*Tenus* governs a dative;" for instance, *tene illi homini*, "hold that man." This might be a necessary precaution in case the man should take to flying into the council," which was given as the English of *fugiendi consilium capere*. Such an aeronaut might be able to "journey toward the sun;" this marvel was attributed to a creature of whom the poet only says *ingreditur solo*. Of some people it is asserted that "they can because they can see;" the original says *possunt quia posse videntur*. One boy expressly stated what he could see; "I see Charles the Second king." This did not appear likely: it afterward transpired, as the papers say, that he was translating an inscription connected with a religious and ancient foundation, stating it to be *auspicio Caroli Secundi regis*; perhaps he was the king whose reason all men studied.

The mention of royalty recalls an unfortunate association of words which turned a benevolent aspiration into something like a malignant imprecation:

"Oh might I live to see thee grace
In Scotland *Yard* thy birthright place!"

A person spurred on by the "last infirmity" whereof we have heard, hopes to find a "fair guerdon;" a

hungry boy stated this object of ambition to be "a large flat thing that you broil upon;" he was apparently thinking of "gridiron." Another boy must have been in the pangs of hunger who wrote in answer to the question "What makes the tower of Pisa lean?" "Because there was a sore famine in that land." The Biblical form of this answer reminds one that on a class being asked to quote from the Bible for the use of the verb "hale" meaning to draw, one boy promptly said "Hail, King of the Jews!"

Among sentences which were to be corrected in a certain paper, occurred *Qui leges paret is patriæ juvat*. One young scholar, either because he thought the passage perfect or hopelessly corrupt, chose to translate it instead, "who brings forth laws orders his native country;" this statement, like some others, lacks lucidity, but it contains one word which is dear to all boys who love their dictionary, namely "native country." For this country it *behoves* us (to use another favorite) to fight well. It is true that μάχομαι means "I fight," and that φρίαρ means "a well," but he who represented "to fight well" by μάχεσθαι φρίαρ was literal rather than idiomatic; indeed, he might be charged with what a translator of Thucydides charged a distinguished predecessor in that field, namely "hideous fidelity."

Passages for what is facetiously called "unseen translation" present so many difficulties to young boys that it may be desirable to give, for their benefit, a verbatim report of one performance which is striking in its tenacity of purpose and audacity of imagination; even Humpty

Dumpty could not order about words in more imperious fashion. "*Cæsar* Cæsar, *viderit* was seen, *cum* with, *suos complures* his forces, *ex* out of, *omnibus partibus* all the parts, *vulnerari* he was wishing, *ascendere* to ascend, *montem* the mountain, *ex* but, *cohortes* the cohorts, *oppidi* were opposed, *et simulatione* very likely" (another boy translates this word by "at the same time"), "*mœnium occupandorum* by those who occupied it, *jubet* he orders them, *tollere* to raise, *clamorem* a shout, *undique* from all sides. *Quo facto* by whom having made, *oppidani perterriti* an opportunity for going through" (these latter words are thought by others to mean "he perished on the opposite side," or "through the frightened townsmen,") *cum* with, *quid* those, *in locis* in these places, *essent* they were, *reliquis* left, *suspensi* in suspense, *ageretur* of change, *revocant* he calls together, *ab impugnandis* for fighting, *operibus armatos* the armies, *disponunt* they were placed, *murisque* from the walls. *Ita* thus, *nostri prælii* our battles, *facta* are done, *opera* the works, *celeriter* are running away, *flamma comprehensa* the inflammable comprehensivity, *partim* a part, *resingunt* is resting, *partim* a part, *interscindunt* being done away with." Let us like the "part" rest also.—CLAUDITE JAM RIVOS, PUERI.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

SILK-WORM RAISING.

"Who wishes to have good silkworms, must put the eggs to hatch on Saint Mark's Day" (April 25th).

So said the fat bailiff's wife, as she bustled about with her silk-worm eggs, all neatly done up in little bags. Last year the silk-worms were most successful, so we determined to try and reproduce a small quantity of the same, against the advice of all knowing folk. Since the malady of the worms, which ruined so many people in Italy, a perfectly healthy breed has been sought for in vain. Eggs have been, and are still, imported from Japan at an enormous expense; but though healthy, their silk is so inferior to the native stock, that half a crop of good rose-colored Italian silk pays better than a whole one of the light-colored greenish-yellow Japanese. Add to this that the latter make much smaller and lighter cocoons, and my readers will understand how every effort is made to procure healthy native worms. The Cortona breed is now supposed to be the best and freest from disease, and as much as forty francs is paid for an ounce of eggs.

Three years ago we tried some from Turkestan, which produced most enormous silkworms and promised well until they were as big as one's middle finger, when the creatures all got ill in a single night and, to our intense disappointment, had to be thrown away, after eating a quantity of mulberry leaves and taking up our time for five weeks. The following year we tried a breed from South Carolina which did very well for one year, but failed utterly the next. Then we had various kinds of eggs from Australia, but they did not hatch out, owing, I believe, to having been kept in ice and frozen on the voyage, as the empty cocoons shown as samples were very fine. So we resigned our-

selves to paying a high price for good Cortona eggs, and trying a small quantity of our own reproduction of the same breed.

We chose five hundred of the finest cocoons. The males are known by being smaller than the females, and having an indentation or ring round the middle. The cocoons were strung on coarse thread in festoons, and kept in a quiet and cool room until the fat, unwieldy, fluffy moths came out. These were carefully examined, and those with ill-formed wings, or with brown or yellow spots upon them, were thrown away. Square pieces of linen are pinned on to large cane trays leaned against the wall, and the moths are put upon these. As soon as the female begins to lay her eggs the male is destroyed, as he flutters about and disturbs her, preventing her from laying the eggs close one to another, and causing her to scatter them, and to interfere with the other moths. The female dies soon after she has finished laying: they live but from four to eight days—a short life, and not a very merry one, as their bodies are so heavy that they can hardly fly half the length of a room. The cocoons from which the moths emerge are of small value, as they eat a hole in one end, biting through every twist of the silk, so that it cannot be reeled, and is only used for *flore*—that is, the stuffing of ribbed silk, or for making inferior damask and floss.

After remaining spread out in the room for several days, the pieces of linen, with the eggs firmly attached as though they had been glued on, are folded up loosely and put into the cellar, if it is a dry one, or else kept in a cool room to the north, on

a slab of marble, lest the hot weather should bring them prematurely to life. Then the linen is well soaked in a basin of red wine, and the eggs delicately scraped off with a knife. Considerable care is required not to injure them in any way during this process; and red wine is used in preference to water, as they say it strengthens the eggs.

We had five ounces of our own reproduction, and the bailiff had bought ten ounces of finest Cortona at forty francs an ounce, and fifteen ounces at twenty francs. At this villa the old custom is still kept up of hatching out the eggs, and giving the silk-worms, when about ten days old, to the country-women, who come dressed in their best, with a new flat wicker-basket and a clean towel to cover up the tiny worms and protect them from the wind. A sunny warm day is always chosen for this, and many are the wishes and hopes for the future well-being of the silk-worms, as on them depend the good-wife's new dress, some new linen for the house, or a string of small pearls, coveted and necessary ornament of every well-to-do Tuscan peasant woman. The silk-worms and the chickens are entirely women's work and women's gain here, though the men pick the mulberry leaves and carry them home. 'As the *mezzeria* or *metayer* system prevails all over Tuscany, half of the silk produced goes to the landlord, to whom the mulberry trees belong, and who finds half the cost of the eggs, the peasants giving their labor; and hard work the six weeks of silk-worm culture is: as a pretty black-eyed Assunta said to me, "Ah, Signora, who has silkworms cannot sleep."

After the division of eggs has been

made, according to the mulberry-trees on the farm and the number of women in the family, the eggs are placed in the hatching machine, a square wooden box on four legs, with glass sides and three tiers of net-work made with string, on which are placed small square boxes, each holding one ounce of eggs, and made of muslin with wooden sides. The hatching machine has a double bottom, the top one of zinc, a little hollowed so as to hold water: a small lamp is placed in the lower one, and the heat is regulated by various slides and openings in the top of the machine, being gradually increased to one hundred and five degrees. In about forty hours the worms ought to come out; and the eggs having been covered with square bits of coarse tulle, on which are placed young tender leaves of the mulberry, the tiny black creatures come up through the holes of the tulle, leaving their empty shells below, and instantly begin to eat. As each leaf is covered with worms it is removed from the machine and laid on white paper in a basket in the warm room, care being taken to have separate baskets for each family, or one could not be sure of giving them their proper number of ounces.

The silk-worms are generally born in batches, with an interval of six or eight hours between each batch. This is also carefully noted on slips of paper: *prima nascita*, *seconda nascita*, *terza nascita* (first hatching, second hatching, third hatching) as it makes an ever-increasing difference in their four sleeps and a considerable one in the time they begin to spin, sometimes of a week. After the third batch the eggs may as well

be thrown away, as little further good will come of them.

Great cleanliness is necessary to keep the silk-worms in good health. For this, small pieces of coarse net are used, cut to the size of the baskets, and every morning a piece is laid on the top of the worms; fresh young leaves sliced fine are strewn on the net, and the worms come up through the holes to find their food, when the piece of net is lifted up, the basket cleaned out, dry paper laid in, and the net with the worms on it returned to the basket. After eight days they go to sleep for twenty hours, during which time care is taken not to disturb them, and no food given until they are quite lively and have changed their skins. They grow visibly after having thrown off their old jackets, and come out lighter colored and very soft-looking. The heat of the room is now diminished, as in a day or two the peasants will come for their worms, and those of the villa will have to be changed into other rooms, ten of which are devoted to the silk-worms in spring and to the storage of beans and maize in autumn and winter.

We now busied ourselves with getting ready the *castelli* and *stoje*. A *castello* consists of four upright square pillars of wood, about six feet high, standing on square feet. Holes are punched through them all the way up at about eight inches apart, and in these holes are fitted pegs of wood supporting two poles. On these poles are placed the *stoje*, oblong trays or mats, made of canes bound together with reeds. They are seven feet long by five feet wide, and if the silk-worms succeed well

one ounce of eggs will give twelve *stoje*, or trays of worms when they are full grown.

Eight days after their first sleep the worms again sleep for twenty-four hours, and change their skins for the second time. They evidently suffer at each change of skin, and some worms are always lost. The weakly ones do not live through the process, and either linger on for a few days with a glistening hard skin which is too small for them and turns a sort of rusty yellow color, or else die in the effort of stripping it off. The change is very curious to watch. Waking up from his long sleep the worm moves his head about in a foolish, aimless manner, as though he were dazed and not sure of his own identity. He then proceeds to rub his mouth against the stem of the leaf, or anything else handy, and works with his two front legs at the covering or sheath of his eyes and head, which comes off in one piece. Then he rests and looks about him to survey the world out of his uncovered eyes. After a time he fixes his feet firmly and begins to wriggle his body, when gradually the old skin wrinkles and he slowly creeps out and leaves it like an empty bag behind; and now thoroughly exhausted, he lies stretched out at full length without moving for half an hour or more.

After the second sleep the worms, now about half an inch long, are put on the *stoje*, covered with large sheets of paper to prevent them from falling through between the canes. Fresh sheets are spread over them every morning, with holes cut in them and strewn with fresh mulberry leaves; and every morning the old *stoje* are replaced by clean ones.

This process is continued until the worms have slept three times, when they are big enough to use nets. These are made exactly the size of the *stoje*, with a cane fixed to each end, so that two women can raise the net while the others change the *stoje* underneath. As soon as the nets are used paper is no longer put on the *stoje*, as the worms need all the air they can get: they are already an inch long, and too large to fall through the openings between the canes.

The work now becomes hard, as the silk-worms eat voraciously and must be fed every four hours, night and day. The critical time is the fourth and last sleep, the big one, as they call it. The worms sleep thirty-six hours and then come out very large, very hungry, and very susceptible to atmospheric changes. A thunder-storm may kill them all: a north wind stops their eating, and prevents them from spinning, which ought to take place about eight days after their last sleep. During this period several men are employed in making *scope*, loose fan-shaped fagots of long heather, to put the worms upon to spin their cocoons. Any one at all used to silk-worms can see directly they want to begin to spin; as they become semi-transparent, and move about restlessly without eating. The women now never leave them by day, and put loose branches of heather on the *stoje* by night, or the worms would make their cocoons among the leaves. The worms which are *assetata*, or "ready to spin," are collected on plates and transferred to the *scope*, which are leaned against chairs, or against a pole put across the corner of the room. As fast as these are

sufficiently covered with worms, they are carried off to an empty room which has been previously lined with *stoje*. Here they are placed upright with clean straw beneath, and newspapers falling from the top of the *stoje* next the wall on to the *scope*, to prevent the *giraloni*, or wanderers, from crawling up the walls to the ceiling, where they make a sort of cobweb of their silk, which is thus lost, while they remain half worm, half chrysalis—of no use to any one. When the room is full, or all the worms of the first hatching are gone to silk, it is called a *bosco*, or “wood,” and carefully closed. In twenty-four hours a noise like heavy rain is heard, with now and then the thud of a worm who has lost his footing and tumbled down. The *bosco* is left for five or seven days and then opened, when the heather appears laden with beautiful rose or yellow cocoons, as thick as plums on a well-cropped tree; but if the eggs are diseased or the worms have suffered, the sight is quite different. Hundreds of half-corrupted corpses hang in fantastic attitudes from the slender heather twigs: a few good cocoons may be there, but most of these are stained and spoiled, while the chief part are *mezzo-bozzoli*, or “half-cocoons,” worth very little in the market, and very difficult to transport, as they collapse with the slightest pressure. Last year (1884), however, was a fortunate one: the cocoons hung thick and clean on the heather, and all hands were called up to aid in picking. The few half-cocoons and *faloppe*, or very thin half-cocoons, were sorted out and put aside; and basket after basket of beautiful rose-colored hard cocoons were carried down stairs to

be sent off at midnight to Pescia, the best market in the Val d’Arno, where there is a large silk-winding factory, employing about eight hundred hands, chiefly women. The peasants came toward dusk, each laden with their baskets of cocoons, which are carefully weighed and then emptied, when the baskets are re-weighed and their weight deducted from that of the silk. Some of them had brought over three hundred pounds of silk, and altogether the lot to be sent off weighed fifteen hundred pounds. It was a picturesque group, gathered round the scales, and illumined by the flickering light of three or four *lucerne* (oil-lamps with three spouts.) The crop this year was abundant, so all the faces looked pleased and happy, and Sant’ Antonio, the special protector of all animals, was plentifully blessed.

The cocoons were packed tight into large oblong chests made of thin bars of wood, marked with their respective weights, and each provided with a good padlock. Two of the peasants belonging to the estate were ready with their two-wheeled carts; and at midnight they started for Pescia, twenty-four miles distant, accompanied with many good wishes and injunctions to keep their eyes open and get a good price for the cocoons; for as the old bailiff said, “Money comes into the house with a lame man, but goes out with a postilion.”

Five days later seventeen hundred pounds went to Pescia. The third batch only produced three hundred pounds, too small a quantity to send so far for sale, so they went into Florence which was but six miles off. The price of the first two lots was

five francs twenty cents a kilogramme, or three pounds: of the third only four francs eighty cents.

When any stranger enters a room where there are silk-worms he is requested to throw a handful of leaves to the worms to keep off the evil eye, and the first worm which goes to silk is always put upon a small branch of "blessed" olive, to spin its cocoon. You will generally, too, see some roses stuck along the edge of the *stoje*, as the worms are supposed to be fond of the scent. They certainly are injured by bad smells, although before the malady many of the peasants kept their worms in the stables, and some even outside the house under the hanging shed, which is an essential feature in a Tuscan cottage.

When the malady was at its worst many of the landlords became discouraged, and gave up the cultivation of silk-worms, selling their mulberry leaves instead. There is generally a ready sale for these, as in some places the trees are touched by frost, while in others the worms have succeeded beyond all expectation, and so food has to be bought for them. The price of mulberry leaves varies considerably, from one franc a hundred pounds to eight francs. But the latter is excessive, and the silk does not repay the outlay.

There is a breed of silk-worms called *Trevoltine*, which are hatched out three times in the season. The first batch are generally fed for a week or so on nettles and lettuce, until the mulberry leaves come out. They are kept very warm, and hurried on as fast as possible, so as to be only five or six days between each sleep. They spin faster than the

others, but their silk is very inferior. The eggs are put to hatch as soon as laid, and thus three crops are obtained in about four months. But few landlords will permit their peasants to have them, as the mulberry trees suffer severely by being so repeatedly stripped of their leaves, and the silk is not of sufficient value to repay this injury. The best mulberry trees for silk-worms are the wild species which give no fruit, or the one which produces a very small, tasteless, white berry. Mulberry trees are held in high estimation, as the old Tuscan proverb proves: "Who so cultivates the mulberry tree well, cultivates a great treasure in his field." A peasant, too, prides herself on being a good *bachina*, or worm-woman; and a girl who is supposed to have good luck with silkworms is much courted and sought after.

The country folk manage matters in a much more primitive and tedious way. They lay the end shoots of the mulberry trees on the worms, which crawl up the stems to eat the leaves; and as soon as these are well covered with worms, they are delicately picked up and put on a plate, if they are to be changed into another room, or on to a clean *staja* if they are to remain on the same *castello*.

To English readers I shall seem an enthusiast about "those nasty worms," as most people call them. But when one lives much among the people, and sees what a resource the silk-worms are, and how many hopes and wishes are concentrated upon their welfare, one naturally takes an interest in them; and during the six weeks they are eating, sleeping and spinning, the first question asked

by every one is not how are you, but how are the silk-worms?—JANET ROSS, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

LADY — AND SULTAN ABD-EL-MEDJID.

Lord and Lady — arrived at Constantinople in 1841. They called on the Ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, and Lady — requested His Excellency to present her to the Sultan.

As the presentation of a European lady to H. I. M. had never been heard of in those days, Lord Ponsonby declined to take steps to meet the wishes of the fair lady, on the plea that such an unprecedented request might give annoyance to the Sultan. Lady — was, however, determined to gain her point, and also to show Lord Ponsonby that if he had not sufficient influence to obtain such a special favor from the Sultan, another Representative might be found who would pay more courteous attention to her wishes.

Lady — had made the acquaintance at Vienna of Baron Stunmer, the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople, who though he had not the powerful influence which Lord Ponsonby then enjoyed, was regarded by the Sultan and his ministers as a very important personage, whose wishes it was politic and advisable to attend to. Lady — made known her request to the Baron, who at first demurred for the same reason as Lord Ponsonby; but pressed by the fair dame, who pleaded that she only asked for a private interview with the Sultan, and knowing that Lord — held a high position in

his own country, he promised to mention her wishes to Reshid Pasha, who was at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs and spoke French fluently, to ascertain whether it was possible that such an extraordinary favor could be granted by H. I. M.

Reshid Pasha raised many objections; but being most desirous to please the Austrian Ambassador, he informed him that there was perhaps one possible way by which the lady could be brought very privately into the presence of His Majesty. He had heard, he said, that the noble lady traveled with untold wealth in diamonds, pearls, turquoises, etc.; the Sultan was passionately fond of jewelry, of which he made frequent purchases; and possibly His Majesty might consent, on learning that there was a person in Constantinople who had a large assortment of jewels, that she should be allowed to bring them in person to the palace. If His Majesty did consent, the Pasha informed the Baron, no one but himself (Reshid) and Lady — would be present at the interview with the Sultan, and in such case he would act as interpreter.

Reshid Pasha, having made known to the Sultan that a person had arrived at Constantinople with a wonderful collection of most valuable jewelry, asked whether His Majesty would like to see them.

The following conversation is said to have taken place.

Sultan. — "Let the jewelry be brought and prices stated."

Reshid. — "This person never trusts the jewelry to any one, and would have to come in person."

Sultan. — "Bring the jeweler."

Reshid (in a hesitating manner) — "I beg your Majesty's pardon for

indelicate, but it is—it is—a female, and she always carries the jewels on her person when she wishes to dispose of them for sale, and never puts them in a case."

Sultan.—"Bring her, and let her put them all on. You come also, to interpret."

Reshid returned and told the Baron he might inform Lady—that she would be presented at a private audience by him, but that the Sultan having heard of the fame of her jewelry had particularly requested she would put it all on, and he, the Pasha, hoped therefore she would raise no objection to such a strange request.

Lady—was very good-natured, and being much amused at the condition made by the Sultan, consented to put on all her most valuable jewelry.

On arrival at the Palace, Reshid Pasha conducted Lady—into the presence of the Sultan. Her dress glittered with diamonds, pearls, turquoises, and other precious stones.

"Pekky—good," said the Sultan (as Lady—curtseyed) "she has brought magnificent jewels."

Reshid (turning to the lady).—"His Majesty graciously bids you welcome."

Lady—bowed and expressed her thanks in French.

Reshid (interpreting).—"She says she has other jewelry, but could not put on all."

Sultan.—"Ask her what is the price of that diamond necklace."

Reshid.—"His Majesty inquires whether this is your first visit to Constantinople?"

Lady—.—"It is my first visit, and I am delighted with all I have seen."

Reshid (to *Sultan*).—"She asks a million of piastres."

Sultan.—"That is too much."

Reshid (to *Lady*).—"His Majesty asks whether you have seen the Mosques. If not, offers you a firman."

Lady expresses her thanks.

Sultan.—"What price does she put on that set of turquoises?"

Reshid (to *Lady*).—"His Majesty says that perhaps you would like to take a walk in the garden."

Lady—expresses her thanks, and would like to see the garden.

Reshid (to *Sultan*).—"She says 400,000 piastres."

Sultan.—"Take her away, I shall not give such prices."

Reshid (to *Lady*).—"His Majesty graciously expresses satisfaction at having made your acquaintance."

Lady—curtseys low and withdraws from His Majesty's presence to visit the garden with the amiable and courteous Reshid Pasha.—SIR J. H. DRUMMOND HAY, in *Murray's Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

HOW THE "ALABAMA" MIGHT HAVE BEEN CAUGHT. — "Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the late Confederate States Navy," who is now verging upon fourscore, has just put forth in London an enormous book, entitled *Serrice Afloat; or, the Remarkable Career of the Confederate Cruisers Sumter and Alabama during the War between the States*. He says:—

"If Mr. Welles had stationed a heavier and faster ship than the *Alabama*—and he had a number of both heavier and faster ships—at the crossing of the thirtieth parallel; another at or near the equator a little to the eastward of Fernando de Noronha, and a third off Bahia, he must have driven

me off or greatly crippled me in my movements. A few more ships in the other chief highways and his commerce would have been pretty well protected. But the old gentleman does not seem once to have thought of so simple a policy as *stationing* a ship anywhere. The reader has seen how many vital points he left unguarded. His plan seemed to be, first to wait until he heard of the *Alabama* being somewhere, and then to send off a number of cruisers, post-haste in pursuit of her, as though he expected her to stand still and wait for her pursuers! This method of his left the game entirely in my own hands. My safety depended upon a simple calculation of times and distances."

DRINKING WATER AND EATING.—Dr. A. H. P. Leuf contributes to the *Medical News* an article upon "the Stomach," in which he sets forth what he regards as several important errors in regard to the anatomy and physiology of that vital organ as described by the usually accepted authorities. We present some of the conclusions to which he comes:—

"When water is taken into the full or partly full stomach, it does not mingle with the food, but goes quickly toward the *pylorus*, through which it passes into the intestine. The secretion of mucus by the living membrane is constant, and during the night a considerable amount accumulates in the stomach; some of the liquid portion is absorbed, and that which remains is thick and tenacious; if food is taken into the stomach when in this condition, it becomes coated with this mucus, and the secretion of the gastric juice and its action are delayed. These facts show the value of a goblet of water before breakfast; this washes out the tenacious mucus, and stimulates the gastric glands to secretion. In old or feeble persons this water should not be taken cold, but it may with great advantage be taken warm or hot. This removal of the accumulated mucus from the stomach is probably one of the reasons why taking soup at the beginning of a meal has always been found so beneficial. The morning mucus contained in the stomach hinders or retards digestion. Water drunk before meals dilutes and washes out this mucus, thus greatly aiding digestion as well as elimination. Cold water should be taken by those who have the power to react, while warm or hot

water should be used by all others. It is perfectly proper to drink water before, during, and after meals. Salt added to the water is very beneficial in preventing the formation of unabsorbable parapeptones."

INSECT PESTS.—In *Science* we read that:—

"The Department of Agriculture has issued a paper prepared by Professor Riley, on the defoliation of shade-trees in Washington. The four principal leaf-eaters are the imported elm-leaf beetle, the bag-worm, the white-marked tussock-moth, and the fall web-worm. The beetle, Professor Riley says, has done much mischief in the Old World. It was first imported here in 1837, and its earlier destructive attacks were notably about Baltimore and New Jersey. The bag-worm for two or three years has been on the increase in special localities in Washington. Speaking of the enemies of these worms, he says, 'The pellets of a screech-owl found in the vicinity of Baltimore consisted apparently almost entirely of the hairs of these caterpillars, proving that this useful bird has done good service. Perhaps the statement may be of interest that this little owl is getting much more common in the vicinity of cities in which the English sparrow has become numerous, and that the imported birds will find in this owl as bold an enemy as the sparrow-hawk is to them in Europe, and even more dangerous, since its attacks are made toward dusk, at a time when the sparrow has retired for the night, and is not as wide awake for ways and means to escape. If our two cuckoos, the black-billed and yellow-billed species, could be induced to build their nests within the city limits or in our parks, we should gain in them two very useful friends, since they feed upon hairy caterpillars.' Speaking of a remedy for these pests Professor Riley says, 'It so happens, fortunately, that there is one thoroughly simple, cheap, and efficacious remedy applicable to all four of these tree-depredators. They all begin their work very much at the same season, or as soon as the leaves are fairly developed; and arsenical mixtures properly sprayed on the trees about the middle of May and repeated once or twice at intervals of a fortnight later in the season will prove an effectual protection to trees of all kinds.'"

CTESIAS AND THE SEMIRAMIS LEGEND.

In the January number of the *Historical Review*, Mr. Gilmore argues (against Duncker and others) that Ctesias cannot have got the legend of Semiramis from Iranian sources, but made it up himself, combining what he had heard from Babylonians about the historical Sammuramat (or rather Sammuramat), wife (?) of Rammannirar (812-783 B.C.), with the figure of Ishtar, the warlike and cruel goddess of Babylonian mythology, and building thereupon an elaborate romance. He assumes that the Semiramis of Herodotus (whose date, according to that author, may be put about 750 B.C.) is the historical Sammuramat, and appears to hold that the mythical Semiramis is Ctesias's own creation. This view seems to call for modification in accordance with certain evidences which Mr. Gilmore has not taken into account.

When Herodotus says that Semiramis lived five generations before Nitocris, it is barely possible that he identifies her with Sammuramat, whose date is approximately suitable (i.e., within thirty or forty years); but in that case the identification was a mistake, due to a confusion between two names which had a similar sound to a Greek ear but were really quite distinct. For in the first place the Sammuramat whose name occurs on an inscription found on several statues of Nebo, with the title "lady of the palace" (wife or mother?) of Rammannirar, was not queen of Babylon, but a great lady of the Assyrian court at a time when the Assyrian empire did not include Babylonia.

And in the second place the Semitic form of the name Semiramis is known to be Shemirām, a word formed according to familiar analogies, and one which has no etymological connection with Sammuramat, even the initial letters being etymologically distinct, while at the same time it bears no marks of having been borrowed and corrupted in the borrowing. Schrader, indeed, will have it that the Hebrews, borrowing the name Sammuramat, which they did not understand, transformed it into more intelligible shape. But the Hebrews knew the name of Semiramis only as the name of a deity. Shemirām occurs in the Old Testament only in the plural form "Shemiramoth," which in several passages of Chronicles, appears as the name of a Levite, but according to all analogy was originally a place-name and meant "images of Shemiram," just as Anathoth means "images of Anath." And, in fact, the main evidence that Semiramis in Greek answers to a Semitic Shemiram is not got from Hebrew at all. The form Shemiram for the name of the famous Assyrian queen is used by Syrian writers, who, if they had known the word only from the Greek, would certainly not have transcribed it so, and place-names derived from Shemiram are found in Media and Armenia even in the middle ages.

Apart from the legends recounted by Greek historians, the main thing known about Semiramis is that she was celebrated in tradition as the author of marvelous works of building and engineering (especially earthworks), and that towns were called after her name far beyond the limits of the Semitic lands. Ultimately every

stupendous work by the Euphrates or in Iran seems to have been ascribed to her—even the Behistun inscription of Darius. And it is plain that this very Semiramis of later folklore is the Semiramis of Herodotus, who built the marvelous earthworks that confined the Euphrates at Babylon, and after whom one of the gates of that city was named. That Herodotus supposes her to have been an historical queen, of comparatively modern date, is a small matter when set against this substantial evidence that his Semiramis has the same reputation as the Semiramis of later legend. And if it is difficult to separate the Semiramis of Herodotus from the mythical queen of later writers, it is still more difficult to make the latter the mere invention of Ctesias.

It is not disputed that the Semiramis of Ctesias and of later story is closely akin to the Semitic Aphrodite (Ishtar, Astarte) from whose myth the leading features in her character are drawn. But in point of fact Semiramis is not an historical queen whose legend was enriched in later times with elements borrowed from religious myth; she is primarily a goddess, and becomes a quasi-historical queen only by virtue of that euhemerism which in the east is so much older than Euhemerus.

The story of Semiramis in Diodorus (through whom we know the narrative of Ctesias) consists of three parts. The first of these is the legend of her birth, in which, in spite of a clumsy attempt to present the story of a theogony as ordinary history, it is clear that Semiramis is the daughter of Derceto, the fish-goddess of Ascalon, and is herself the Astarte whose sacred doves were

honored at Ascalon and throughout Syria. Then comes a second part, in which the supernatural element is more successfully eliminated; this is the record of her exploits and wars. Finally we have the legend of her miraculous disappearance from earth with the statement that the Assyrians (*i.e.*, the Syrians) worship her as a goddess, and that some say she was turned into a dove. If Ctesias had been inventing history for the Greeks, instead of recounting a legend, he would never have given the first and third parts of this story, and the conclusion is therefore inevitable that in eastern legend Semiramis was a goddess and a form of Astarte.

That Semiramis is really a Semitic goddess, and that the name was used in Semitic cultus, appears from the O.T. *Shemiramoth* "images of Shemiram." And in spite of the rationalizing objections taken by the author, it is quite clear from the statements of Lucian that Semiramis and Derceto or Atargatis were worshiped together at Hierapolis (Bambyce, Mabbog) near the Euphrates, in the same association with sacred fish and sacred doves as appears in the birth-legend of Ctesias. And further, the erroneous statement of Diodorus and other Greek writers that Semiramis is Syriac for a dove must have some basis, and is probably a false conclusion from an epithet really given to the dove in certain parts of Syria. That epithet can hardly be other than "bird of Semiramis," Semiramis meaning form of Astarte.

As regards the name of Semiramis, it is to be observed that the great Semitic deities were worshiped in many forms even where the ritual

was the same) and under various titles which are rather epithets than proper names. *Shemi-ram*, of which the first element means "name" and the second "exalted," is such an epithet. Two constructions may be put on the connection of these elements, and either of them gives a fit title for a great Semitic goddess. If we render "my name is exalted" the title means simply "the highly famed." But I have ventured to suggest in the article "Semiramis," the in new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* another interpretation, which, perhaps, may be held to be preferable. In the inscription of Eshmunazar, Astarte is called "the name of Baal," i.e., the manifestation of the chief male deity. *Shemiram* in like manner may be rendered "the name of Ram;" and that Ram, "the exalted one," was a divine title appears from the name Hiram (brother of Ram) and other evidences.

In the middle part of the story of Semiramis in Diodorus, her divine character falls very much into the background, especially in the three episodes which alone are treated with any fullness of detail: the taking of Bactra, the building of Babylon, and the expedition against India. In all these there is very good reason to suspect the presence of at least a large element which is neither Semitic nor Iranian legend, but Greek addition. But it is not so plain that the additions are wholly or even mainly due to Ctesias, for C. Jacoby in the *Rheinisches Museum* has shown very clearly that the account in Diodorus does not come direct from Ctesias, but has incorporated elements from the history of Alexander's eastern conquests; and,

indeed, he has made it probable that the work of Ctesias lay before Diodorus not in its original form but as recast by Clitarchus.

If now we set aside on the one hand amplifications got from the history of Alexander's campaigns, and on the other hand mistakes which might naturally be made by Ctesias himself, such as the statement that Semiramis was the foundress of Babylon and not merely the legendary builder of certain works there, and if further we make a reasonable allowance for the changes that were inevitable in the task of translating an eastern myth into the semblance of a history that should be credible to the Greeks, very little if anything remains that cannot be fairly regarded as part of an Astarte myth. The character of Semiramis is throughout that of Astarte or Ishtar, as is generally recognized, and as Mr. Gilmore has clearly brought out by reference to the epic of Izdubar. And, as regards the details of her career, it is to be observed that, except in the parts where the influence of Alexander's campaigns is unmistakable, the story is little more than a thread of connection between the various works in different parts of the East which were ascribed to her, and in part no doubt had local legends of the goddess. It is plain that as time went on there was a growing tendency to ascribe all great remains to Semiramis, and it may be questioned whether in Ctesias's original account she was already credited with Achæmenian works like the Behistun inscription. But in view of the late survival of her name in remote parts like Dailam, and even in the neighborhood of Merv (where Yacut men-

tions a place Shamīrān), there is no reason to doubt that Semiramis was known in Iranian as well as in Semitic lands, in a variety of local connections, but especially in connection with certain artificial barrows, which, according to Diodorus, marked the spots where she fixed her tent.

Here, it may be said, we have a circumstance more appropriate to the historical legend of an actual queen than to the myth of a goddess. But by good fortune a fragment of John of Antioch has been preserved to convict Diodorus (or his source) of infidelity not only to the original legend, but to the narrative of Ctesias. For here it is related from Ctesias that the mounds of Semiramis were nominally erected against inundations, but really were the graves of her lovers whom she buried alive. That this is the more original account, cannot be questioned; it fits in with what Diodorus himself tells of the fate of the queen's lovers, and with the fact that one of the mounds ascribed to her was known as the tomb of Ninus. Moreover it brings the Semiramis mounds into close and natural connection with a central feature of the Astarte or Ishtar myth, the unhappy fate of all her paramours, which we read of in the legend of Izdubar. In this legend the first of those to whom Ishtar's love has been disastrous is Thammuz, the Adonis of the Greeks. The characteristic feature in the ritual of Adonis is that the god was worshiped first as dead and then as again alive, and accordingly his tomb was shown at various places of his worship in connection with temples of Astarte. Adonis ("lord") is a mere title, and essen-

tially the same worship is associated with other names, especially with that of the eastern Memnon, a figure quite indistinguishable from Adonis, whose tombs (*Memnonia*) were shown in various parts of the East. There can, I think, be little doubt that Memnon is nothing more than a corruption in Greek mouths (under the influence of the Homeric Memnon) of *Naaman* ("darling") or of a diminutive *Naamanon*. For Ewald has pointed out that in Isaiah xvii. 10 "plantings of *Naamanim*" are equivalent to the Greek gardens of Adonis, and Lagarde has pushed the argument further, showing that the name of the anemone, which is said to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, is probably derived from *Naamān* (the final long *a* being pronounced broad and so passing into *o*), just as the Arabs call the same flower "wounds of the *Naaman*." These arguments may be strengthened by reference to Sozomen, who tells of an ancient tomb in Palestine (evidently sacred, for he supposes it to be the tomb of Michael) which the people of the place, "not knowing what they say, call *Νεφερεμνα*" (so we must read; see Reland, *Palestina*). This he supposes to mean the "tomb of the faithful one," but it is plain that it was really "the tomb of the *Naaman*," i.e., of Adonis. Finally, the river known to the ancients as Belus (i.e., Baal, a general divine name applicable to any male deity) had a Memnonion, and was believed to be the place of the periodical new birth of Bel. It is now known as the river *Naaman*. Here, therefore, we have Baal, Memnon, and *Naaman* all connected with the same holy place and evidently identical.

We seem, in fact, to be justified in associating all the graves of Semitic male gods (*e.g.*, the grave of Bel or Baal at Babylon, and that of Heracles at Tyre) with a worship of the Adonistype—a worship which is closely connected with that of Astarte and Ishtar, and with a myth in which the god who dies but rises again is the lover of the great goddess. And as we already know that Semiramis is a form of Astarte, the conclusion is obvious that the tombs of her lovers are sanctuaries (*heroa*) corresponding to the tomb-sanctuaries of Adonis; and the analogy of the tombs of Adonis, which at Byblus and elsewhere were associated with a sanctuary and cult of Astarte, leads us to suppose that where there was a tumulus of the dead god there was also a sanctuary and worship of the goddess. We now see the point of the statement that the lovers were buried alive; being gods, they lived and received homage in their graves. So in the Armenian form of the legend, Ara, the lover of Semiramis, is slain but returns to life, just as Adonis spends part of the year with Aphrodite and part of it with Persephone. And, again, the statement that the mounds were nominally built against inundations implies that they stood near streams, and this is just what we find in the case of the Memnonia and tombs of Adonis. Yet another indication of the identity of our myth and the cult on which it rests with the myth and cult of Astarte and Adonis may be drawn from the proverb in Mar Apas Catina: "Semiramis changed into stone long before Niobe." For Macrobius, speaking of the Adonis myth, mentions a statue of Venus in the Lebanon mourning for her

lover, whose eyes appeared to shed tears like the statue of Niobe. Such a rock-hewn figure of Astarte mourning for Adonis still exists, and has been figured by Renan.

It were easy to show that the Astarte myth accounts for other features in the Semiramis legend; thus the statement of Juba, in Pliny viii. 15, that one of her lovers was a horse, is taken from the Izdubar poem, which tells the same thing of Ishtar. Or, again, when Ælian makes Semiramis take lions and panthers alive we at once see that this story is derived from the common representation of Astarte and kindred eastern goddesses as riding on a lion. But to dwell on these details would only carry us away from the main point, namely that the substantial basis of the whole story lies in the wide dispersion, beyond Semitic lands, of a cult of Semitic character associated with a goddess who bears a Semitic name. In this as in all other problems of antique religion, legend is to be explained from cult and not converse-
 47, and the diffusion of a Semitic religion in Iranian lands is a sufficient basis for the whole story of the conquests of Semiramis. The victories of the religion were necessarily conceived as the victories of the goddess, and at length were rationalized into the conquests of a Semitic queen. So viewed the myth acquires real value to the historian, though it records, not a chapter of political history, but an ancient chapter in the history of the religious influence of the Semites on foreign races.

From this point of view it seems possible to get a little further in the explanation of Ctesias's story and in

the determination of its sources. It is generally admitted that the story formed no part of the official tradition of the origins of Babylonia and Assyria, which Ctesias might have learned from Babylonian priests. But this fact by no means involves the conclusion that Ctesias invented the whole legend; on the contrary, it is not in Babylonia but in Iran that a legend of the conquests of Semiramis would naturally spring up to explain and connect together the local cults of the foreign goddess. The tendency to connect a number of local worships by a legendary narrative can be observed in all ancient mythologies, and seems to be the natural expression in matters of religion of an increased sense of political unity between the worshippers at the several local shrines which are brought into the story. A nation needs national deities, and gets them by binding together in a single legend the local deities of similar cult and character. There is direct historical evidence that a process of this sort had been going on in Persian just before the time of Ctesias; for it appears, both from Berosus, and from the inscriptions, that Artaxerxes II., at whose court Ctesias lived, was the first Persian king to introduce an official worship of Anaitis in all the great cities of his empire. Anaitis was hardly a new deity, for her name (*Anahita*) is genuinely Iranian; so all that Artaxerxes can have done was to give official recognition and national character to a worship that had previously existed in unofficial form. And there can be no question that the official decree must have had for its basis a national movement toward wider recognition of the deity in

question. No arbitrary decree could have made the worship of Anaitis so important as it continued to be in Persia from this time forth.

Now, while the name of Anahita is Persian, the type and cultus of the goddess are hardly to be distinguished from those of Astarte, and scholars are agreed that she is the Aphrodite Urania (*Astarte*) whose worship Herodotus says that the Persians had adopted from the Assyrians and Arabs. Anaitis or Anahita, in fact, appears to be the official Persian name (since Artaxerxes II.) of a goddess borrowed from the Semites and naturalized by being identified with the previously unimportant Anahita. The name of Anaitis is not known to Herodotus, who supposes (apparently incorrectly) that the Persians called her *Mitra*. But the presumption is that in old time, before she was completely naturalized, she was worshiped under one of the many titles which the Semites applied to the various forms of Astarte; and from what we have already learned we can hardly doubt that, at many of her shrines, this title was Semiramis. To give certainty to this hypothesis, it ought to be shown that the worship of Anaitis is not only modeled on Astarte worship in general, but corresponds to the particular type of that worship which we have seen to be associated with the name of Semiramis. Her name ought to be brought into connection with the Semiramis mounds and with the worship of a male deity corresponding to Adonis. Now one of the shrines of Anaitis about which we are best informed is that at Zela in Pontus. Zela was not so much a town as a fortified sanctuary, and it stood on an artificial mound which

bore the name of Semiramis. Here Anaitis was worshiped, along with "the Persian deities, Omanus and Anadates." The second name is perhaps corrupt; at least, nothing certain is known about it; but as regards Omanus we know from Strabo that at the Cappadocian sanctuaries his image was carried about in procession. From *Ep. Jerem.* 30 sq., Theocr. *Idyll.* xv. 132 sq., we may gather that the god so carried in procession was the dead god, and the rite an act of mourning; but if this be disputed, it still remains certain that the temple of Anaitis stood on a "mound of Semiramis," and that the Persian cult succeeded to that of the Semitic deity. And in like manner in Susiana, where Anaitis was the chief female goddess, we find the worship of Memnon—that is, of Adonis; so that it is by no means certain whether in Ælian, the lions of Anaitis occurring in a temple of Adonis in this region justify us in changing the reading to "temple of Anaitis." Moreover, in this argument we are not confined to the cases where Anaitis is mentioned by name; for the fact that even in the *Avesta* she is worshiped by Ahuramazda himself makes it plain that she was the supreme female deity of the Iranians, and therefore we are justified in referring to her cult (or an equivalent thereof) what the Greeks tell us of the Medea, whom, by a transparent play on the name, they suppose to be the national heroine of the Medes. This Medea is obviously an equivalent of Semiramis, for Strabo ascribes to her what Diodorus and Justin ascribe to Semiramis, viz., the invention of the Median dress, which seemed so

remarkable to the Greeks as necessarily to be derived from a heroine of masculine character. This feature points unmistakably to a connection with Astarte. And the Median Medea of Strabo has a male partner, called by the Greeks Jason, whose tomb-sanctuaries, like those of Adonis or Memnon, were greatly revered by the barbarians.

From all these evidences, then, it would appear that the worship of the Semitic Aphrodite or Astarte in the form of Semiramis had taken firm hold of the Iranian lands at an early date, and that in the days of Artaxerxes II. this cult had acquired an importance which led to its being adopted into the official Persian religion. To this end Semiramis was identified with Anaitis or Anahita, a genuine Persian figure, but one which had no national significance in earlier times. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand (1) the formation of a Semiramis legend in Iran, (2) the prominence given to this legend by Ctesias, who lived at the court of Artaxerxes II., (3) the disappearance of the Semitic name of the goddess from later national Iranian legends, while yet it remained associated with individual places in Iranian lands, and gave color and shape to the later worship of Anaitis. The Iranian legend of the conquests of Semiramis was no doubt freely handled by Ctesias to suit his public, but the principal additions to this part of the story appear to be due to the later Greeks who worked over his narrative, and enriched it with matter borrowed from the history of Alexander the Great.

There is, however, another part of the story given by Ctesias, which

appears to owe much more to his invention, namely, the way in which Semiramis and her husband Ninus appear as founders of the historical empire of Nineveh.

That the Iranian legend of the goddess Semiramis did not form part of an Iranian history of the Assyrian empire goes without saying, and it is equally certain that the Semiramis and Ninus story formed no part of the official historical tradition of the Assyrian and Babylonian priests. The type of the goddess Semiramis is one which was common to all Semites both in Assyria and elsewhere; but the name Shemirām is not Assyrian but Phœnician, or more probably Aramaic. And it is in the highest degree doubtful whether there was an Assyrian god Nin or Ninip, as Rawlinson supposes. At any rate, if there was such a god, the founding of Nineveh and the Assyrian empire was not ascribed to him. That the Greeks supposed Ninus to be an ancient king of the city of the same name, proves nothing as to Assyrian tradition; the fact stands quite on the same footing as the derivation of the names of Medes from Medea. It is not even necessary to suppose that it was a Greek who invented Ninus as eponym hero of Nineveh; the Semites themselves were ready enough to invent eponyms of the kind, and any Syrian who was questioned as to the founder of Nineveh, and who was not possessed of such traditional lore on the subject as the Babylonian priests doubtless had, would not have hesitated to fix on Ninus, whose name was known from an actually existing monument, viz., the tomb of Ninus by the Euphrates of which Ctesias speaks. This tomb

is the one definite point that we have to start from in inquiring what the original legend about Ninus was; and if it really lay on the Euphrates, it follows at once that the original Ninus had nothing to do with Nineveh on the Tigris, or with the Assyrian monarchy of which Nineveh was the capital.

When Ctesias says that the tomb of Ninus stood in the ancient capital of the Assyrian monarchy, and also that it stood on the Euphrates, one of these two assertions is certainly erroneous, and it is usually taken for granted that the first assertion is right and the second wrong. But this assumption is altogether arbitrary. No doubt the true site of Nineveh was never entirely lost in local tradition, for the old name still clung to it in Roman times, and even in the middle ages. But in the time of Artaxerxes II. the tradition had become so obscure, that when Xenophon passed the site and noted the ruins, he was told that they belonged to an ancient city of the Medes. This is very good evidence that the tomb of Ninus, which Ctesias describes as an eminence of the dimensions of a mountain dominating all the surrounding plain, formed no part of the ruin of Nineveh, for if it had it would certainly have been pointed out to Xenophon. Accordingly, the reasonable view of the matter is, that the great tomb of Ninus really lay on the Euphrates as Ctesias says it did, and that the mistake of that author lay in supposing that it marked the site of Nineveh, which he had learned to regard as the city of King Ninus. And, in fact, it can be shown that there was a Ninus on the Euphrates answering to

Ctesias's description, and that this Ninus was a seat of Semiramis worship, and the original home of certain parts of the legends told about her by the Greeks.

Ammianus, speaking of the cities of Euphratensis, names "*Hierapolis vetus Ninus*." As he speaks in the same way of *Constantinopolis vetus Byzantium*, the meaning seems to be that Hierapolis (Bambyce, Mabbog), the great seat of the worship of the Syrian goddess, was anciently called Ninus. Philostratus, in like manner, speaks several times of Ninus or "the ancient Ninus," where he plainly means Hierapolis, and while the single allusion to the name in Ammianus might be a piece of blundering antiquarianism, this explanation will hardly cover the case of Philostratus, who uses also the adjective Ninius in speaking of Damis, a native of the city and the friend of Apollonius. It must not be assumed that it is only by a blunder that any other place than Nineveh could bear the name of Ninus, for in fact we know from Stephanus Byzantius that Aphrodisias in Caria was called Ninoë. Aphrodisias, as its name denotes, was a sanctuary of the oriental Aphrodite, and it is to be presumed that both here and at Hierapolis the second name of the city was derived from an associated divinity whose oriental name was something like *Nin*, but had nothing whatever to do with Nineveh.

Here, indeed, it may be objected that Ctesias evidently places the city and tomb of Ninus close to the Euphrates, while Hierapolis lay some distance to the west, four *schoeni* from the river according to Strabo, or three *parasangs* according to Yacut. But, on the other hand,

Zosimus names Hierapolis as a rendezvous appointed to the fleet on the Euphrates; and Joshua Stylites, who certainly did not write in ignorance, speaks of "Mabbog on the river Euphrates." In fact the commercial importance of Hierapolis lay in its being the city which commanded the junction of the two great trade routes from Antioch to Seleucia, and from Antioch to Harrân (Carrhae) and upper Mesopotamia, and the point of bifurcation was not at the city itself but at the passage of the Euphrates, a few miles off, where in the middle ages there was a bridge called the bridge of Mabbog (*Jisr Manbij*), and a fortress called sometimes "the castle of Mabbog" (*Hisn Manbij*), but more usually "the Castle of the Star." (*Qal'at al-Nejm*). If we consider that in ancient times the most important trade of Syria on this line was with the Persian Gulf and avoided the long caravan routes, ascending the Euphrates in ships as far as possible, we shall see that the haven on the Euphrates must have been the starting point of the city, and that the inland foundation was probably of later growth. At any rate, for all effects upon the history of civilization, Hierapolis was as essentially a port on the Euphrates as Athens was a port on the Ægean. And that this was so appears in the ritual of the sacred city. According to the *De Dea Syria*, the greatest religious festivals of Hierapolis were those celebrated by a procession "to the sea." This phrase is explained by Philostratus, who tells us that the Euphrates was called "the sea," as it had been in Old Testament times and still is by the Arabs. For religion, therefore,

as well as for trade, Hierapolis was a city by the Euphrates. And this observation enables us to fix with great probability the exact site of the tomb-sanctuary of Ninus. The "Castle of the Star" which commanded the bridge of Mubbog, is built on a lofty and isolated hill, such as Ctesias describes. In a Syrian district *Al-Nejm*, "The Star," appears to be a mere translation of the Syriac *Kaukabta*, i.e., the planet Venus, which in later times was a common name of the eastern Aphrodite, so that the Castle of the Star is in its origin a sanctuary of Astarte, and may well have been at the same time the tomb of her subordinate partner Ninus. It is still frequented by great flocks of Astarte's bird, the dove.

We are now prepared to take up a more crucial piece of evidence. If the Ninus of Ctesias was really Hierapolis or its port on the west bank of the Euphrates, it was not Assyrian (in our sense of the word) but Syrian, i.e., Aramæan; and, by inference, Semiramis and Ninus were Aramæan deities. But it is a commonplace with orientalists, that Syrian is a mere abridgment of Assyrian, and that the Greeks did not keep the two words apart as we do when we use the first to mean "Aramæan," and the second to mean "pertaining to the empire of Nineveh." Thus the expressions "Ninus the Assyrian," "Semiramis the Assyrian," may quite well denote Aramæan deities, and the connection which Ctesias makes between these legendary figures and the Assyrian empire may quite well be a mere error favored by ambiguity of language. And that the birth-legend of Semiramis is really Ara-

mæan and not Assyrian (in our sense of the word) appears beyond question from the name of her mother, Derceto. *Derceto* is a Greek corruption of *Atargatis*, a name in which the first element is the specifically Aramaic form of the Phœnician *Astarte*, the Babylonian and Assyrian *Ishtar*. If Ctesias had learned the birth-legend from Babylonian priests, exponents of the official priestly myths of Babylonia and Assyria, the name of Derceto could not have occurred in it. And in point of fact the scene of the legend, as assigned by him, is not Irak or the Tigris valley, but Ascalon in Philistia. We can be absolutely sure that no genuine Assyrian or Babylonian legend could possibly have been assigned to so remote a region, and one which had always been influenced by instead of communicating its influence to the country of the two rivers. At the same time it is equally impossible to look on Ascalon as the veritable source of the Semiramis legend. The Greeks from Herodotus downward regarded Ascalon as the most ancient seat of Aphrodite worship, but this only means that it was the most ancient shrine within their range—which did not extend to the interior of Asia. It is easy, therefore, to understand why Ctesias writing for Greeks placed the birth-legend in Ascalon, but it is not easy to understand how, living in Persia, he could have had it from Ascalon. And it is quite certain that down to the period of Macedonian sovereignty in Asia the language of the Philistine coast was not Aramaic, but a Hebrew or Phœnician dialect, in which the name Derceto or Atargatis is impossible except in connection with

a borrowed ritual. In a word, the birth-legend is Aramaic in form and must have originated at an Aramæan sanctuary.

To clinch this argument and connect it with what has already been said as to the locality of Ninus, it is only necessary to prove, as can easily be done, that the elements of the birth-legend had their home at Bambyce or Hierapolis. I say *the elements* of the birth-legend, for as told by Ctesias the story is a complex one, in which several originally distinct myths appear to be artificially combined. Aphrodite smites the goddess Derceto with love for one of her own priests. A daughter is born of this amour, and Derceto filled with shame kills her lover, exposes her daughter, and herself plunges into the sacred pool of Ascalon and is changed into a fish. The infant is fed and brought up by doves till she is found by shepherds. The king's herdsman, Simmas, adopts her, and gives her the name of Semiramis and ultimately marries her to Onnes, an officer in the court of Ninus. Here, therefore, Aphrodite, Derceto, and Semiramis are all distinct, though in reality the two latter are merely the two forms of the eastern Aphrodite associated with the fish and the dove respectively. The essential identity of Derceto and Semiramis appears even in Ctesias's story; for Derceto's lover whom the goddess slays is a figure of exactly the same sort as the unfortunate lovers of Semiramis; and on the other hand Onnes, the first husband of Semiramis, is plainly the Babylonian fish god *Oannes*, who must have been originally associated with the fish form of Astarte.

Originally each type of the great

Semitic goddess had a local home and a local seat of its own. But in process of time several types were brought together in the greater sanctuaries, and their myths became inter-fused in various and perplexing ways, giving rise to complex legends, which never attained to the same fixity as the old elementary myths of which they were made up, and indeed were often told in very different ways at one and the same shrine. At Hierapolis, as we know from Lucian, there were both sacred fish and sacred doves, and one account of the sanctuary was that it was founded by Semiramis for her mother Derceto. The usual opinion in antiquity was that the goddess of Hierapolis was Derceto or Atargatis. But her statue combined the symbols of various types of Astarte, and there was in the temple another statue supposed to be that of Semiramis, which appears to have been the oldest and most sacred of all, since it was carried in procession to the Euphrates at the greatest of the annual feasts. At Hierapolis, therefore, the conditions existed for the formation of a legend like that of Ctesias, in which Derceto and Semiramis both appear, but we have no right to expect to find either at Hierapolis or anywhere else a story exactly corresponding to his. It is enough if we can identify with Mabbog the mythical elements out of which Ctesias's story is built up. These elements are mainly two:—(1) A myth of the transformation of Astarte into a fish (myth of Derceto); (2) A myth of the birth of Astarte and the miracle of her being nursed by doves (myths of Semiramis). Both these myths belong to Hierapolis.

1. Ovid tells how Dione and

Cupid fleeing from Typhon plunged into the waters of the Euphrates and were saved by two fishes. The fishes were rewarded by being raised to heaven and placed in the zodiac. The mention of the Euphrates is the important point here; the rest of the story is not given in its original form; but that has been preserved by Hyginus and Manilius, who say that the goddess and her son were transformed into fishes. Ovid did not choose to say this, but the mention of Typhon shows that he knew it. The point of the Euphrates where the metamorphosis took place was by Hierapolis, for Avienus calls the two heavenly fishes *Pisces Bambycii*. (2) Germanicus ("Schol. Arat.") gives another legend about the same constellation to the effect that the fishes found an egg in the Euphrates, and pushed it ashore; it was hatched by a dove, and brought forth the Syrian Venus. The first of these myths was told at Ascalon, as well as at Hierapolis, but the Aramaic form of the name Derceto, which Xanthus also uses, decides for the priority of the Hierapolitan legend.

Both the myths have undergone changes of an arbitrary kind in the hands of Ctesias. In the first he omits the goddess's son, who appears both in the Bambycian story and in Xanthus. In the second he drops the egg as too incredible, though the birth of the goddess from the water is obviously a genuine feature in an Aphrodite myth, and in its association with Hierapolis serves to explain the annual feast in which the image of Semiramis was carried down to the river and back again, and also supplies the interpretation of the Syriac name Mabbôg, which

means "place of emerging" of the goddess.

These two modifications of the genuine myth are closely connected. If the dove-goddess Semiramis was born from the river, she cannot be the daughter of Derceto, born before the latter was changed into a fish. And all that Ctesias says about Derceto's shame and the exposure of the child of her illicit love is plainly modern and Greek, not Syrian. There can, I think, be no doubt that in the original story Derceto had no daughter but only a son, who was a fish-god as she herself was a fish-goddess. Semiramis was not the daughter of Derceto, but another type of the same deity, and Ctesias (or his informant) makes her the daughter of the goddess by eliminating the son. There was no place in the myth for a son and a daughter.

In fact the fish-god, son of the divine queen of Hierapolis, and sharer of her sanctuary, appears in Ctesias in another connection as Ninyas, son of Semiramis. Ninyas living "like an invisible god," hidden in his palace and surrounded by concubines and eunuchs, is not at all like a real Assyrian king; but he is exactly the type of a Semitic god holding the second place in an Astarte temple, enthroned in the adytum, and surrounded by *hierodouloi* and *galli*. His story is simply the translation into narrative form of a description of the divine son as worshiped with his mother in the great temple of Hierapolis. And with this his name agrees, for Ninyas can be nothing else than the Syriac *nun*, "fish," or its diminutive *nunos*, "little fish," in fact the *ichthys* of Xanthus.

Now in my book on *Kinship in Ancient Arabia*, I have shown that in the oldest Semitic cults, where a god and a goddess are worshiped together, they are not husband and wife, the god having the pre-eminence, but mother and son, the mother taking the first place. This combination dates from the earliest stage of society, when marriage in our sense of the word was unknown, and when kinship and inheritance ran in the female line. The mother in such cases is an unmarried but not a chaste goddess. The Ishtar of the Izdutar legend is a deity of this type, a polyandrous goddess; and the Syrian Astarte is depicted in the same character by Christian Syriac writers. The prostitution practiced at her shrines was a relic of ancient polyandry; the *hierodouloi* like their mistress were unmarried but not chaste, and at Byblus, at Babylon, and apparently at Hierapolis also, virgins made practical acknowledgment of the polyandrous principle at the shrine of the goddess before their marriage. Semiramis from the death of Ninus downward is just such a polyandrous goddess, who refuses to contract a legitimate marriage lest (falling under the dominion of her husband) she should lose her sovereignty. And this feature in her character is essential, for the story of the Semiramis mounds shows that it was incorporated in the ritual of all her shrines. At these the lovers play a very subordinate part; they are heroes rather than gods, and they have no pretence to share the throne of the goddess. This place belongs not to a spouse, but to Ninyas the son of the divine queen.

I have gone into this point in some detail, because it supplies the

necessary point of view for criticising what Ctesias says of Ninus. That Ninus and Ninyas are not originally distinct personages has been often suspected, but it has generally been thought that Ninyas is merely the double of Ninus. It appears from what has now been said that the true state of the case is just the opposite. Ninyas fits exactly into the myth, while the whole story of Ninus is at variance with its most essential details. Everything about the Ninus of Ctesias except his tomb is hollow and unreal. We have seen that he cannot have been originally connected with Nineveh, so that the exploits ascribed to him are not based on genuine historical tradition. But these exploits are equally out of place in the myth; for even in Ctesias's tale we feel that we are meant to think of Semiramis as the great conqueror of Asia, and that, therefore, Asia cannot have been conquered by her husband before her. Ctesias had to find a career for Ninus because he began by assuming that he was the founder of Nineveh and the Assyrian empire. But in the whole record of his wars there is not a single fragment of definite local tradition, not a single concrete detail of the slightest value except the statement that his conquests were made with the aid of Arab allies. And this trait is stolen from the legend of Semiramis, for she, as we have seen, is the Aphrodite Urania whose worship, as Herodotus tells us, was borrowed from the Assyrians (Syrians) and Arabs, and we know from Lucian that all Arabia thronged to her feast at Hierapolis. The whole exploits of Ninus before Semiramis comes into his story are mere padding, but the

account of his marriage with her, and the idea that it was through this marriage that she became a queen (*i.e.*, a deity) are an exact inversion of the original relation between the great Syrian goddess and the associated god. Ninus the king is in fact Ninyas in a new *role*, transformed from the son into the husband of the queen. I do not think that we have any reason to ascribe this inversion to Ctesias, for exactly the same change of relationship took place in the case of other Semitic syzygies, the divine myth adapting itself to the new state of society in which women were tied to one husband, and fatherhood, not maternity, became the basis of the law of kinship and inheritance. In a patriarchal society the old worship of mother and son seemed out of place, and the son became a husband or Baal. At Hierapolis this change was not fully carried out; the mother-and-son myth held its ground, as we see from the Roman legends. But an accommodation to new ideas seems to have been made by splitting the male god into two, and adding Ninus the husband to Ninyas the son. This was not done without producing some confusion, as appears in the story, told by Justin and Agathias, of the incestuous love of the goddess for her son. On one side, therefore, Ninus is simply the double of his son. But at the same time he appropriated certain elements from one of the goddess's lovers, as appears from the story of his early death, and from the fact that his tomb was shown. The tomb by the Euphrates was, I apprehend, originally the tomb of the nameless lover whom Derceto slew. In like manner, according to the story given

by Dino, in *Ælian*, Ninus was killed by Semiramis. The hero lover and the divine son were united in the person of the short-lived husband and king.

In conclusion, let us seek to define precisely the result attained. Semiramis is a name and form of Astarte, and the story of her conquests in upper Asia is a translation into the language of political history of the diffusion and victories of her worship in that region. The center of diffusion—at least the main center—was Bambyce or Hierapolis, the greatest sanctuary of the Syrian goddess, to which, at the annual feast of Semiramis's birth from the Euphrates, pilgrims gathered in the time of Lucian "from all Syria and Arabia and from the parts beyond the river." Hierapolis was never the seat of a great monarchy, but it was a great meeting-place of trade, where the water way of the Euphrates was intersected by the road from Cœle-Syria to upper Mesopotamia and the farther east. And just as the worship of Astarte (Aphrodite) was carried to the west by Phœnician traders, the same worship was spread by Aramæan traders in the lands of the east. The empire of Assyria had, so far as we know, no share in the thing at all. It was by a mere blunder of the Greeks, or of some ignorant Syrian consulted by the Greeks, that the Ninus or Ninyas of Hierapolitan myth was brought into connection with Nineveh; crude euhemerism, a free handling of the local myths of Semiramis sanctuaries, and a large importation of elements borrowed from the story of Alexander, did the rest, and produced the fabulous Greek history of the foundation of the Assyrian em-

pire. It would be easy to show that the same circle of myth was pressed into service for the Greek story of Sardanapalus, in which the warlike Assurbanipal is disguised in the vestments of an effeminate Semitic god.—W. ROBERTSON SMITH, in *The English Historical Review*.

ON MEN AND WOMEN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

There remains, so far as I can see, but one other cause which can be assigned of the mental differences between men and women. This cause is education. Using the term in its largest sense, we may say that in all stages of culture the education of women has differed widely from that of men. The state of abject slavery to which woman is consigned in the lower levels of human evolution clearly tends to dwarf her mind *ab initio*. And as woman gradually emerges from this her primitive and long-protracted condition of slavery, she still continues to be dominated by the man in numberless ways, which, although of a less brutal kind, are scarcely less effectual as mentally dwarfing influences. The stuunting tendency upon the female mind of all polygamous institutions is notorious, and even in monogamous, or quasi-monogamous, communities so highly civilized as ancient Greece and pagan Rome, woman was still, as it were, an intellectual cipher—and this at a time when the intellect of man had attained an eminence which has never been equaled. Again, for a period of about 2,000 years after

that time civilized woman was the victim of what I may term the ideal of domestic utility—a state of matters which still continues in some of the continental nations of Europe. Lastly, even when woman began to escape from this ideal of domestic utility, it was only to fall a victim to the scarcely less deleterious ideal of ornamentalism. Thus Sydney Smith, writing in 1810, remarks: “A century ago the prevailing taste in female education was for housewifery; now it is for accomplishments. The object now is to make women artists—to give them an excellence in drawing, music, and dancing.” It is almost needless to remark that this is still the prevailing taste: the ideal of female education still largely prevalent in the upper classes is not that of mental furnishing, but rather of mental decoration. For it was not until the middle of the present century that the first attempt was made to provide for the higher education of women, by the establishment of Queen’s College and Bedford College in London. Twenty years later there followed Girton and Newnham at Cambridge; later still Lady Margaret and Somerville at Oxford, the foundation of the Girls’ Public Day Schools Company, the opening of degrees to women at the University of London, and of the honor examinations at Cambridge and Oxford.

We see, then, that with advancing civilization the theoretical equality of the sexes becomes more and more a matter of general recognition, but that the natural inequality continues to be forced upon the observation of the public mind; and chiefly on this account—although doubtless also on account of traditional usage

—the education of women continues to be, as a general rule, widely different from that of men. And this difference is not merely in the positive direction of laying greater stress on psychological embellishment: it extends also in the negative direction of sheltering the female mind from all those influences of a striving and struggling kind, which constitute the practical schooling of the male intellect. Woman is still regarded by public opinion all the world over as a psychological plant of tender growth, which needs to be protected from the ruder blasts of social life in the conservatories of civilization. And, from what has been said in the earlier part of this paper, it will be apparent that in this practical judgment I believe public opinion to be right. I am, of course, aware that there is a small section of the public—composed for the most part of persons who are not accustomed to the philosophical analysis of facts—which argues that the conspicuous absence of women in the field of intellectual work is due to the artificial restraints imposed upon them by all the traditional forms of education; that if we could suddenly make a leap of progress in this respect, and allow women everywhere to compete on fair and equal terms with men, then, under these altered circumstances of social life, women would prove themselves the intellectual compeers of man.

But the answer to this argument is almost painfully obvious. Although it is usually a matter of much difficulty to distinguish between nature and nurture, or between the results of inborn faculty and those of acquired knowledge, in

the present instance no such difficulty obtains. Without again recurring to the anatomical and physiological considerations which bar *à priori* any argument for the natural equality of the sexes, and without remarking that the human female would but illustrate her own deficiency of rational development by supposing that any exception to the general laws of evolution can have been made in her favor—without dwelling on any such antecedent considerations, it is enough to repeat that in many departments of intellectual work the field *has* been open, and equally open, to both sexes. If to this it is answered that the traditional usages of education lead to a higher average of culture among men, thus furnishing them with a better vantage-ground for the origin of individual genius, we have only to add that the strong passion of genius is not to be restrained by any such minor accidents of environment. Women by tens of thousands have enjoyed better educational as well as better social advantages than a Burns, a Keats, or a Faraday; and yet we have neither heard their voices nor seen their work.

If, again, to this it be rejoined that the female mind has been unjustly dealt with in the past, and cannot now be expected all at once to throw off the accumulated disabilities of ages—that the long course of shameful neglect to which the selfishness of man has subjected the culture of woman has necessarily left its mark upon the hereditary constitution of her mind—if this consideration be adduced, it obviously does not tend to prove the equality of the sexes: it merely ac-

centuates the fact of inequality by indicating one of its causes. The treatment of women in the past may have been very wrong, very shameful, and very much to be regretted by the present advocates of women's rights; but proof of the ethical quality of this fact does not get rid of the fact itself, any more than a proof of the criminal nature of assassination can avail to restore to life a murdered man. We must look the facts in the face. How long it may take the woman of the future to recover the ground which has been lost in the psychological race by the woman of the past, it is impossible to say; but we may predict with confidence that, even under the most favorable conditions as to culture, and even supposing the mind of man to remain stationary (and not, as is probable, to advance with a speed relatively accelerated by the momentum of its already acquired velocity), it must take many centuries for heredity to produce the missing five ounces of the female brain.

In conclusion, a few words may be added on the question of female education as this actually stands at the present time. Among all the features of progress which will cause the present century to be regarded by posterity as beyond comparison the most remarkable epoch in the history of our race, I believe that the inauguration of the so-called woman's movement in our own generation will be considered one of the most important. For I am persuaded that this movement is destined to grow; that with its growth the highest attributes of one half of the human race are destined to be widely influenced; that this influence will profoundly react upon the other half,

not alone in the nursery and the drawing-room, but also in the study, the academy, the forum, and the senate; that this latest yet inevitable wave of mental evolution cannot be stayed until it has changed the whole aspect of civilization. In an essay already alluded to, Sydney Smith has remarked, though not quite correctly, that up to his time there had been no woman who had produced a single notable work, either of reason or imagination, whether in English, French, German, or Italian literature. A few weeks ago Mrs. Fawcett was able to show us that since then there have been at least forty women who have left a permanent mark in English literature alone. Now, this fact becomes one of great significance when we remember that it is the result of but the earliest phase of the woman's movement. For, as already indicated, this movement is now plainly of the nature of a ferment. When I was at Cambridge, the then newly established foundations of Girton and Newnham were to nearly all of us matters of amusement. But we have lived to alter our views; for we have lived to see that that was but the beginning of a great social change, which has since spread and is still spreading at so extraordinary a rate, that we are now within measurable distance of the time when no English lady will be found to have escaped its influence. It is not merely that women's colleges are springing up like mushrooms in all quarters of the kingdom, or that the old type of young ladies' governess is being rapidly starved out of existence. It is of much more importance even than this that the immense reform in girls' education,

which has been so recently introduced by the Day Schools Company working in conjunction with the University Board and Local examinations, has already shaken to its base the whole system and even the whole ideal of female education, so that there is scarcely a private school in the country which has not been more or less affected by the change. In a word, whether we like it or not, the woman's movement is upon us; and what we have now to do is guide the flood into what seem likely to prove the most beneficial channels. What are these channels?

Of all the pricks against which it is hard to kick the hardest are those which are presented by Nature in the form of facts. Therefore we may begin by wholly disregarding those short-sighted enthusiasts who seek to overcome the natural and fundamental distinction of sex. No amount of female education can ever do this, nor is it desirable that it should. On this point I need not repeat what is now so often and so truly said, as to woman being the complement, not the rival, of man. But I should like to make one remark of another kind. The idea underlying the utterances of all these enthusiasts seems to be that the qualities wherein the male mind excels that of the female are, *sui generis*, the most exalted of human faculties: these good ladies fret and fume in a kind of jealousy that the minds, like the bodies, of men are stronger than those of women. Now, is not this a radically mistaken view? Mere strength, as I have already endeavored to insinuate, is not the highest criterion of nobility. Human nature is a very complex thing, and among the many

ingredients which go to make the greatness of it even intellectual power is but one, and not by any means the chief. The truest grandeur of that nature is revealed by that nature as a whole, and here I think there can be no doubt that the feminine type is fully equal to the masculine, if indeed it be not superior. For I believe that if we all go back in our memories to seek for the highest experience we have severally had in this respect, the character which will stand out as all in all the greatest we have ever known will be the character of a woman. Or, if any of us have not been fortunate in this matter, where in fiction or in real life can we find a more glorious exhibition of all that is best—the mingled strength and beauty, tact, gayety, devotion, wit, and consummate ability—where but in a woman can we find anything at once so tender, so noble, so lovable, and so altogether splendid as in the completely natural character of a Portia? A mere blue-stocking who looks with envy on the intellectual gifts of a Voltaire, while shutting her eyes to the gifts of a sister such as this, is simply unworthy of having such a sister: she is incapable of distinguishing the pearl of great price among the sundry other jewels of our common humanity.

Now, the suspicion, not to say the active hostility, with which the so-called woman's movement has been met in many quarters springs from a not unhealthy ground of public opinion. For there can be no real doubt that these things are but an expression of the value which that feeling attaches to all which is held distinctive of feminine character as

it stands. Woman, as she has been bequeathed to us by the many and complex influences of the past, is recognized as too precious an inheritance lightly to be tampered with; and the dread lest any change in the conditions which have given us this inheritance should lead, as it were, to desecration, is in itself both wise and worthy. In this feeling we have the true safeguard of womanhood; and we can hope for nothing better than that the deep strong voice of social opinion will always be raised against any innovations of culture which may tend to spoil the sweetest efflorescence of evolution.

But, while we may hope that social opinion may ever continue opposed to the woman's movement in its most extravagant forms—or to those forms which endeavor to set up an unnatural, and therefore an impossible, rivalry with men in the struggles of practical life—we may also hope that social opinion will soon become unanimous in its encouragement of the higher education of women. Of the distinctively feminine qualities of mind which are admired as such by all, ignorance is certainly not one. Therefore learning, as learning, can never tend to deteriorate those qualities. On the contrary, it can only tend to refine the already refined, to beautify the already beautiful—"when our daughters shall be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." It can only tend the better to equip a wife as the helpmeet of her husband, and, by furthering a community of tastes, to weave another bond in the companionship of life. It can only tend the better to prepare a mother for the greatest of her duties—forming the tastes and

guiding the minds of her children at a time of life when these are most pliable, and under circumstances of influence such as can never again be reproduced.

It is nearly eighty years ago since this view of the matter was thus presented by Sydney Smith:—

"If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement by preparing and medicating those early impressions which always come from the mother, and which, in the majority of instances, are quite decisive of genius. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and improvement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest, and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection. The education of women favors public morals; it provides for every season of life, and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge—diffusing the elegance of polite literature, and receiving the homage of learned and accomplished men."

Since the days when this was written, the experiment of thus educating women to attend to dignified and important subjects has been tried on a scale of rapidly increasing magnitude, and the result has been to show that those apprehensions of public opinion were groundless which supposed that the effect of higher education upon women would be to deteriorate the highest qualities of womanhood. On this point I think it is sufficient to quote the opinion of a lady who has watched the whole course of this experiment, and who is so well qualified to give an opinion that it would be foolish

presumption in any one else to dispute what she has to say. The lady to whom I refer is Mrs. Sidgwick, and this is what she says:—

"The students that I have known have shown no inclination to adopt masculine sentiments or habits in any unnecessary or unseemly degree; they are disposed to imitate the methods of life and work of industrious undergraduates just as far as these appear to be means approved by experience to the end which both sets of students have in common, and nothing that I have seen of them, either at the University or afterward, has tended in the smallest degree to support the view that the adaptation of women to domestic life is so artificial and conventional a thing that a few years of free unhampered study and varied companionship at the University has a tendency to impair it."

So far as I am aware, only one other argument has been, or can be, adduced on the opposite side. This argument is that the physique of young women as a class is not sufficiently robust to stand the strain of severe study, and therefore that many are likely to impair their health more or less seriously under the protracted effort and acute excitement which are necessarily incidental to our system of school and university examinations. Now, I may begin by remarking that with this argument I am in the fullest possible sympathy. Indeed, so much is this the case that I have taken the trouble to collect evidence from young girls of my own acquaintance who are now studying at various high schools with a view to subsequently competing for first classes in the Cambridge triposes. What I have found is that in some of these high schools—carefully observe, only in *some*—absolutely no check is put upon the ambition of young girls to distinguish themselves and to bring

credit upon their establishments. The consequence is that in these schools the more promising pupils habitually undertake an amount of intellectual work which it is sheer madness to attempt. A single quotation from one of my correspondents—whom I have known from a child—will be enough to prove this statement.

"I never begin work later than six o'clock, and never work less than ten or eleven hours a day. But within a fortnight or so of my examinations I work fifteen or sixteen hours. Most girls, however, stop at fourteen or fifteen hours, but some of them go on to eighteen hours. Of course, according to the school time-tables, none of us should work more than eight hours; but it is quite impossible for any one to get through the work in that time. For instance, in the time-tables ten minutes is put down for botany, whereas it takes the quickest girl an hour and a half to answer the questions set by the school lecturer."

These facts speak for themselves, and therefore I will only add that in many of those high schools for girls which are situated in large towns no adequate provision is made for bodily exercise, and this, of course, greatly aggravates the danger of overwork. In such a school there is probably no playground; the gymnasium, if there is one, is not attended by any of the harder students; drill is never thought of; and the only walking-exercise is to and from the school. Let it not be supposed that I am attacking the high school system. On the contrary, I believe that this system represents the greatest single reform that has ever been made in the way of education. I am only pointing out certain grave abuses of the system which are to be met with in some of these schools, and against

which I should like to see the full force of public opinion directed. There is no public school in the kingdom where a boy of sixteen would be permitted to work from eleven to eighteen hours a day, with no other exercise than a few minutes' walk. Is it not, then, simply monstrous that a girl should be allowed to do so? I must confess that I have met with wonderfully few cases of serious break down. All my informants tell me that, even under the operation of so insane an abuse as I have quoted, grave impairment of health but rarely occurs. This, however, only goes to show of what good stuff our English girls are made; and therefore may be taken to furnish about the strongest answer I can give to the argument which I am considering—viz., that the strength of an average English girl is not to be trusted for sustaining any reasonable amount of intellectual work. Upon this point, however, there is at the present time a conflict of medical authority, and as I have no space to give a number of quotations it must suffice to make a few general remarks.

In the first place, the question is one of fact, and must therefore be answered by the results of the large and numerous experiments which are now in progress; not by any *à priori* reasoning of a physiological kind. In the next place, even as thus limited, the inquiry must take account of the wisdom or unwisdom with which female education is pursued in the particular cases investigated. As already remarked, I have been myself astonished to find so great an amount of prolonged endurance exhibited by young girls who are allowed to work at unrea-

sonable pressure; but, all the same, I should of course regard statistics drawn from such cases as manifestly unfair. And seeing that every case of health impaired is another occasion given to the enemies of female education, those who have the interests of such education at heart should before all things see to it that the teaching of girls be conducted with the most scrupulous precautions against over-pressure. Regarded merely as a matter of policy, it is at the present moment of far more importance that girls should not be overstrained than that they should prove themselves equal to young men in the class lists. For my own part, I believe that, with reasonable precautions against overpressure, and with due provision for bodily exercise, the higher education of women would *ipso facto* silence the voice of medical opposition. But I am equally persuaded that this can never be the case until it becomes a matter of general recognition among those to whom such education is intrusted, that no girl should ever be allowed to work more than eight hours a day as a *maximum*; that even this will in a large proportional number of cases be found to prove excessive; that without abundant exercise higher education should never be attempted; and that, as a girl is more liable than a boy to insidiously undermine her constitution, every girl who aspires to any distinction in the way of learning should be warned to be constantly on the watch for the earliest symptoms of impairment. If these reasonable precautions were to become as universal in the observance as they now are in the breach, I believe it would soon stand upon

unquestionable evidence of experimental proof, that there is no reason in the nature of things why women should not admit of culture as wide and deep and thorough as our schools and universities are able to provide.

The channels, therefore, into which I should like to see the higher education of women directed are not those which run straight athwart the mental differences between men and women which we have been considering. These differences are all complementary to one another, fitly and beautifully joined together in the social organism. If we attempt to disregard them, or try artificially to make of woman an unnatural copy of man, we are certain to fail, and to turn out as our result a sorry and disappointed creature who is neither the one thing nor the other. But if, without expecting women as a class to enter into any professional or otherwise foolish rivalry with men for which as a class they are neither physically nor mentally fitted, and if, as Mrs. Lynn Linton remarks, we do not make the mistake of confusing mental development with intellectual specialization—if, without doing either of these things, we encourage women in every way to obtain for themselves the intrinsic advantages of learning, it is as certain as anything can well be that posterity will bless us for our pains. For then all may equally enjoy the privilege of a real acquaintance with letters; ladies need no longer be shut out from a solid understanding of music or painting; lecturers on science will no longer be asked at the close of their lectures whether the cerebellum is inside or outside of the skull, how is

it that astronomers have been able to find out the names of the stars, or whether one does not think that his diagram of a jelly-fish serves with admirable fidelity to illustrate the movements of the solar system. These, of course, I quote as extreme cases, and even as displaying the prettiness which belongs to a child-like simplicity. But simplicity of this kind ought to be put away with other childish things; and in whatever measure it is allowed to continue after childhood is over, the human being has failed to grasp the full privileges of human life. Therefore, in my opinion the days are past when any enlightened man ought seriously to suppose that in now again reaching forth her hand to eat of the tree of knowledge woman is preparing for the human race a second fall. In the person of her admirable representative, Mrs. Fawcett, she thus pleads: "No one of those who care most for the woman's movement cares one jot to prove or to maintain that men's brains and women's brains are exactly alike or exactly equal. All we ask is that the social and legal status of women should be such as to foster not to suppress, any gift, for art, literature, learning, or goodness with which women may be endowed." Then I say, give her the apple and see what comes of it. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the result will be that which is so philosophically as well as so poetically portrayed by the Laureate:—

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or
sink
Together, dwarf'd or god-like, bond or
free.

Then let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn to be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is
this,

Nor like to like, but like in difference.

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw
the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward
care,

Nor lose the child-like in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words. . . .

Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridal, chaste and calm:

Then springs the crowning race of human
kind.

May these things be!

—GEORGE J. ROMANES, in *The
Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

A PERSIAN PARADISE.—Mr. S. W. G. Benjamin, late Minister of the U. S. to Persia, has just put forth a book, entitled *Persia and the Persians*, describing the country and the people as he saw them about five years ago. Upon one occasion he was a guest in the palace of the Governor of Rescht, of which he says:—

"I do not here insist that the workmanship there displayed was in all respects finished after Western notions, for the tools of the Persians are rude; but I noticed everywhere a genius sensitive to artistic effects, a keen and poetic appreciation of beauty, and a consummate adaptation of climatic needs to the materials at hand. And I must frankly say that I gained more genuine artistic satisfaction out of the provincial residence at Rescht than from the most sumptuous structures I have ever seen in the United States. Everywhere I saw beauty combined with a feeling of repose; in a word adaptation, simplicity, and thorough artistic effect. On the floors the richest carpets Persia can boast allured the eye, and upon these the mattresses were laid. Everywhere the foot moved silently on velvet, woven into the most exquisite and irregularly regular designs, which

suggest that a personal element entered into their warp and woof instead of the mechanical action of unfeeling iron and steam. . . . Reclining in Oriental ease on the cushioned carpets, one can easily dispense with chairs, as he quaffs the aromatic tumbâk of Shirâz in a silver kaliân, and gazes languidly on the mighty ranges of Elburz, towering grandly above the forests of Ghilân and the red roofs of Rescht. . . . Around the side of our apartments was a broad veranda overlooking the gardens, and a highly picturesque Imâm Zadé, or tomb of a saint, canopied by the massive foliage of a venerable chinâr. Every evening we were entertained by the magnificent voices of a man and a boy, who sang the call to prayers, one from the roof of the bath, the other from the veranda adjoining our rooms. They seemed to vie in responding, each appearing to surpass the other with the full-throated metallic ring of their cadences. The air seemed dead after the echo of their song had died away on the twilight calm."

ABLUTIONS IN EGYPT.—Mr. Alfred J. Butler, Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, received about half a dozen years ago the appointment of tutor to the young princes, sons of the then Khedive of Egypt. He has just put forth a gossip volume, entitled *Court Life in Egypt*. One incident is an account of the manner in which a high official of the court was wont to perform his morning ablutions:—

"His first operation, before proceeding to wash, was to swathe his body round and round in ban-'s of flannel up to the very throat. Having thus guarded himself against the contact of the water, he gently dabbed his cheeks and hands, dried himself, and was clean. For his hair he had a pair of brushes, which he used as follows: filling his mouth as full as it would hold with water, he spurted it all out suddenly on the brushes, and then whisked and whirled them about his head."

ENGLISH RAILWAYS FORTY-FIVE YEARS Ago.—In 1843, twelve years after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, about two thousand miles of line had been built in great Britain. Mr. W. M. Ackworth gives, in *Murray's Magazine*, some curious notices of the "Infant Rail-

roads" of that period. Thus—"There is nothing which strikes one more forcibly in the perusal of the railway literature of this period than the entire unconsciousness even of railway men themselves of the revolution they were working. Nowhere is this better shown than in the different methods that were proposed for conducting the traffic. Practically the locomotive, as we have it to-day, capable of working up to 1,000 horse-power, was already there. The multitubular boiler and the steam-blast had long been in common use. But neither the public nor even the specialists were convinced that the right system had been hit upon. To say nothing of a 'patent aerial steam-carriage which is to convey passengers, goods, and dispatches through the air, performing the journey between London and India in four days, and traveling at the rate of 75 to 100 miles per hour,' all kinds of substitutes for locomotives were being sought for. One day the *Globe* reports that a 'professional gentleman at Hammersmith has invented an entirely new system of railway carriage, which may be propelled without the aid of steam at an extraordinary speed exceeding 60 miles an hour, with comparative safety without oscillation, which will no doubt become the ordinary mode of railway traveling for short distances, as the railway and carriages may be constructed and kept in repair for less than one-fourth of the usual expense.' Another day the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway have, says a Scotch writer, 'the discernment to employ Mr. Davidson, a gentleman of much practical knowledge and talent,' to construct for them an electro-magnetic carriage. The carriage, 16 feet long by 7 feet wide, was duly placed upon the rails, and 'propelled by eight powerful electro-magnets, about a mile and a half long the railway, traveling at the rate of upward of 4 miles an hour, a rate which might be increased by giving greater power to the batteries, and enlarging the diameter of the wheels.' 'The practicability of the scheme is (we are assured) placed beyond doubt, and its simplicity, economy, safety, and compactness render it a far more valuable motive power than that clumsy, dangerous, and costly machine the steam-engine.'"

THE NEAPOLITANS.—Under the title of

"Unromantic Naples," Mr. Holcombe Inglesby gives, in *Murray's Magazine*, an altogether unflattering representation of the population of Naples. He says:—

"The visitor, who uses his faculties of observation is not long in making the discovery that the Neapolitan is of a different race to the dwellers in the surrounding country, and he is probably amused to hear with what scorn he is spoken of by his neighbors. No greater insult can be offered to a man hailing from Procida or Capri, or one of the insignificant neighboring islands, than to assume him to be a Neapolitan. And so finely is this distinction drawn, that the people dwelling in Santa Lucia, the very heart of Naples, decline to be classified as Neapolitans. In fact, the different *Sezioni*, or districts into which Naples is divided, speak a distinguishable patois; and though a stranger has some difficulty in discovering why the Luciani consider themselves superior to the other sections of the community, there is obviously a wide difference between an inhabitant of Naples and an ordinary Italian. In the first place, the Court of Naples in the Bourbon times always spoke French or Neapolitan, and utterly discountenanced Italian. Nothing that could be done to keep Naples Neapolitan was omitted, and everything that could be done to distinguish it from Italian was done. Hence the difference in race was widely accentuated. The Italian learned to look upon the Neapolitan with something more than disfavor. But there is a much more intelligible reason, and one which the stranger is not slow to discover for himself. For lying and cheating, the true Neapolitan has no equal; his ways are as childlike and bland as those of our friend the heathen Chinese, and it is a marvel if, in any transaction, he does not succeed with equal cunning in transferring some of your cash to his own pocket without an adequate *quid pro quo*. Even the Jew is found to be beaten at his own game here, and has never gained a foothold in Naples. Self-respect and shamefacedness are unknown to the Neapolitan; he preserves the most unruffled demeanor in the face of being caught in downright robbery. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that his more upright neighbor protests against being confounded with a race he despises."

THE ENGLISH NONJURORS.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Of the problems left by primitive Christianity for future generations to solve, the widest, and if we may judge from experience the most perplexing, is the adaptation of its principles to the various provinces of human life and conduct. The right application to these of the law of the kingdom of Heaven is certainly not among the things which are revealed to babes. In this field of action, mere conscientiousness or rectitude of intention is no sure preservative from error. Mistakes, often carrying with them the most disastrous consequences, even wrecking the usefulness of individuals and the peace of communities, mark the historical course of the Church, and testify that only at the cost of many futile experiments and pernicious failures has progress in this practical science been achieved. The reason of this is not far to seek. Contrasted with Judaism, and indeed with all other historical religions, Christianity is not a system of rigid precepts by which conduct can be infallibly guided, but a spirit, a principle, an inward law, aspiring to purify and regulate the temper, the motives, and the aims, while it leaves their practical developments to be fashioned by the individual judgment, after consideration of the circumstances to be dealt with in each particular case. And since, in the course of ages and the vicissi-

tudes of the social order, the circumstances may vary almost without limit, the habits and lines of conduct which at one time are the most in accordance with the Christian spirits, and rightly approve themselves to the conscience, may at another epoch wear the very opposite aspect and frustrate the ends which Christianity is intended to promote. In scarcely any case, outside the fundamental rules of morality, can such precepts and examples as the sacred books of our religion contain be taken literally for an authoritative guide of conduct under all circumstances, without risk of falling into some grievous blunder. The more resolute we are to act in their spirit, the more bound we are to hold ourselves free from being coerced by their outward form and bare letter. But this distinction between the spirit and the letter, between the immutable principle and the changeable expression of it in action and conduct, is just that which is most difficult to be drawn with precision and confidence. The unenlightened fail to understand it, the scrupulous stumble at it, the self-seeking abuse it. Hence has sprung a plentiful crop of controversies, divisions, of fences against religion and society, by which the ecclesiastical and civil orders have been disturbed, to the great detriment both of Church and State.

These reflections are suggested to us by the biographical works named above, which have recently revived attention to the almost forgotten sect of the Nonjurors. To every one whose judgment is not warped by ecclesiastical prejudices it must, we think, by this time be tolerably clear that the schism, originated at

* *The Life and Writings of Charles Leslie, M. A., Nonjuring Divine.* By the Rev. R. J. Esdaile. London, 1885.

William Law, Nonjuror and Mystic. By the Rev. J. H. Overton. London, 1881.

the Revolution of 1688 by the Primate Sancroft, and a small number of the bishops and clergy, had no other justification than one of those misapprehensions of the genius of Christianity to which we have alluded. It would have been impossible but for the strange notion that the Bible is a manual of practical politics, and defines for all ages the rights of monarchs and the duties of their subjects. Such a misreading of Holy Writ surely ought not to have been adopted by the heads of a Church, which had denied the right of the mere letter of Biblical precepts and instances to prevail against the dictates of the moral judgment, by affirming in her Articles the lawfulness of oaths and military service and capital punishments, and denouncing the communism in favor of which the Sermon on the Mount and the example of the primitive Christians had been pleaded. Within such a Church no room ought to have been found for the preposterous notion, that a rule of civil polity binding in conscience on all Christians may be drawn from the first four chapters of Genesis, and that a perpetual charter of immunity for unbridled despotism may be based on St. Paul's precept, enjoining on his converts obedience to the Roman government.

But during the preceding reigns circumstances had betrayed the Anglican Church into the mistake of endeavoring to strengthen her position, by fathering on Scripture a doctrine which invested hereditary monarchs with an inviolable sacredness, and prescribed to their subjects the duty, under all provocations, of non-resistance and passive obedience; and as might have been ex-

pected, the whirligig of time brought in its revenge. When at length the nation, in the exercise of its supreme right of self-preservation, saved itself from an intolerable tyranny by a solemn and deliberate change of its ruler, the Church was compelled to reconsider her new political doctrine, and ascertain whether with a good conscience she could acquiesce in the change, and enjoy the benefit which Providence had brought to her doors. With more than half the bishops, twenty-nine thirtieths of the clergy, and the laity in general, common sense prevailed, aided no doubt by an instinctive repugnance to disturbance and self-sacrifice for the sake of an idea. Any way, with whatever differences of political opinions and desires, there was an almost universal agreement that no sufficient ground existed for a breach between the Church and the State. To the Primate, however, and a small minority of the bishops, it seemed otherwise. Unable to extricate themselves from the spurious doctrine which made it a matter of conscience to refuse allegiance to the new occupants of the throne whom the nation had deliberately chosen, they were not content to retire, as they might easily have done, for the relief of their own consciences and for the peace of the Church; they judged it right to secede, and set up themselves and their handful of adherents as the true Church of England. The Establishment, against which they shook off the dust of their feet, became hateful in their eyes, and was denounced by them as rebellious and apostate. To hold communion with it was regarded by them as sinful, and lest the separation should expire

with their own deaths, they thought it incumbent on them to take measures for its perpetuation by the appointment of successors to ~~themselves~~. This, however, their devotion to the royal supremacy forbade them to without first obtaining the sanction of the legitimate monarch; and thus was produced the curious spectacle of those prelates of the reformed Church of England sending over the water, to obtain from a bigoted papist the nomination of the proposed new bishops of the schism. James, accordingly, after consulting the heads of the Gallican hierarchy and the Vatican, directed two of the Nonjuring presbyters to be raised to the episcopate. Hickee and Wagstaffe were selected for the doubtful honor, and were consecrated by the suffragan titles of Thetford and Ipswich, but in such a hole-and-corner way that for a long time many of the Nonjurors themselves remained ignorant of the fact. The sincerity of Sancroft and his allies in carrying out their principles to this bitter end is not in question. It is their acknowledged conscientiousness that points our moral. What could more forcibly show the blindness to the spirit of Christianity which bondage to the letter of Scripture may produce, than the fact that honest and earnest-minded prelates, bent upon doing their duty at any personal sacrifice, could persuade themselves that they lay under an imperious obligation to risk the wrecking of the fortunes of the Church committed to their guidance, on a mere question of secular politics?

We have here two remarks to make, to prevent misapprehension. In blaming the schismatic action of the Nonjuring prelates, we are not

expressing any opinion on the decision of the legislature to impose on all holders of office, lay and ecclesiastical, an oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns. That Parliament was within its right in requiring this formal act of submission is beyond question; and the utmost consideration for tender consciences, supposing that there was to be an oath at all, was shown by prescribing a new form which left opinions free as to the title by which William and Mary sat on the throne. The previous oath, which implied the doctrine of hereditary right, was dropped, and the oath now imposed ran in this simpler form: "I do sincerely promise and swear to bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary." The only questionable point is the policy of requiring an oath at all on the change of the dynasty, especially from the Anglican clergy, taking the peculiar circumstances into consideration. Hallam, in discussing the matter, comes to the conclusion, that the reasons in favor of imposing the oath preponderated. But with that question—which is one of expediency, not of principle—we are not here concerned. The only matter we are dealing with is the action of the Nonjuring prelates, when the simple oath just cited, which pledged them to nothing but submission to the *de facto* sovereigns of the nation, was required of them by an undoubtedly competent authority.

Our other remark is that the blame of the schism does not lie on all the bishops who felt themselves so bound by the doctrine of legitimacy, and by their previous oath of allegiance to James, as to be unable conscientiously to take the new oath. These

were nine in number. But the act of the legislature, while requiring the oath to be taken generally before August 1, 1689, gave to ecclesiastics a further indulgence of six months before actual deprivation took place in case of persistent refusal; and before this period had elapsed three of the recusant prelates died, leaving only six to decide on their future action. Of these six Frampton, bishop of Gloucester, and Ken, of Bath and Wells, declined to be parties to setting up a separate sect; and thus Sancroft and three suffragans were the only prelates who were responsible for dividing the Church. Frampton's line of conduct after deprivation is thus sketched by Mr. Iathbury, the somewhat partial historian of the Nonjurors:—

"Frampton never had a desire to continue the separation. He could not take the oath of allegiance, and was prepared to suffer the consequences; but beyond this he did not wish to proceed. As long as he was able, he attended the service of the parish church in which he resided. He frequently catechized the children in the afternoon, and expounded the sermon which had been preached by the parochial clergyman."

Of the saintly Ken, also, it may be said that although he was a Nonjuror in fact, in temper and conduct he was widely separated from Sancroft and the more extreme members of the party. After the settlement of the Crown he decided to take the new oath of allegiance, and began to draw up a pastoral letter to justify his action. But while he was writing, a fine-drawn scruple invaded his somewhat timid mind; and after vainly fighting against it he yielded, burned the letter, and begged his friends to leave him alone, saying, that if, when the irrevocable step

was once taken, he should be haunted by misgivings of its lawfulness, he should be a miserable man to the end of his days. His difficulty was to determine the point at which a legitimate sovereign forfeits by wrong-doing his claim to the allegiance of his subjects. That there is such a point he did not doubt, but whether James had reached it he could not feel certain; and to his tender conscience the doubt left no alternative but to retire, and make room for others who saw their way more clearly. He blamed no one who was bolder and more assured. If he did not go so far as to urge his friends to accept the oath, at least he rejoiced when they found themselves able to take it. Only for himself, for his own peace of mind, he felt it safer to exchange his station as a ruler of the Church for the privacy in which he could devote himself to the religious musings which he loved, and to the sacred hymnody by which his name has become a household word among all English-speaking Christians. It would have been better, perhaps, that he should have completed his self-abnegation by formally resigning his see, as he did a dozen years later on the appointment to it of a personal friend of his own by Queen Anne, and thus have freed his immediate successor's position from embarrassment. But this theory of "the independency of the clergy on the lay-power" made him cling to the shadowy title of canonical bishop of the see, after his deprivation by the State; and as his successor, Bishop Kidder, belonged to the opposite party stigmatized as latitudinarian, Ken was the less disposed to make things easy for him.

How strongly the ex-bishop felt about the spread of the "latitudinarian taint" in his old diocese, appears from some verses which he composed in 1703, when Kidder and his wife were crushed to death in their bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the palace at Wells. Dreadful as the tragedy was, he found an alleviation of it in remembering that it "freed his flock from uncanonic yoke," and made way for a successor more to his mind. We quote a few lines, which show his feelings, if they do not magnify his genius for poetry:—

"Forced from my flock I daily saw, with
tears,
A stranger's ravage two sabbatic years;
But I forbear to tell the dreadful stroke,
Which freed my sheep from their Erastian
yoke."

Yet sore as Ken felt at first about the intrusion of a successor into the diocese which he still deemed to be canonically his own, he never suffered this feeling to lead him into any formal act of separation from the national Church. To the consecration of the two bishops—Hickes and Wagstaffe—he refused to be a party: "My judgment," he wrote, "was always against it, and I have nothing to do with it, foreseeing that it would perpetuate a schism." As time ran on, he evidently grew dissatisfied with the Nonjuring position, and anxious to heal the breach. In 1700, in a letter to Hickes, he lamented the schism, "concerning which," he said, "I have many years had ill-abodings," and suggested that, to restore peace to the Church, he and the other two survivors of the deprived bishops should resign. This suggestion being declined, three years afterward, much against the

wish of the party, he formally withdrew in favor of Hooper; and, on the death of the last of the other two, he openly expressed the wish, that the breach might now be closed by the union of the seceders with the bishops in possession. Taking this saintly man altogether, it may be said that he was one of those beautiful souls which in quiet times shed luster over the communions to which they belong, but are scarcely of the robust stuff of which leaders are made for times of crisis and revolution. Bold to stand on their conscience, strong to suffer for a scruple, they fail through timidity, when the times are out of joint, and new emergencies require the adoption of courses which depart from the well-worn groove of precedent. Had Sancroft, and the three prelates who followed his lead, been like Frampton and Ken, although we could not have awarded them the praise of being equal to the guidance of the English Church through revolutionary troubles, we could with much less qualification have held them in honor as sufferers for conscience' sake.

It is then on Sancroft, and the three bishops of Ely, Norwich, and Peterborough that the burden of the schism rests. They could have prevented it altogether with a single word, but that word they would not speak. Had they magnanimously withdrawn their claims to their sees, when in consequence of their refusal of the oath, the same power, which had given them jurisdiction, deprived them of it, no difficulty could have arisen about the canonical authority of their successors, and on the principles of the Nonjurors themselves no cause for secession

would have existed. The whole matter would have passed away with a few petulant abstentions from the Church's public worship, or some ill-mannered gestures of dissent while the prayers for the new sovereigns were read. Even had they simply been silent, the worst that could have happened would have been an unorganized separation for the short time they had to live, instead of the hundred years of schism which their action entailed on the Church. It is for this action that we blame them, not for being scrupulously tender of their own consciences. With their antecedents they might not have been the right persons to govern the Church under the new dynasty; to make way for others might have been the better course. We would not for a moment deny that in critical epochs public men may sometimes feel themselves so deeply committed to certain views or lines of conduct, as to be morally disqualified for taking the lead in a change of front, even though circumstances convince them of its expediency. Hampered by their past, enfeebled by a dread of inconsistency, held back by scruples arising out of previous engagements, they may be pardoned, perhaps even praised, if they consider it right to resign the lead to others who have no such entanglements to break through. But a plea of this kind, available though it be to exonerate the Nonjuring prelates for incurring deprivation, is not broad enough to cover their schismatic action. To justify this, it was not sufficient to impune the title of William and Mary; what needed to be proved was that the national Church, by acquiescing in the revolution, had departed from

the faith, or violated the divine ecclesiastical order, to such a degree as to render communion with it unlawful for a Christian. But to prove that was impossible. No verse of Scripture, no tradition of the Fathers, no decree of Council or Synod, could be cited to that effect; in faith and order the Church remained exactly what it had been. This argument was very forcibly put by the learned Stillingfleet, in a sermon which he wrote for the thanksgiving day in 1694, but was prevented by illness from preaching:—

"I would have them consider," he says, "whether there hath ever been so groundless and unreasonable a separation as they have been guilty of. I mean as to two things: 1. On account of those bishops who refused to act when they were permitted and invited so to do, according to the principles of religion owned by themselves. Nothing required of them contrary to Scripture, Fathers, and Councils, or the Articles of our Church; nothing but what the law required as a security to the present government; and, if their consciences were not satisfied as to the giving of that, they might have retired and lived quietly. But why a separation? Where is there any precedent of this kind in the whole Christian Church? viz., of a political schism, where all the offices of religion are the same; only some are deprived for not doing what the law of the land requires; i.e., they rather chose to lose their places than to do their duties; which is a very new ground of separation and utterly unknown to the Christian Church. 2. As to the public offices of the Church with respect to their Majesties, I can find no one instance in the Greek or Latin Church, where these were scrupled to be used with respect to those who were in actual possession of the throne by the providence of God, and consent of the people."

It was a saying of Samuel Johnson's, that, "with the exception of Leslie, the Nonjurors could not reason." Certain it is that the conduct

of their leaders bristled with inconsistencies. They were continually straining out the gnat while they swallowed the camel. Non-resistance to the hereditary monarch was their fundamental principle, their sacred "doctrine of the cross;" yet they were willing to accept the Prince of Orange as an armed mediator between James and the nation, and to assent to the forcible transfer of the whole regal power to William with the title of regent. Their consciences allowed them to obey William, but forbade them to recognize him. They denied his right to exercise the royal prerogatives, yet they accepted his nomination of Burnet to be Bishop of Salisbury. They acknowledged the force of St. Paul's precept to pray for all who are in authority; and at the same time declared that a second absolution was needed at the end of the Church's service, to absolve the worshippers from the guilt contracted by joining in the petitions for the welfare of the actual sovereigns, William and Mary. They had accepted their diocesan jurisdiction from the civil power, and they denied the competency of the same power to withdraw it from them. They had entered on their sees under an oath imposed by the Legislature, and they protested against the right of the Legislature to require them to swear. They condemned the oath of allegiance to William and Mary as sinful, and empowered their commissaries to administer it when giving institution to benefices. They took their stand on the Church's political teaching, and repudiated the practice of the Church in the Apostolic age, when Christians never concerned themselves about the title of

the Cæsar who happened to reign, but recognized each in turn, and even several at once when rivals seized the power in different provinces of the empire. Such inconsistencies were the Nemesis of the Nonjurors' impracticable doctrine, and betrayed the intrinsic weakness of the cause for the sake of which their learning, piety, and fidelity to conscience, were lost to the Church and turned to her hurt.

Seceding bodies have a tendency to further disintegration, and the Nonjuring party was no exception to the rule. The opening of the year 1710 brought its first crisis, and happily saw the reconciliation of its more moderate and thoughtful members to the Church of their fathers. It is instructive to notice the plea by which this abandonment of their position was justified by them. Dodwell, their leader, though a layman, had maintained the necessity of the original secession on the single ground that the deprived bishops—"our invalidly deprived fathers" as he used to designate them—not having been canonically deposed continued to be the canonical bishops of their respective sees, and consequently that the bishops actually in possession were schismatical intruders. So long as a single see remained in this predicament, he held that the entire national Church, being in communion with the schismatical intruder, was schismatical by contagion, and that communion with it continued to be unlawful. But the successive deaths of Sancroft and his deprived suffragans released one see after another from the category of sees capable of communicating the contagion of schism; and when, on January 1,

1710, Lloyd, the ex-bishop of Norwich, died, Ken was the only one left, and he had surrendered his canonical right to Hooper several years before. Hence the time had come when not a single see remained in which there was both a bishop in possession and a bishop with a shadowy canonical title. From that moment, according to the view of Dodwell and his friends, the national Church became free from the schismatical infection, and the guilt of schism was transferred to the other side. Accordingly, with great satisfaction to themselves, they lost no time in re-entering the portals of the now disinfected Church. The argument was ingenious, and we can heartily rejoice that it was found sufficient by these estimable persons. At the same time we must confess that it appears to us to afford a striking illustration of the unreality of the whole contention. When the first day of the new year dawned, the national Church was schismatical to its core, and separation from its communion was an imperative duty. Before sunset of the same day it had become the only lawful Church in the land, and separation from its communion was a sin. What had happened to produce this momentous difference? Certainly nothing in the Church itself. In the evening of that day it was precisely the same as it had been in the morning; not one iota of change had been made in its doctrine, its discipline, its officers, or its connection with the State. Nothing had happened except the obscure death, in a lodging at Hammersmith, of an old man who had seceded from it twenty years before. Might not common sense be pardoned for sug-

gesting, that if so minute and entirely external an event was all that was necessary to justify a return to its communion, the previous renunciation of its communion had no sufficient cause?

Such was the opinion of the other half of the sect. They poured scorn on the weak-kneed brethren, who on so trivial an excuse had yielded to the blandishments of the apostate Establishment. To use the language of Hickes, their bishop and oracle, they "could not imagine that such adulterous intruders can merely by the death of all those whose thrones they usurped, continuing not only impertinent, but justifying their intrusion and the pravity of their schismatical consecrations, in a moment become lawful and valid bishops of their usurped districts, and Catholic bishops of the Church." In their eyes the prelates of the "Revolutionary Church," as they scoffingly styled it, continued to be "anti-bishops" just as much as ever, because they professed the "dangerous and damnable doctrines of resistance and the validity of lay-privatization." The true Church, they boasted, was and ever would be to the end of the world with their own "little and faithful suffering number." To these irreconcilables no course was logically open but to perpetuate the schism, till either they or the national Church perished; and accordingly on the death of their other bishop, Wagstaffe, who having nothing else to do had been practicing as a physician, Hickes obtained the co-operation of two members of the proscribed Scotch episcopate who seem to have been in hiding in London, and with their assistance consecrated three new

bishops of the schism, Collier, Howes, and Spinckes. Two years later, on the death of Hickes, these three consecrated two more, Gandy and Brett. Then discord broke out among them, and the curse of schism came home to roost. Collier and Brett, becoming dissatisfied with the Anglican Communion Office, drew up a new one on the lines of King Edward's first book, with modifications from the early liturgies; and on the refusal of the majority of the body to adopt it, they parted company with their brethren, and formed a new sect known as the "Usagers." For about fourteen years the two sections of Nonjurors faced each other in hostile array, each striving to perpetuate itself by fresh consecrations; but by 1733 the Usagers had managed to absorb most of the others, and there was a short-lived union. The schismatic spirit, however, although for a moment exorcized, soon returned reinforced. One of the party, named Lawrence, known as the author of several treatises on the *Invalidity of Lay-baptism* accepted consecration from the hands of a single Scotch bishop, and headed a party of Separatists, who adopted an entirely new prayer-book, drawn up by Deacon, whom Lawrence was pleased to consecrate as his coadjutor. It soon became evident that the Nonjuring cause was doomed. Discredited by its internal dissensions and the impracticable narrowness of its views, the sect dwindled away in the number as well as the quality of its adherents. In 1789, Gordon, the last bishop of the regular section, died, and that branch of the schism became extinct. For nearly a score of years longer the Separatists lingered

on, still playing at single-handed consecrations; "a singular proof," remarks Hallam, "of that tenacity of life by which religious sects, after dwindling down through neglect, excel frogs and tortoises; and that, even when they have become almost equally cold-blooded." But the time arrived when this remnant, too, became unable to "drag its slow length along;" its last bishop, Bothe by name, died in Ireland in 1805, and with him the once renowned Nonjuring party passed away, unnoticed and unwept. — *Quarterly Review*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DECAY OF BODILY STRENGTH IN TOWNS.

For some years, both in the press and on the platform, I have been endeavoring to draw public attention to the degeneration which to my mind is taking place in the physique of our town populations. I have been asked for proofs of this assertion. Statistical proofs of this, to me self-evident, proposition are very hard to furnish. It is said that the statistics of army recruiting should demonstrate the truth; doubtless they would, if all recruits enlisted in towns had been born and brought up in them; but it is notorious that this is not the case, inasmuch as all the principal recruiting stations are in the cities, and if a country lad desires to enlist, he must do so by first visiting the town. This fact must at once upset all theories founded on the statistics of town recruiting for the army; but taking town and country recruits together, out of

64,000 men who enlisted in 1884, no fewer than 30,000 were rejected for physical incapacity, a proportion which cannot fail to give occasion for very serious reflection. Indeed, the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the army possessed of adequate physical strength has become so great that a general order has now been issued, in which great discretion is given the recruiting officer and doctor in passing men, the authorities trusting to the military gymnasium to bring the men after enlistment up to the proper standard. Mr. A. Alexander, director of the Liverpool Gymnasium, who is a most energetic promoter of physical education, gave, a short time ago, a course of instruction to the soldiers at Aldershot. He states that he was surprised to find that many of the recruits were unable to raise their bodies by the strength of their arms until their chins were level with the bar! And these are the defenders of our country! The fact that Lord Wolseley is now crying out for the authorities to supply him with men with large chests instead of large heads, proves that our most eminent general recognizes the gravity of the situation.

It is not possible either to place any very great reliance upon the statistics of health in our large towns. These also are to a certain extent useless for our purpose, inasmuch as an emigration from the country to the town is in constant progress at the rate of from 50,000 to 60,000 souls per annum. This stream of vigorous country life flowing into the towns tends to raise unduly the standard of health in the latter, while the children of these 50,000 sturdy men and women are probably more robust

than those whose parents were born in the town. If we could isolate the city, and could prevent all intermarriage with the country, the degeneration in the physique of the inhabitants of the former would probably be so marked as to horrify the public, and would arouse a sense of national danger which would command the attention of Parliament and the country.

The danger of the situation lies in the gradual nature of the physical deterioration which is taking place in our midst, and in the fact that, while our purely rural population is decreasing in numbers, our town-bred men and women are augmenting at the rate of 340,000 a year. But, though it may be difficult to prove by statistics that our urban is less robust than our town population, and that each generation of pure city dwellers is less robust than the previous, it is only necessary for an intelligent man or woman to walk through the slums of our great towns in order to assure himself or herself, beyond all question or doubt, that the physical condition of the people in these crowded districts is, to say the least, unsatisfactory, and one of which no Englishman can well be proud.

Now this being so, and given the annual increase of our urban population as stated above, surely we have a strong *prima facie* case for asking for a Royal Commission to inquire into the physical condition of our people. If the result of the Commission be to show that all our fears are unfounded, and that our town population is the equal of the country, we shall have every cause to rejoice; but if, on the other hand, it be shown, as I firmly believe it will,

that large numbers of the inhabitants of our cities are physically unfitted, though in the prime of life, to defend the country in time of war, or to carry on her work in peace, a growing but a hidden danger to Great Britain will have been revealed, and the first step will have been taken toward the reform of an evil which would ultimately lead to a degeneration of the race and to national effacement. But only the first step; for though no reform be possible until the evil to be reformed be known and recognized, further steps must be taken if a cure is to be effected. In this instance the remedy which naturally suggests itself, is the minimizing of the unhealthy conditions of urban life which have led to such a sad result—in other words, the better housing of the poor, the establishment of breathing spaces such as parks and playgrounds, and the feeding of the children in the National Schools, as is done in Germany and France, where each child is supplied with a midday meal which he can purchase at a very cheap rate (in Germany, if the father is too poor to pay, the meal is still given, and the father is either summoned for the price or must declare himself a pauper, in which case the meal is supplied out of the rates), the due enforcement of sanitary laws, and finally the compulsory training of all children attending Board and National Schools in gymnastics and calisthenics. In order that the physical training given in the schools shall be efficient, it is necessary that it should be included in the code of education, and that grants should be given for proficiency, just as is done in the case of intellectual

training. It should never be forgotten that the mind is not likely to be healthy unless the body is in a sound condition, and that if intellectual studies were varied with physical exercises we should hear less of over-pressure and of the difficulties of getting the children to attend school. Physical exercises, especially when performed in masses and with song, are extremely attractive to children and have been found to improve greatly the discipline of the schools into which they have been introduced. The School Board of London have taken a useful step by the introduction of Swedish musical drill among the girls attending their schools. These exercises require no apparatus and are easily learned, and I do not know a prettier sight than to see a group of happy girls practicing to the sound of their own merry voices the graceful movements of the Swedish musical drill.

I hope that within a short time there will be no school within the United Kingdom which will not teach gymnastic exercises to its boys and Swedish drill to its girls. Almost every nation in Europe, with the exception of ourselves, has established such a system of compulsory physical training, and spends large sums of money in strengthening the bodies and nerves of its future citizens. We alone neglect this precaution. Do we believe that there is something in British flesh and blood which is able to withstand the deteriorating influences of bad air and food, and want of healthy exercise? If so we are living in a veritable fools' paradise, and when the stress of national danger arrives we shall find that our men are made of different stuff from those who fought

and conquered the combined armies of Europe. Those men were mostly reared in country homes, on wholesome though maybe coarse fare, and under the pure canopy of heaven, not fed on white bread and adulterated beer or spirits, working in cellars and warehouses into which the full daylight seldom or never penetrates. How is it that we are so behind other nations in this matter of the physical education of the people. I believe it is because our middle and upper classes hold such a high place among the athletes of the world, that we are blind to the deficiencies in this respect of their brothers of a lower station in life. I do not suppose it would be possible to find more perfect specimens of young healthy manhood than are to be seen in our larger colleges and universities, but this should only make the contrast between their condition and that of the young lads who hang about the public-houses and roam the streets of our large towns more apparent and more startling. These young men want not only physical development, but the discipline which a course of gymnastic training would give them. It is now eighty years since Germany first established the Turnverein, or National Gymnastic Association, which by its thorough and systematic training of the entire population in gymnastic exercises, strengthening to the body and nerves, and productive of physical courage, many believe to have been in no slight degree instrumental in the thorough defeat which the French sustained at the hands of the Germans in 1870. The French seem to think this partial explanation of their defeat to be not without some possible

foundation in truth, for since the war they have taken steps to teach their youth to strengthen their bodies by many exercises. Perhaps it will be necessary for us to undergo some such national humiliation.

I trust, however, that we shall learn our lesson without the infliction of punishment, which may overtake us, in other ways than by the means of the sword. The arts of peace cannot be carried out successfully by men and women feeble in body and weak in health. Physical strength is almost as much required in the peaceful contests of every-day life as in wars; and other things being equal, the nation which has the healthiest and sturdiest human material with which to work, will produce the best and most salable manufactures. We are, as a nation, dependent on the productions of our hands and brains. We cannot produce in these islands food sufficient to supply our necessities. We must therefore purchase it, and we can only purchase it by manufacturing for our neighbors, and thus earning money sufficient to pay for the food we buy. It is therefore imperative that we shall be able to make better goods than our neighbors, in order to attract their custom; and how can we hope to surpass them in the excellence of our manufactures if the intellect of our designers is weakened by bad health, and the bodies of our artisans and laborers are suffering from lassitude and depression?

This question of Physical Education is one therefore which all classes of the community should support: the working men for their own sakes and for that of their children; military and naval men for the reputa-

tion of their country's arms; philanthropists and divines for the love of their fellow-men; employers and capitalists for the sake of improved trade; and statesmen lest they find that the Britain which they profess to govern is sinking before their eyes, borne down by no foreign foe, but undermined through physical causes which might have been avoided but for the blindness and obstinacy with which they have fixed their gaze on distant objects and questions of *haute politique*, to the neglect of nearer and less interesting but more indispensable reforms connected with the health and physique of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.—LORD BRABAZON, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

PROFESSOR STUBBS, THE HISTORIAN.*

The pleasure and satisfaction of a reader of this volume is somewhat damped by the feeling that it contains the last will and testament of Bishop Stubbs as an historical writer. He has brought together the fragments of his work at Oxford as a sign that he has retired from the labors of a student to the occupa-

tions of practical life. He tells us in his preface that he has committed these lectures to the press as a means of weaning himself gradually from the habits of a literary life, "the love of correcting proof-sheets." Perhaps he did not think when he wrote that sentence how great a testimony he incidentally bore to the patient and careful temper which has been the result of his mental discipline. To be able to correct proof-sheets with attention implies an absolute power of self-concentration on the work in hand; to be able to delight in the process implies a fullness of knowledge which makes accuracy an instinct, and enables a writer to weigh what he has written apart from the sources which helped him as he wrote. It is a noticeable fact that scarcely any book embracing such a mass of details as Dr. Stubbs's *Constitutional History* ever appeared from the press with a list of errata containing so few misprints.

Throughout the lectures which this volume contains runs a protest against the "statutory obligation," in accordance with which the lectures were delivered. Dr. Stubbs complains of the "compulsion to produce something twice a year, which might attract an idle audience," as unworthy of a serious student. He can scarcely hope to carry with him the sympathies of his readers, who feel that had it not been for that compulsion they would not have enjoyed this—we had almost written, posthumous—volume. In fact, we cannot help rejoicing that some external force drove Dr. Stubbs against his will to shown us a side of himself and of his pursuits which might otherwise have passed away unrecorded. He

* Seventeen Lectures on the Study of Medieval and Modern History and Kindred Subjects, delivered at Oxford. By William Stubbs, D. D. (Oxford, 1886). —[Prof. Stubbs, born in 1825, ranks in the very first order of English historians. We doubt if there are five men, now living, who write in English, who can be placed in the same order with him. It seems strange that his monumental work, *The Constitutional History of England* (3 vols., 1874-1878), has not been republished in this country.—ED. LIB. MAG.]

has shown us how an earnest student, brought into the presence of a mixed audience, can temper his knowledge with humor, and out of the storehouse of his learning can bring forth things new and old. These lectures will hold a place in English literature for other reasons than their merits as a contribution to historical science. They will be a valuable record of the progress of study in Oxford for eighteen eventful years; they will contain the materials of a study of the life of an Oxford professor, and they will give posterity an insight into the character of Bishop Stubbs, which here expresses itself as it had not the opportunity of doing either in the pages of the *Constitutional History* or in the prefaces to the *Rolls Chronicles*, or even, it may be, in episcopal charges delivered in his diocese of Chester.

The contents of this volume are miscellaneous, but correspond to different sides of their writer's activity. Some deal with the condition of historical studies, especially in Oxford; others, as those on *Learning and Literature at the Court of Henry II.*, were suggested by the work of editing chronicles; others, on *The History of the Canon Law in England*, are the results of Dr. Stubbs's careful labor as a member of the ecclesiastical courts commission. One lecture was suggested by passing events in English politics, *The Medieval Kingdoms of Cyprus and Armenia*. Four lectures on the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. remind us sadly of what we have lost by the cessation of the *Constitutional History* at the accession of the Tudors. We feel that in those lectures the outlines of English history in the beginning of

the sixteenth century are for the first time sketched with firmness and precision. The character of Henry VIII. as drawn by Dr. Stubbs is truer than that given by any other writer. It takes into account the conditions of the times, not only in England, but in Europe; it is founded upon a knowledge of the sixteenth century, and does not carry into those times the ideas and prejudices of a later age; it recognizes the psychological problems of Henry's character, and admits an evolution of his self-will. It is a model of what historical portraiture should be, at once charitable and just; charitable, "because through the ages the historian sees in historical personages men of like passions with himself, animated by complex motives, not to be judged, like heroes or villains in a play, by a few actions only, but by the prolonged activity of their lives; just, because men have to be judged by the far-off results of their doings, which, however natural they may be, are not therefore to be justified.

It is needless to discuss the new suggestions with which these lectures abound, or to consider the value of the general views which they contain. The principles laid down in the lectures *On the Purposes and Methods of Historical Study* and *On the Characteristic Differences between Medieval and Modern History*, will seem to some to be disputable. Those who call history a science, and mean thereby that it can produce results which can be easily popularized and reduced into maxims for political use, will find small satisfaction from Dr. Stubbs. To him the value of historical study lies in its educational efficacy to

teach the methods of political observation and political reasoning, and to train the sobriety of temper and largeness of view which are necessary for observation and reasoning alike. Of this temper these lectures give a conspicuous example; and it was the possession of this temper which gave Dr. Stubbs an influence upon the historical studies, not only of Oxford, but of England, which went far beyond his books or his lectures to his ordinary classes. We cannot but rejoice that the struggle against an "irksome statutory obligation" forced him to show us more of himself than his modesty would otherwise have allowed. Valuable as are these lectures in themselves, they are still more valuable as an exhibition of the calm and genial temper of mind which the study of history can develop in him who pursues it for its own sake only.—M. CREIGHTON, in *The English Historical Review*.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS.*

On Sunday, July 8 (20), 1852, the Czar received me after mass. This was contrary to etiquette, since the Emperor as a rule gave private audiences only to ambassadors and envoys. Prince Albert (of Saxony) being there, an exception was made,

* *The Reminiscences of Count Vitzthum von Eckstädt*, formerly Saxon Minister at the British Court, covering the period from 1852 to 1864, have just been published in London. In 1852-'53 Count Vitzthum was the Saxon Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg. He thus narrates his first interview with the Czar Nicholas just before the rupture with Turkey, which led to the Crimean War.—ED. LIB. MAG.

to which I am indebted for one of the most interesting hours of my life. The master of the ceremonies had conducted me to the room and remained standing at the door, doubtful whether to attend at this unaccustomed audience or not. Without saying a word, the Czar answered the official's mute inquiry by pointing energetically to the door. We remained alone, and I found myself for the first time face to face with the mightiest and most dreaded monarch in the world. In spite of his fifty-six years, the classical Greek features and giant figure of Nicholas I. still showed the strength of youth. Phidias could have chiseled a Zeus or a god of war from this model. He wore the undress uniform of a regiment of the Guard, a blue double-breasted military tunic. I observed the head, now almost bald, and noticed a low and comparatively narrow forehead, with which the masculine nose formed one and the same line. The occiput, where phrenologists look for strength of will, seemed unusually developed, and the small head appeared to rest on a neck worthy of the Farnese Hercules.

There was something knightly, nay imposing, in the whole aspect of the man, and I now understand how the colossus who stood before me should have been able to quell with a mere movement of his hand the revolution that threatened him at the outbreak of the cholera. Wrapped in his cloak, he had gone alone on that day among the thousands who were shouting loudly in the Isaac's Square, accusing the Government of having poisoned the wells; he had then dropped his cloak and commanded the multi-

tude, with a wave of his hand, to cast themselves upon their knees. Not a man dared to remain standing. Then the Emperor exclaimed, with a voice of thunder, "You wretches! It is not the wells that are poisoned, but you, who have poisoned yourselves with your sins. Now pray God to forgive you, and to take the plague from us." A "Hurrah! long live our lord and father!" that sprang at once from a thousand throats, was the answer of the rebellious multitude, and the insurrection was quelled as by magic, without the help of a single policeman. That great moment was present to my mind as I looked the Emperor in the eyes. They seemed to me somewhat unsettled, those eyes; and a nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth appeared to betoken pain and uneasiness.

After the Emperor Nicholas had spoken to me with winning amiability about Prince Albert, and the pleasure his visit was giving him, he appeared to forget entirely that he had a young diplomatist before him, whom he had never seen, and about whom he could scarcely have heard anything. Familiarly, as though he were addressing an old acquaintance, he spoke to me of his recently ended journey. He had been to Berlin, to Dresden, to Vienna, he had seen the Empress Maria Anna at Prague, he had stopped also at Weimar and Darmstadt, as well as Stuttgart, where he paid a visit to his daughter. Wherever he went, his eagle eye had seen everything in a few days, and he spoke with an unequaled absence of reserve of what he had noticed on his tour of inspection. The worst he had to say was of Berlin. He grew

quite warm when complaining of the weakness of his brother-in-law.

On my endeavoring to quiet these unlooked-for ebullitions with the somewhat commonplace remark that nevertheless the King had the best intentions and the most amiable qualities, the Czar thundered out, "*Tant pis pour ses qualités amiables! Quant à ses bonnes intentions, je vous dis, moi qu'il ne sait jamais ce qu'il veut. Ce n'est pas un roi cela; il nous gâte le métier. Sachez-le donc*"—here he stamped with his foot—"le sol sous mes pieds est miné comme sous les vôtres. Nous sommes tous solidaires. Nous avons tous un ennemi commun—la révolution. Si on continue à la cajoler comme on le fait à Berlin, l'incendie deviendra bientôt général. Ici je ne crains rien pour le moment. Tant que je vivrai on ne bougera pas. Car moi, je suis soldat; Monsieur mon beau-frère ne l'a jamais été.—*Tel que vous me voyez*," he continued in a calmer tone and with all the charm of his well-moderated voice, "*tel que vous me voyez, j'ai trente-huit ans de service, car j'ai fait mes premières armes en 1813. Oui, je suis soldat. C'est mon métier à moi. L'autre métier que la Providence m'a imposé*"—these words he spoke very slowly, and almost in a whisper—"je le fais, parce qu'il faut bien le faire et qu'il n'y a personne pour m'en délivrer. Mais ce n'est pas mon métier."

There was something tragic in this confession. One felt how heavily those cares of government were weighing upon him, which now for seven-and-twenty years, well-nigh a whole generation, he had had to support alone. His keen eye had become quite dulled, and his look

had become unsteady. Taking my leave with best wishes from the Emperor, I left the sunny but almost dismal apartment.—COUNT VITZTHUM'S *St. Petersburg and London in the Years 1852-1864.*

DACOITY IN BURMA.

Dacoity, in the language of the Indian Penal Code, is robbery committed or attempted by five or more persons conjointly, and a dacoit is a person present and aiding in such robbery; while robbery is defined to be theft accompanied by hurt or wrongful restraint, or the attempt at these. But the Burmese dacoit in some respects represents a class peculiar to that country. In most parts of India, not many years ago, outbreaks of dacoity were rife. All through Lower Bengal, within the present half-century, the peaceful and unwarlike people were subject to the ravages of gangs of armed ruffians, who had found their way thither from the upper provinces, and who would break into one village after another at night, to rob, with torture and murder, unless the hoarded money of the inhabitants was given up to them. These were effectually put down at last by the appointment of a Special Commissioner of Dacoity, whose office was created by an Act of the Legislative Council, with summary powers.

Gang robbery of the same kind has been going on lately in some of the native States of India, and has only just now been suppressed, and occasional outbreaks still occur in our own provinces. But in Burma the leader of a gang of dacoits is a

robber, not skulking from sight in the daytime and coming out only by night, but a man who carries on his trade openly; not, indeed, in any sense the hereditary chief of a clan, but simply a ruffian who has made himself formidable by address and cruelty, who has established himself in some particular district which he dominates, living at free quarters, and either levying blackmail or obtaining plunder by actual robbery. Such are the dacoit leaders, of whom Boh Shwe and Hla Oo may be cited as among the most prominent, whose names have appeared so frequently in the telegrams from India during the past few months. Other leaders, again, are princes of the royal family, who set up to be claimants to the crown; there will never be any lack of pretenders in a country where polygamy is practiced, even though the reigning prince may seek to minimize the danger, as Theebaw did, by wholesale murder of his relatives on coming to the throne. The followings of the dacoit chiefs' gangs are made up partly of men, who like the leaders, are professional robbers. King Theebaw's method of dealing with such as came within his grasp was a simple one: if caught red-handed, they were usually crucified; but, if large gangs were caught, as he could not put them all to death, some used to be branded and let go again; a large number of these branded dacoits were at large last year, many of whom have been captured during the recent operations. Against the dacoit bands at a distance from the capital there was practically no action taken. But the great majority of the following of a dacoit leader are not professional dacoits who are

making it the serious pursuit of a lifetime, but young men who take to it for a few months, as a fine sort of thing for a young man of spirit to go in for, just as a young Englishman of fortune might enter the army for a spell of military life before settling down to his duties as a country gentleman. Although the people suffer terribly from the dacoits, whose ravages indeed have laid waste wide tracts, till the jungle has overrun the sites of once populous cities, the profession is, unquestionably, in repute rather than otherwise among the people. It is looked upon as the followers of a Highland chief or a Teviotdale reiver looked upon the lifting of his neighbor's cattle. In fact it is easy to understand that in a state of society so insecure; in a country where the forest land is far in excess of that under cultivation; where the scattered villages are constantly liable to surprise and attack; and where the cattle roaming in the forests can easily be carried off—it may be a pleasanter game to play the dacoit than the dacoitee, to go out under a famous leader and harry your neighbors than to stay at home and run the chance of being robbed and murdered yourself.

In this way we may account for the hold which dacoity has over the country, and for the fluctuating strength of these dacoit bands. If a dacoit leader is successful, if he makes a large haul of cattle and other plunder, he can support a large following, and his trade is for the time in good repute. But if, on the other hand, he is driven into the jungles and loses his ill-gotten gains, then his followers rapidly leave him, and, turning up at their own villages

again, assume the rôle of peaceful citizens. But a man gains rather than loses in public estimation by having taken a turn at dacoity, just as, even at the present time, the wild tribes on the north-east frontier of India carry about with them as a marks of distinction the number of scalps they have themselves taken, or just as in a certain past state of European society a reputation as a duelist was in a man's favor. Certainly there is nothing in the trade abhorrent to even the respectable classes of the country, and it is said that the Burmese village maiden will not respond to her lover's overtures until he has distinguished himself by going out for a season's dacoity.—*Edinburgh Review*.

ILLUMINATING COAL-GAS.

[Mr. Thomas Newbigging, a British Civil Engineer, furnishes to the *Scottish Review* an exhaustive paper on "The Gas Industry of the United Kingdom." We condense some of the leading statistics given: In 1885 the whole number of gas-works, public and private, was about 1,500. They used 9,378,904 tons of coal, producing 92,637,727,365 cubic feet of gas, of which there was a loss by leakage of some 7,000,000,000 cubic feet, or about 8 per cent. of the whole make, representing at prime cost a money value of about £600,000. The entire capital actually employed was £60,432,986. "But this represents only the expenditure on the undertaking; and if the premium amount, which on the average is 56 per cent., be added, the actual commercial value is found to be nearly £94,000,000. The total annual rental may be set down at £13,500,000, and the profits at £4,500,000, equal to nearly 7½ per cent. on the expended capital, and about 4½ per cent. on the capital as enhanced by the premium value. The number of hands employed in gas-works in the United Kingdom is about 60,000,

and the wages paid annually amount to £4,500,000. But if account be taken of the different trades which have been called into existence for the production of the appliances of gas manufacture and consumption, and of the miners who are employed in raising the coal, the figures in the two latter items may be safely quadrupled."—The general statements in this paper, and the conclusions educed from the facts given, are applicable to the United States of America as well as to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.—*ED. LIB. MAG.*]

The manufacture and distribution of coal gas may be justly described as one of the important industries of the world. Like railways and the electric telegraph it may be considered as a product of the nineteenth century; for, though coal gas was actually used for illuminating purposes by William Murdoch, the inventor of gas lighting, as early as 1792 at Redruth in Cornwall, and in 1797 at his home at Old Cumnock, Ayrshire, it was not until well into the first decade of the present century that gas began to be generally applied in the lighting of streets, factories, and dwelling-houses. The illumination of Soho Works, Birmingham, to celebrate the peace of Amiens, took place in 1802. These works belonged to Boulton and Watt, and Murdoch was employed as manager to the firm. The first application of gas to the interior lighting of large premises was made by Murdoch in Salford, in 1805, at the cotton manufactory of Phillips and Lee; and the first street lighted with gas was that of Pall Mall, London, in 1807. The first gas company incorporated by Act of Parliament was the "Chartered" (now the "Gaslight and Coke") London, in 1812.

People little reflect how much of comfort they owe to gas. The cheapness of the light, the ease with which it is manipulated, its handiness and homeliness, so to speak—because the gas is always there, ready at the moment when wanted; its cleanliness, its safety, are all advocates of gas lighting, and speak eloquently in its favor. Gas is like a good and willing and trustworthy servant. It is not obtrusive or despotic in its manifestations, as is the electric light, nor dirty and slaternly like candles, oil, and the oil lamp.

Although in its earliest use coal gas was restricted to the purpose of affording artificial light, no long time elapsed before its value as a heating medium began to be realized. Winsor, indeed, one of the pioneers of gas lighting, claimed as an important advantage of the new invention or discovery, that gas, besides its light-giving qualities, could be used both for cooking food and warming dwellings, and as early as 1825 attempts were made to apply it for those purposes. It was not, however, till later on in the century that anything like a practical application of gas was made to the cooking of food. Mr. J. Sharp, of Southampton, about the year 1840, began to construct ovens heated by gas for cooking and baking, and these he used for many years, giving public lectures, in the course of which he practically demonstrated their usefulness and value.

Gas, however, in those days was higher in price than now; and although it was evident that it served most efficiently for culinary operations, its cost militated against its extensive adoption in this direction.

The prejudice against it was strong also on account of the supposed liability of any food cooked by its means to be tainted with the flavor of the gas itself. This operated against its use, and though the prejudice was founded on ignorance of the facts, it is not a matter of wonder that such an idea was entertained, seeing that, even at the present day, in spite of the strongest evidence to the contrary, the same belief is still widely accepted, and still operates with many as a bar to its adoption. A moment's intelligent thought given to the question will be sufficient to dispel the notion that the taint of the gas can be communicated to the meat so cooked. There is no smell of gas in a gas-lighted room, for the reason that the gas is oxidized, or, as it is empirically termed, consumed, as it issues from the burner. So it is in the gas oven, with the additional circumstance that in the majority at least of such ovens, oxidation is rendered still more complete by the mixing of the gas with air before it reaches the point of combustion. As a matter of fact there is not only no tainting of animal or other food, but the former is improved in flavor as compared with that which is roasted in the usual coal-heated oven, by reason of the juices being retained in it, instead of being, to a large extent, evaporated, or dried out of it, as in the other case.

In its application to the heating of rooms, gas has scarcely attained to equal success with its adoption as a cooking agent. Improved methods of employing it in this way, however, by the invention of both open fires and stoves of a superior class, are rapidly being introduced, and

in this direction gas is yearly becoming more extensively applied. In the matter of cleanliness and handiness, its value for this purpose is self-evident.

Gas is now largely employed as an agent for obtaining motive power. It was from the very first a matter of observation, and not unfrequently of dire and unsought experience, that when gas and atmospheric air were mixed together in certain proportions and the mixture fired, an explosion was the result. Attempts were soon made to utilize the force thus exerted, by confining the explosive compound in a suitable cylinder, and exploding it to obtain prime movement as in the steam engine. After many less or more successful attempts by different inventors, and the expenditure of much ingenuity, the "Lenoir" Gas Engine, so named after its inventor, was produced (1860), and thus was solved the economical problem of how to utilize an explosive mixture of gas and air as a prime motor. From that time down to the present, the patent records contain the description of a host of inventions of this character, and gas engines of great efficiency have been produced, among which the well-known "Otto Silent" and the "Bisschop" engines are deserving of special mention.

The manufacture of gas engines was at first confined to the smaller sizes, from $\frac{1}{2}$ a horse power up to 10 horse power, but recently larger sizes, equal to as high as 50 horse power, have been made. The gas motor engine indeed may be said to have become indispensable in a hundred different trades, more especially where the power needed

is intermittent. In adopting this motor, neither boiler nor chimney is required, and hence it can be employed in buildings and in out of the way corners in establishments, where a steam engine is altogether inadmissible. It is always available for work on the opening of a tap, and it will go on working continuously day and night with the least possible attention. In the matter of fuel cost, gas is more expensive than either coal or coke, but the other economical advantages referred to far outweigh this single drawback. Moreover the percentage efficiency of the gas engine is greatly in excess of that evolved by its older rival the steam motor. Speaking at the meeting of the British Association at York in 1881, Sir Frederick J. Bramwell was bold enough to declare it as his opinion that unless some wholly unexpected improvement were made in the steam engine, those who lived to see the celebration of the centenary of the Association in 1931, would find the steam engine had become a curiosity, and was relegated to museums, its place as a vehicle for transmitting heat into work being taken by the gas engine. Unquestionably the gas motor has a great future before it, and extensive as its adoption has been of recent years, this is as nothing to the popularity to which it will yet attain, and the wide uses to which it will yet be applied. Apart altogether from the question of lighting, it may well be believed that the gas industry has an illimitable field for expansion in the direction of affording heat and motive power.

Another important consideration in this connection should not be

overlooked. The general adoption of gas for the purposes of cooking, heating and motive power, would tend to the solution of the problem of how to get rid of the smoke nuisance, which, almost more than any other matter, exercises the minds of Municipal Authorities. The smoke-laden atmosphere—the fruitful parent of the fogs of our large towns, is a crying evil which has hitherto evaded every attempt at prevention, and even of mitigation; and it will continue to evade such attempts, backed as they may be by the closest inspection and supervision, until the present barbarous and wasteful methods of consuming coal are abandoned.

We cannot here go into the question of the relative value or desirability of electricity and gas as illuminating agents. If both agents were equally available to the public, there might be reason for entertaining the fear that lighting by gas was in jeopardy—though even in such a case, it would be easy to show the contrary. In the writer's opinion, all fear or hope of the general displacement of gas, even for lighting purposes—not to mention its other uses—may be dismissed as groundless. It must be admitted by even the strongest partisans that electric lighting is far from satisfactory. In isolated buildings where perfect insulation for the conducting wires can be insured, it answers fairly well, provided that cost and occasional—not to say frequent—extinguishments are treated as merely secondary matters. But to suppose that electricity will ever be able to compete with gas in the endless ramifications of town lighting, public and private, is an assumption

which only the liveliest imagination could seriously entertain.

It is evident from the very nature of things that gas must continue to be produced, not only on account of its illuminating and heating qualities, but also for the sake of the by-products arising from its manufacture; and however rapid may be the progress of electric lighting toward perfection, there is every reason to believe that the Gas Industry is destined to grow and prosper.—THOMAS NEWBIGGING, in *The Scottish Review*.

SHYLOCK AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

The sources of the plot of the *Merchant of Venice* are very well known. Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone* supplies the story both of the Jew's sanguinary bond, and of the rich lady of Belmont's pleadings in disguise. The *Gesta Romanorum* contains the incident of the caskets. The ballad of *Gernutus, the Jew of Venice*, offers very many points of resemblance to Shakespeare's play; but this piece is undated, and it is an open question whether the ballad-maker borrowed from the dramatist, or the dramatist from the ballad-maker. Editors also deem it advisable to notice two precedents for the introduction of a Jewish hero on the Elizabethan stage. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, which preceded the production of the *Merchant* by a very few years, is one, and the other is the play called "*The Jew*, showned at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly chusers and the bloody minds of userers," men-

tioned in Gosson's *School of Abuse* in 1579. Nothing is known of *The Jew* beyond Gosson's account of it. A third precedent of greater substance than the second has invariably been overlooked by the commentators. I propose to supply the omission here.

There was printed in London in 1584, "as it hath been publickly played, a right excellent and famous comedy called *The Three Ladies of London*. . . Written by R[obert] W[ilson]." In 1851 Mr. J. P. Collier reprinted the play in a volume issued by the Roxburghe Club, and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt added it to his edition of Dodsley in 1874; but neither Mr. Collier nor Mr. Hazlitt examined it in close conjunction with the *Merchant of Venice*. The comedy is a tedious production, marking the transition from moral plays to real dramatic work. The "Three Ladies of London" are such abstractions as Fame, Love, and Conscience; and their encounters with other abstractions, like Lucre, Fraud, Usury, Simony, and so forth, constitute the slender plot. Incidentally all the abuses of London society are exposed, and the morality of the clergy and business men is denounced with especial vigor. Amid these strange surroundings there suddenly appears one Mercatore, an Italian merchant, who speaks broken English, traffics in expensive luxuries imported from abroad, and buys up, for exportation, the staple produce of the nation. The scene of the comedy passes for the most part in London, but it is in a few instances transferred to Turkey. There Mercatore puts in an appearance with a view to replenishing his stock of jewels

for the English market. A Jew named Gerontus meets him in the street, and reproaches him with having left the country in order to avoid the payment of a debt. "You know," says the Jew—

"I lent you two thousand ducats for three months' space,

And ere the time came you got another thousand by flattery and thy smooth face,

So when the time came, that I should have received my money

You were not to be found, but was fled out of the country."

After much altercation, Gerontus allows the merchant another five days; but they expire without result. Then, according to the stage direction, "Enter Mercatore, reading a letter to himself; and let Gerontus, the Jew, follow him, and speak as followeth." Gerontus opens the attack thus:

"Signor Mercatore, why do you not pay me? think you, I will be mock'd in this sort?

This three times you have flouted me: it seems you make thereat a sport.

Truly pay me my money, and that even now presently,

Or by mighty Mahomet I swear I will forthwith arrest ye."

The merchant is abusive and obdurate, and the Jew places him under arrest. A suit is instituted, and Gerontus and Mercatore appear before a judge. The defendant clothes himself "in Turkish weeds," to indicate his intention of turning Mohammedan—a process which, according to Turkish law, frees him from all debt. Gerontus, in answer to the "learned judge," briefly states his complaint. The judge points out that if Mercatore is willing to be converted, his creditors cannot recover their debt. "Most

true, reverend judge, we may not," replied Gerontus; and the merchant pleads that he has turned Turk. But, before he has finished repeating after the judge a formal renunciation of Christianity, Gerontus interrupts:—

"Stay there, most puissant Judge.—Signor Mercatore, consider what you do.

Pay me the principal, as for the interest I forgive it you. . . .

Merc. No point da interest, no point da principal.

Geront. Then pay me now half, if you will not pay me all.

Merc. No point da half, no point denier; me will be a Turk, I say.

Me be weary of my Christ's religion."

Finally, Gerontus confesses himself shocked by the merchant's dishonest conversion, and rather than be a party to it, releases him from the debt. Mercatore then returns to his old faith, much to the judge's chagrin, and privately congratulates himself on cheating the Jew of his money. The judge adds, "Jews seek to excel in Christianity and Christians in Jewishness," and the scene closes.

It is absurd to imagine that Shakespeare was under any real obligation to these crude scenes, but it is almost certain that he was acquainted with them. The piece was reprinted in 1592, and was still popular then. Gerontus's praises of the judge, the Jew's resentment of the merchant's flouts, and his orders for his debtor's arrest, suggest incidents in the *Merchant*; and Gerontus's "three thousand ducats at three months" is Shylock's loan. The exact term and amount are not met with elsewhere. In Fiorentino, the Jew lends 10,000 ducats, and the time of repayment is not specified. In the ballad the sum is 100 crowns for

a twelvemonth and a day. Unlike his successors, the author of *The Three Ladies* is distinctly favorable to the Jew. The old play seems to throw a little light on the date of the ballad of *Gernutus the Jew*. Gernutus and Gerontus are nearly identical names, neither of which is known elsewhere. It would seem that either the ballad-maker obtained the name from the play or the playwright from the ballad. This is strong presumptive evidence in favor of the theory that the ballad was written either before or while the play was in the full tide of popularity (1584-1592). It would in either case be earlier than the *Merchant*, and should therefore be reckoned among the origins of Shakespeare's comedy.

Critics have often expressed themselves puzzled by Shakespeare's choice of a Jew for the hero of his comedy. They have assumed, with Mr. J. R. Green and other historians, that no Jews set foot in England between 1290 and 1655. I have more than once shown that Elizabethan England was not free from Jews. Very recently I noted, in one of Mr. Bullen's "Old Plays" (*Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609), the advice, "You may hire a good suit at a Jewes," tendered by one citizen's wife to another, who was ambitious of going to court. Such an expression suggests that the Jews were pursuing, in London, under Elizabeth and James I., a characteristic vocation. To multiply instances of Jewish characters on the stage removes all difficulties as to Shakespeare's choice, besides confirming the theory that he had

opportunities of personally studying Jewish life in London.—SIDNEY L. LEE, in *The Academy*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE STUDY OF STATISTICS. — Prof. Herbert B. Adams furnishes to the *Independent* an account of the fourth annual meeting of the American Historical Association, held at Boston and Cambridge, May 21-24. He closes by saying:—

"Perhaps the strongest current of popular and contemporary interest was that introduced from the nation's capital by Col. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, in his vigorous plea for 'The Study of Statistics in American Colleges.' Contrary to general expectation, Colonel Wright showed that statistics form one of the most interesting and profitable lines of inquiry that can occupy students of historical and political science. Statistics, if properly collected, are history in the most concrete, accurate and imperishable form. The results of the census of any given decade, when cast into Arabic numerals, or simple mathematical tables, will endure, when word-tablets have been dashed in pieces by historical criticism. Colonel Wright's plea was not alone for the teaching of statistical science in our higher colleges and universities, but also for a vital connection between higher political education and practical civil service. He said: 'I would urge upon the Government of the United States and upon the Governments of the States, the necessity of providing by law for the admission of students that have taken scientific courses in statistics as honorary attachés of, or clerks to be employed in the practical work of statistical offices.' He also urged the Government-training of educated young men for the consular and diplomatic service, and for other branches of practical administration. This thought, which is now historical, will bear political fruit."

SLEEP AND ITS COUNTERFEITS.

We all know by experience what Sleep is, and we cannot conceive ourselves as sleeping for an indefinite time. Yet it is difficult to draw a line between normal and abnormal sleep; the physiological condition merges by insensible degrees into all kinds of pathological states, known as lethargy, trance, stupor, coma. Through the usual phenomena of dreaming, we pass likewise into those of nightmare, somnambulism, hypnotism, ecstasy, and the like. Yet it is important sharply to define typical instances of these conditions, so as to avoid hopeless confusion in an already obscure field of scientific inquiry, and though we may for the sake of convenience occasionally use the term Sleep in the wider sense, yet the distinction between the various states included under it must be kept present to our minds. It is often possible to distinguish between a somnambulist, a lethargic, and a cataleptic condition of the hypnotized hysterical subject; and by appropriate manipulations (all based on the theory of influencing the brain centers by the sensory impressions) to make the subject pass from one to another of these states.

By *Catalepsy* is meant a condition of suspended psychical manifestations on the part of the subject, during which the limbs exhibit no muscular or nervous hyper-excitability, but possess the singular property, while remaining flexible, of preserving indefinitely any attitude imparted to them; hence the name of "waxy flexibility" given to this condition by old writers. Unlike the rigid spasms

of the lethargic muscle, the plastic fixity of the cataleptic limb cannot be relaxed by friction over the skin. The aspect of the patient in the two conditions, moreover, offers striking differences, the sleep-like immobility of lethargy contrasting vividly with the petrified attitudes of catalepsy.

The third condition, that of *Somnambulism*, may easily be brought about by light pressure or rubbing on the top of the head. The hysterical patient then passes into a state somewhat between the lethargic and the cataleptic condition. The muscles have lost the hyper-excitability of the former state, and do not possess the plastic adaptability of the latter. Still they react abnormally to light external stimuli; if we very gently stroke or blow upon a limb, it becomes somewhat rigid. We cannot then relax it by a mere touch as we can in lethargy, and, unlike catalepsy, it offers some resistance when we attempt to move it into a different attitude. Insensibility to pain may persist, but there often is in the somnambulist phase a singular exaltation of memory and of sensorial perception, which has caused it to be called the "lucid state," and which has been described by the devotees of mesmeric delusions as "second sight."

It is especially in the somnambulist state that the astonishing phenomena of *Suggestion* are observed. By this we mean that the patient in whom every spontaneity is in abeyance, who does not "sleep," and who yet does not move or think, can be so impressed through some sensory channel as to enter upon some definite train of ideas or movements. He is under the control of the experimenter, whose will is his

will, so to speak. He is a machine ready to go, but unable to start of itself. There are many different ways of imparting suggestions to a hypnotized subject; and as in the other phases of hypnotism, hysterical patients present the greatest variety of manifestations, when subjected to suggestive influences. The most characteristic phenomena are those known as "muscular" suggestions. If we analyze an emotional attitude, such as that of threatening an enemy with the fist and outstretched arm, we notice that the whole frame takes part in the special action. The eyes dilate, the muscles of the face move, and an appropriate play of the features accompanies the leading gesture. This collaboration of several parts of the body in the production of a common effect depends upon the existence in our nervous system of certain mechanisms subservient to the function of mimetic language or physical expression. Now if in the hypnotized subject we throw a limb into such an expressive attitude, we immediately see the usual concomitants of the movement follow suit, the trunk and other limbs fall into a harmonious posture, the carriage of the head is modified likewise, and the expression assumed by the face and eyes is so perfect as to equal or surpass the best efforts of the most consummate actor. Now if in our subject we likewise electrically stimulate certain muscles, and artificially produce an expression of anger, or terror, or love, or disdain, the corresponding attitude is at once assumed by the neck, arms, and body generally.

Whole series of muscular actions may be initiated by appealing to the so-called "muscular sense" by simi-

lar methods of suggestion. Thus, if a hanging rope is placed in the hands of the patient, she begins to climb with incredible energy and alacrity; when placed on all fours she runs in that position all over the room, regardless of knocks and collisions. Or, if the movements of washing with invisible soap be communicated to her hands, she will persist in the mimicry for an indefinite time. It is sometimes difficult to check an action so started except by waking the patient up, or making her pass into lethargy. The hypnotized patient therefore is much in the state of the frog, which when thrown into a pond, even after its brain has been removed, begins to swim on touching the water, aimlessly, automatically. Sometimes a movement repeatedly executed by the operator in front of the patient will be imitated and carried out by the patient until stopped: this is a case of suggestion through the organ of sight. Or more complicated trains of movement may be initiated by presenting to the patient objects suggestive of certain actions, such as a plate and spoon, a brush and comb, and the like. The sight of a boot will start an endless repetition of putting it on, lacing and unlacing, taking it off, putting it on again, and so forth indefinitely.

Such are the leading phenomena of *Hypnotism* as observed in those highly sensitive subjects, the sufferers from the graver form of hysteria, or hystero-epilepsy. Epidemics of hystero-epilepsy were rife in the Middle Ages, especially among the members of religious bodies; and even now it seems to be closely related to superstitious or mystical beliefs and and practices. Though

essentially a disease of the female nervous organization, many instances are found of men suffering from more or less modified forms of hysterio-epilepsy. The less striking symptoms of it, such as various forms of paralysis, loss of sensation, loss of speech (*aphasia*) are often sufficiently developed in male subjects as to justify us in classing them in the hysterical category of nerve sufferers.

In order to illustrate further the intimate connection between certain morbid forms of sleep and the hysterical state, I shall briefly allude to the so-called "hysterogenic" and "hypnogenic" pressure points discovered by Professors Charcot and Pitres. A very remarkable phenomenon connected with grave hysteria is the artificial production and arrest of attacks by pressure on certain points on the surface of the body. The number and distribution of these points is very variable, and they differ in every case. They usually can only be found out by careful search, the patients themselves ignoring the existence of them.

On pressure being exerted upon one of these "hysterogenic" spots the patient falls into a convulsive or tetanic spasm, and the various phases of the attack succeed one another much in the same order as in a spontaneous fit. Now it is a curious fact that a repetition of the pressure on the same spot, or on some other spot experimentally discovered, will often abruptly modify or arrest the attack. The great theoretical and practical importance of this singular property of certain circumscribed cutaneous areas, has directed the investigations of several careful ob-

servers, and led to the discovery of similar spots, called "hypnogenic," pressure upon which determines, not a muscular spasm or convulsion, but an attack of hypnotic sleep. These hypnogenic areas are likewise irregular in their number and distribution; and along with them are usually found other spots, usually on the opposite side of the body, pressure upon which awakes the patient. We have here an undoubted argument in favor of the view according to which attacks of sleep in certain hysterio-epileptics are mere modifications of the typical convulsive and delirious seizure.

The subject of prolonged sleep and trance is intimately connected with that of apparent death. Though there is no doubt that most of the dreadful tales concerning the premature burial of persons supposed to be dead have no foundation, save in the imagination of the public, we have ample proof of the possibility of such mistakes occurring in the absence of a careful examination of the body. It is difficult to imagine how in the case of patients subject to cataleptic seizures, and known by their friends to be so, periods of suspended animation, however protracted, could ever lead to premature burial. Catalepsy, though intimately allied to hysterical neurosis, often occurs in patients who offer no other symptoms of nervous derangement. Emotions are often the exciting cause of an attack in a cataleptic subject. Many curious instances are related by authors. It is certain that many of the saintly women in the Roman Catholic hagiology were victims of this disease: St. Catherine of Siena, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Theresa; not

to speak of Joan of Arc, Madame Guyon, Marie Alacoque, and many others. Cataleptic seizures were also a common feature among the victims of the great hystero-epileptic manifestations so common in the Middle Ages, which we find described as "possessions" in the curious and abundant literature of the subject.

I will, in conclusion, venture upon a few suggestions as to the explanation of the phenomena of hypnotism and its allied states.

Our cerebral life depends upon the associated activity of innumerable nerve-cells grouped into clusters or centers, each center being more directly related with some sensory or some motor function. Thus there are visual centers, auditory centers, tactile centers, which form the terminal stations of the nerve fibers leading from the organs of sight, hearing, and touch. There are also so-called motor centers, the nervous discharges from which, traveling down to the spinal cord, determine movements of the head, trunk, and limbs. A network of the finest nerve fibrils of astounding complexity brings the individual cells of each center into relationship with one another, and with the cells of the other centers. This physical association of our brain elements is the material substratum of the psychical process of association of ideas which form the groundwork of our intellectual life. All the higher manifestations of mind are correlatives of the harmonious co-operation of numerous brain elements. Even what appear to be simple states of consciousness are often the result of association. Hence any disturbance in the mutual equilibrium of the cerebral centers

speedily leads to alterations of those resultants of forces of which perception, thought, will, emotion, are the subjective manifestations.

One of the most striking properties of the nervous system is that by which the activity of one portion may be arrested or prevented—"inhibited"—by the activity of another. To give a familiar instance, the action of the respiratory centers is suddenly inhibited by certain excitations of the sensory nerves, as we have all experienced on receiving the first splash of a cold shower-bath. In the cerebral sphere, inhibition of one tract by another is the mechanism which lies at the root of the higher exercise of our faculties. When we choose, for instance, or exercise will-power, the corresponding state of our nervous organism is one involving more or less complex inhibitions. The sense of moral effort is the subjective equivalent of powerful inhibitions of brain tracts in a state of high tension. The power of mental concentration rests likewise upon similar inhibitions. When we attend closely to a sensory impression, or to a train of thought, the excitability of every part of the brain except that actually engaged in the act is diminished by an inhibitory action of the working portion. Thus, when we say that anger or fear paralyzes, we allude in very accurate language to the inhibitory influence which powerful emotion exercises upon the other cerebral functions.

I have said that physiological sleep can be induced by certain monotonous impressions from without. The same may be said of an order of stimuli that has hitherto not received its due share of atten-

tion. I mean the afflux of those confused, mostly unfelt, impressions from the viscera and tissues generally. Under certain conditions—after a meal for instance—these may set up in the cerebral centers to which they converge, an excitation that leads to an inhibition of the higher brain regions, and so to a state of sleep. Similar considerations will assist us in explaining the effect of the usual methods of hypnotization. The stimulation of one of the cerebral sensory centers by repeated gentle and monotonous sounds or touches, or, in the case of the visual organs, by the convergence of the eyes and persistent gazing at a small object, so interferes with the activity of the higher centers, as to lead to various perverted motor and mental manifestations. Certain “nervous” individuals, but above all hysterical subjects, are more amenable to these effects than are others. Repetition in all cases increases the liability to hypnotization, and in extreme cases the recollection of the processes previously used becomes sufficient to induce sleep. Finally there are subjects, such as “the Soho sleeper,” in whom, owing to the extreme instability of their cerebral equilibrium, a kind of spontaneous hypnotization may be observed.

It would be premature, in the actual state of our knowledge, to speculate upon the nature of the changes in the nervous system upon which the phenomenon of inhibition depends. It has been ingeniously compared to that of the mutual *interference* of two rays of light or two waves of sound. But this analogy does not account for all the facts; and in connection with this topic we may mention the views re-

cently propounded by Professor Brown-Sequard upon what he calls nervous “dynamogeny.” It is a well-known fact that under the influence of various sensorial or emotional stimuli, of moderate intensity or pleasurable quality, our nervous energy, as measured by the muscular effort we are enabled to put forth, is increased to a considerable extent. Recent researches by Dr. Féré have thrown additional light upon these “dynamogenic” or “force-producing” processes, of which the reviving effect of smelling salts is a familiar illustration. In this instance a diffusive wave invades the whole brain from the olfactory centers, and produces such a change in its constituents as to restore its functions! It has likewise been shown that every form of mental activity is accompanied with increased nerve power as directly measured by the squeeze of the hand on the dynamometer. It would thus seem that nervous cell-matter is liable to undergo certain modifications under the influence of various impressions derived from other nerve regions, in virtue of which it becomes more powerful. But without even attempting to define more closely the “dynamogenic” change, we may perhaps assume it to be the counterpart of what takes place in inhibition, and describe the latter as a nervous process in which a group of nerve cells so acts upon another group as to lower its capacity for work.

Inhibition in one nervous sphere is often accompanied with dynamogeny in another: the removal of cerebral influence, for instance, exalts the autonomy of the spinal cord. A good instance of the co-existence of the two processes is

found in "expectant attention," which depends upon the high tension of the centers involved in anticipating the phenomena, with a corresponding inertia of the others. The reader will readily perceive how similar considerations may be employed in the elucidation of such phenomena as ecstasy, suggestion, muscular hyper-excitability, and intensified perception.—A. DE WATTEVILLE, M.D., in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE ENGLISH NONJURORS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Having briefly traced the secession to its inglorious close, we turn back to particularize its more prominent members, whose ability, learning, or piety gave it somewhat of luster in its earlier period. Next after Ken, the one most affectionately remembered by English churchmen is the layman, Robert Nelson, the gentle and devout complexion of whose character was well indicated by the epithet commonly attached to his name by his friends, who familiarly spoke of him as "the pious Mr. Nelson." Born in 1656, he received an Anglican education under Dr. Bull, the future Bishop of St. Davids, and was admitted to the intimate friendship of Tillotson, who actually expired in his arms after a brief tenure of the primacy. The fortune and figure of the "handsome Englishman," as Nelson was called by the Queen of France when in the prime of his youth he was presented at her Court, pointing him out as fitted to grace the royal circle at Whitehall,

and a proposal was made to him to become attached to it by the purchase of an office; but such a Court as that of Charles II. was little to his taste, and he made the wise choice of turning his back on its gilded profligacies. His principal cross was found in his marriage; for having wedded abroad a widow considerably older than himself, Lady Theophila Lucy, he discovered too late that she had previously become a Papist. In spite, however, of the gross deceit put upon him, and of the embarrassing fact that the married couple found themselves writing at the same time on opposite sides of the controversy with Rome, his amiable temperament enabled him to live in more than harmony with her, and for several years to watch tenderly over her declining health. At the time of the Revolution he was on the Continent, but returning in 1691 he found it necessary to make his choice between the old Church and the Nonjuring secession. To a man of his reverent and submissive spirit the dilemma was a cruel one. To desert the national communion was a sore wrench to his feelings; to remain in it, and listen to the prayers for William and Mary, was an offence to his conscience. He consulted Tillotson, and the primate had no other advice to give than to impress upon him the impropriety of being present at prayers in which he could not sincerely join. Upon this Nelson reluctantly united himself to a small Nonjuring congregation, and lived quietly in close friendship with Kettlewell, one of the most esteemed members of the party, whose gentle temper was akin to his own. Happily for the Church, after Kettle-

well's death in 1795 this inaction failed to satisfy Nelson, and, without formally withdrawing from the Nonjurors, he gradually renewed his intercourse with many of the leading churchmen, in concert with whom he took a prominent part in founding the Christian Knowledge and Propagation Societies, and promoting church-building, the reformation of manners, and other charitable enterprises. In 1710 he felt himself able to return to the public worship of the old communion, and had the satisfaction of spending the remaining five years of his life in the beloved Church of his fathers. He was ready with his pen, and published several works of a religious character, which, if not brilliant or striking, are invariably thoughtful and devout. To sum him up in a phrase, he was an admirable type of the old orthodox or moderately high-church school of Anglican religion, as far removed from Romanism on one hand as from Puritanism on the other. The most popular book which he published, the *Companion for the Festivals and Fasts*, is almost a transcript of himself, and to this day has scarcely ceased to hold the rank which it quickly attained, as a classic and almost indispensable handbook of Church of England devotion.

Next to Nelson may be placed Henry Dodwell, also a layman, who for many years was the chief adviser of the moderate section of the Nonjurors, and adorned their little communion by the vast extent of his erudition. He had the reputation of being one of the most learned men in Europe, but a portion of his learning might have been profitably bargained away for a modicum of

sober judgment and practical good sense. His faculties seemed to be overburdened by the weight of his accumulated knowledge; the fuel choked the fire rather than fed it. It was of him that King William is reported to have said, "He has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set mine on disappointing him." Irish by birth, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was elected to a fellowship; but being disinclined to take holy orders, he vacated it in 1666, disinterestedly declining on the ground of public policy, to avail himself of the offer made by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, to obtain a dispensation for him. Transferring himself to England he became a literary ally of Bishop Lloyd, who occupied successively the sees of St. Asaph and Worcester, and busied himself in historical researches as well as controversial divinity. The reputation which he gradually acquired led to his election to the Camdenian Professorship of History at Oxford, at the beginning of the revolution year; but his tenure of it was short, for toward the close of 1691 he was deprived for refusing to swear allegiance to William and Mary, and retired to Cookham in Berkshire, where he spent the remaining twenty years of his life. From a *Cautionary Discourse* which he published at the time of his deprivation, we learn that he would have had no objection to undertake to live peaceably under the new sovereigns; his difficulty was that the oath, by requiring a positive fealty and allegiance, implicitly pledged those who took it to "maintain the life, limbs, and terrene honor of their liege lord, to keep his secrets, and discover plots against

him," services which he could not conscientiously render to a usurper. He continued, however, to attend the Church prayers until new bishops were consecrated to the sees of the deprived prelates; and even after that, with all his heat against the intruders, and his conviction that the Church had become schismatic by accepting them, he never assented to measures which were likely to prolong the secession beyond the death of the last of those in whom he believed the canonical possession to continue. As that event approached, he labored earnestly to prepare his friends to take advantage of it; and a year before his death, he had the satisfaction, as we have seen, of carrying back with himself a large number of the seceders to the communion of the national Church.

A few personal traits of this rather remarkable man are worth recording. His simple nature was pleasantly illustrated by the circumstances of his marriage. He was in his fifty-second year when it took place, but although so late in beginning family life, he showed himself as prolific of children as of books, his olive-branches mounting up to the respectable number of ten. He had in his bachelor days intended certain of his kinsmen to be his heirs; they, however, died off, and their removal appeared to him to be a call of Providence to beget heirs for himself. His friend and biographer, Mr. Brokesby, thus quaintly describes the result:—

"While he thought of this change of his condition, God happily suggested to his thoughts a person in all respects fitted for him, viz., one in whose father's house at Cookham he had at several times tabled, and whom he had in her younger years

instructed in the principles of religion, in which he found her a good proficient, and afterward had just reason to believe that such principles had influence on her mind and conversation, and hereby fitted her for that relation. How much she was suited to his circumstances, how good a wife she was, and how careful a mother she continues to be, must not, she being yet alive, be here insisted on, lest I should be censured for a flatterer."

In character Dodwell was irreproachable. Pious, kindly, full of good works, simple and somewhat ascetic in his habits, he entirely deserved the esteem and affection entertained toward him by his friends. What defects he had were rather in his head than his heart. Like most book-ridden recluses, he was little suited to deal with the exigencies of real life. How he lived in his books appears from his habit of making his journeys on foot, that travel might not interrupt his converse with them. For this purpose he converted himself into a walking library. Clad in a coat well furnished with convenient pockets, and stocked with volumes of a suitable size, he used to plod along the roads, drawing out now a portion of the Hebrew Bible, now a Greek Testament or a prayer book, which after a while he would exchange for a treatise of St. Augustine or some other father of the church, or for the *De Imitatione*, which was one of his especial favorites. A life of such unintermitted study, unbalanced by experience of the world and its affairs, not unnaturally exposed him to the domination of narrow or impracticable ideas. Episcopacy became a sort of monomania with him. No salvation except through bishops became the keynote of this theology. To the scandalizing of his associates

this maggot in his brain attained such portentous dimensions that he wrote a book to prove the derivation of the soul's immortality, in the case of all the heirs of eternal life, from the hands of the episcopal order. Of this extravagant work, which it certainly requires a desperate effort to get through, we give the full title as a curiosity:—

“An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures and the first Fathers that the soul is a principle naturally mortal, but immortalized actually by the pleasure of God to punishment; or to reward, by its union with the Divine baptismal spirit. Wherein is proved that none have the power of giving this immortalizing Spirit, since the Apostles, but only Bishops.”

By this theory of the natural mortality of the human soul, Dodwell flattered himself that he got rid of several serious theological difficulties. It seemed to him to “clear the Catholic doctrine of original sin from exposing mankind to eternal torments for the single and personal act of Adam;” to account easily for the doctrine of reprobation; and to relieve theology from the difficulty of finding a reason “why the sins of finite creatures should be punished with infinite penalties.” Like some in our own day, Dodwell appears to have forgotten that to deny human nature a native spiritual faculty is as good as to deny human responsibility altogether, and reduce religion to mere fatalism. To our mind there is something peculiarly grim and revolting in his defence against the charge of letting off sinners too easily. “I do not think,” he wrote in the “Præmonition” to the second edition, “that any adult person whatsoever, living where Christianity is professed, and the motives of its

credibility are sufficiently proposed, can hope for the benefit of actual mortality.” What he meant was, as the title of his book shows, that the souls of unbelievers, instead of being allowed to become extinct according to their natural constitution, would be miraculously endowed with the gift of imperishableness at death, for the purpose of rendering them capable of enduring endless pain. Can the vanity of speculation, we would ask, upon this inscrutable and awful subject be more forcibly shown than it is by the fact that this amiable theorist could imagine himself to be smoothing away difficulties, by flinging out with a light heart the ghastly notion, that naturally mortal souls shall be “immortalized actually by the pleasure of God to punishment?”

Of a very different temper from Dodwell's was the next most prominent of the original Nonjurors, Dean Hicke, who had been selected, on Sancroft's recommendation, to become one of the first two bishops of the schism. He was the fire-eater of the party, pugnacious to an extreme, and fanatical enough to regard the peace of the realm and the interests of the Church at large as trifles in comparison with the maintenance of the doctrine of non-resistance. He had been a fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, from whence he was promoted to the deanery of Worcester. Of his intellectual ability and the sincerity with which he professed his extreme opinions there can be no question; and especially as an Anglo-Saxon scholar, and the author of the great *Thesaurus* of Northern languages, he has left behind him a good reputation for learning. But as an ecclesiastical controversialist he was as bitter

and one-sided as he was voluminous. At Tillotson he did not scruple to fling the epithet of atheist, and even Ken was dubbed by him "a half-hearted wheedler." On the nomination of a successor to his deanery after the time of grace for taking the oath of allegiance had expired, the world was amused by the vehement protest which he affixed to the cathedral doors, warning the chapter to beware of permitting any infringement of his legal rights. It has been embalmed in one of the satirical pamphlets which flew thickly about in those days of anonymous scribbling, entitled *Passive Obedience in Active Resistance*, a sentence or two of which will be enough to show its pungent flavor:—

"How he stormed, foamed, fumed, and swaggered against sovereign authority, and tore the very curtains of his stall for madness and vexation; and in what a rage he signified his vain fury to the sub-dean and the rest of the prebendaries! . . . Heavens! who could have thought that Christian, lamblike, passive obedience could have flustered and blustered and ranted and hectored at this rate!"

We have already seen how strenuously he opposed the reunion of the party with the national Church, after the death of Lloyd in 1710, and, unhappily, succeeded in persuading a moiety of it to keep up the schism. Nothing can better evince his irreconcilable temper than the small volume which he wrote on the occasion, though not published till after his death, entitled, *The Constitution of the Catholic Church, and the Nature and Consequences of Schism*. In substance it consists of thirty-nine articles of ecclesiastical doctrine, enunciated in the loftiest tone of infallibility, and followed by a fortieth which declares the application

of them to the existing state of things.

Among the first generation of Nonjurors a front rank must be accorded to Charles Leslie, son of an Irish bishop, and best remembered now for the small treatise of some forty pages which he wrote against the deists. In the recent biography of this acute controversialist, the reader will find ample particulars of his life and multifarious writings, but will be disappointed if he expects it to furnish him with any discriminating appreciation of its subject. Ecclesiastical pedants, who think to measure the world by patristic precedents and canonical rules, are not exactly the persons best qualified to take a large view of the affairs of nations, or of the characters and policy of statesmen, as in the whirl and rush of human aims and passions the destinies of mankind are accomplished. If by an unkind fortune such persons should be betrayed into meddling with these high themes, narrowness and eccentricity of treatment are but too likely to ensue. Luckily for our space, Mr. Leslie has enabled us to produce in a single sentence evidence from which it is easy to judge, how far he is affected by this kind of qualification for historical criticism. Having occasion to mention the death of William III., to whom, whatever were his faults, we suppose no sane student of history can deny that both England and Protestant Europe owe no small debt of gratitude, Mr. Leslie singles out for notice the pathetic clinging to the Earl of Portland of the dying monarch, for the purpose of hanging upon it the astonishing remark, that it "relieved with a solitary ray of

light his dark and terrible career!" We venture to submit that serious history is not to be constructed on the assumption, that a denial of the divine right of legitimacy is the one fatal heresy in politics, and to be the instrument of emancipating a nation from despotism the one unpardonable sin. If in the thick of the pressure and turmoil of our revolutionary period some shadow of an excuse for entertaining such a view might have been pleaded, it has certainly long since ceased to be available. We can feel amused when we read such slashing invective of Charles Leslie's as the following excerpt from his works: "I now say that a Whig is not so good as a Pagan: are not these men literally heathens? They are worse than Mahometans. Your giving heed to these men, or bidding them God-speed, is directly enlisting yourselves under the banner of the devil. But his biographer must pardon us if a somewhat different feeling is excited by the reproduction of such sentiments now that the heat and passion of the revolution are removed from us by a couple of centuries.

On the title-page of the biography Leslie is defined by the expression "Nonjuring divine." It is true that in the Oxford edition of 1832 his theological works fill seven volumes in octavo; but all the same we should class him as a politician rather than a theologian. His mind was of the legal order, both by native complexion and by training. After graduating at Dublin, he studied law at the Temple, and was called to the English Bar. It was only want of success which took him back to Ireland several years later,

where he entered into holy orders, and became a beneficed clergyman, a county magistrate, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Connor. On his return to London after being deprived for refusing the oaths, he plunged into controversy, and became celebrated as one of the hardest hitters of the time. Wherever Churches, Sects, or Parties were contending, Leslie smelt the battle from afar, and rushed to join in the fray. His seven volumes of theology are entirely controversial, the Quakers being the foe in the larger part of them. As to their general style and temper, perhaps the less said the better. Such titles as *The snake in the grass*, *Satan disrobed from his disguise of light*, *The Wolf stripped of his shepherd's clothing*, savor more of the keen, satirical polemic, than the edifying divine. They are all hopelessly dead now; even the once famous *Short and easy method with the Deists*, the tone of which is happily unexceptionable. Of this little performance it is enough to say, that it was written in consequence of a request for "one topic of reason which should demonstrate the truth of the Christian religion;" and as only in an age when the Apologetics of faith had become mechanical and rationalistic could the enterprise of demolishing the walls of the deistic citadel by a single blast have been deemed possible, the attempt, however ingenious, was doomed to fail. The divine authority of the doctrine of Christ is certainly not to be established by the single assertion, that the two institutions of Baptism and the Eucharist may be historically traced back to the first century of our era;

and in that assertion the entire substance of the *Short and Easy Method* is contained.

Leslie's versatility as a controversialist is best shown in his periodical, the *Rehearsal*, which for more than four years he maintained single-handed, issuing it in a small sheet at first weekly; and afterward twice a week, till, when the 408th number was reached, a threat of prosecution brought it to an end. The title, he says, was taken from "that most humorous and ingenious of our plays;" and its purpose was "to unravel the more pernicious papers and pamphlets of this age," or as he put in his racier phrase, "to roast the Whigs." In this curious medley argument, sarcasm, irony, buffoonery, were poured forth with unstinted profuseness, in the dramatic form of dialogue, not without effect it would seem in stimulating disaffection toward the Revolution-settlement. At any rate Leslie began to feel the country too hot for him, and took refuge for a time in the Pretender's little court at Bar-le-duc, where he was permitted to officiate as an Anglican chaplain, and was the usual medium of communication between the Nonjurors and the exiled Stuarts. He died in Ireland in 1722, in the communion of that section of his party which adhered to the Book of Common Prayer, and rejected the "Usages" introduced by Collier and Brett.

From the list of the original Nonjurors the name of the elder Sherlock ought not to be entirely omitted, although it was only for a few months that he was associated with them. If we may judge from the howl of execration with which his speedy desertion was greeted they

must have put a very high value on his adherence to their cause. Next to their episcopal leaders, he was certainly the most conspicuous personage of the party. Having himself published a work in favor of doctrine of non-resistance; he then scrupled to acknowledge William and Mary, and incurred suspension from the Mastership of the Temple; but prior to actual deprivation he professed himself convinced by a passage in Bishop Overall's Convocation book, that the authorized Anglican doctrine included *de facto* princes among "the powers that are ordained of God," took the oath of allegiance, retained his office, and was shortly after promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's. One good fruit was borne by his suspension, for it produced his immensely popular *Discourse concerning Death*, celebrated in Prior's verse:—

"Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,
On its blest steps each age and sex may
rise;

'Tis like the ladder in the patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the
skies.

Diffused its virtue, boundless is its power,
'Tis public health and universal cure;
Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast,
A nation's-food, and all to every taste."

A curious coincidence is mentioned in Noble's continuation of Granger's *Biographical History of England*. Sherlock's son, it may be remembered, became like his father Master of the Temple, and was promoted in succession to the sees of Bangor, Salisbury, and London, and had the refusal of the primacy. Now it was just after the victory of the Boyne that the father gave in his adherence to William III.; and just after the victory at Preston that the son pronounced in

favor of George I., in a sermon from the Temple pulpit, of which the benchers caustically remarked, it was a pity it had not been preached at least the Sunday before. The circumstance gave rise to the epigram:—

“As Sherlock the elder, with his *jure* divine,
Did not comply till the battle of Boyne,
So Sherlock the younger still made it a
question,

Which side he would take till the battle of
Preston.”

Of those who were responsible for shaping the policy of the Nonjuring party in the second generation, the palm must be awarded to Jeremy Collier, a man in whom learning was allied to wit, and both were wielded by a singularly audacious and resolute will. Being deprived of the Lectureship of Gray's Inn for refusing to take the oaths, he immediately came to the front as an assailant of the Revolution, in a smart pamphlet, “The Desertion Discussed,” which argued that the King's flight, being the result of coercion, could not be lawfully construed as vacating the throne. For this production Collier was arrested on the charge of sedition. In 1692 he was again incarcerated, on suspicion of holding communication with the ex-King; on which occasion he showed his unyielding temper by preferring to lie in prison, rather than by giving bail to admit the authority of King William's courts of justice. Four years later he was once more embroiled with the law. When Friend and Perkins were executed at Tyburn for a plot against William's life, Collier accompanied by two other Nonjuring clergymen took his place on the scaffold by their side, and at the last moment

administered absolution to them with solemn imposition of hands. The audacity of this public act of defiance created an immense sensation. The two archbishops and ten of their suffragans, who happened to be at hand, issued a declaration, commenting severely on the “irregular and scandalous proceedings.” To escape an indictment in the King's Bench for treason Collier absconded, and was outlawed, and apparently remained so till his death in 1726, the Government wisely declining to take any further notice of him. There was better work for him to do than playing at sedition. In the corruption which had infected the English drama since the Restoration, he found a far worse evil to attack than the Revolution-settlement could have been even in the most prejudiced eyes. To this combat he girded himself with all the energy of his nature, and struck a giant's blow in his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*, published in 1698. This work, rugged in style but rich in sarcasm and pitiless in its force, together with the subsequent defences of it against Congreve and other playwrights, forms Collier's best claim to the remembrance and gratitude of posterity. His indictment was really unanswerable, and he beat the wits at their own weapons. As Johnson remarks in his *Life of Congreve*:—

“His onset was violent; those passages, which while they stood single had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together excited horror; the wise and the pious caught the alarm; and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and licentiousness to be openly taught at the public charge. The dispute was protracted

through ten years; but at last comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labor in the reformation of the theater."

No sooner had the defeated playwrights laid down their arms, than Collier found a new vent for his irrepressible energy in writing his many-volumed *Ecclesiastical History*; a work which provoked numerous attacks for its bias toward a narrow ecclesiasticism, but was on that account the stronger recommendation of him for the episcopate, when the Nonjuring communion found it expedient to proceed to fresh consecrations. But if Collier's learning and reputation threw luster on the little band of irreconcilables, he was none the less one of the causes of their ruin. His headstrong temper produced a new split, and alienated more than ever the sympathy of the nation from their cause. Their only chance of permanence lay in union and moderation; and this Collier deliberately sacrificed to indulge his individual preference for such liturgical usages as the mixed chalice, oblation of the elements, and prayers for the dead. In vain were the remonstrances of prudence and the shafts of satire. "The gentleman late of the communion of the Church of England, but now of his own," went on his reckless way, dragging after him a small muster of "Essentialists," as the innovators were nicknamed by the conservatives, and an additional nail was driven into the Nonjurors' coffin.

It was under Collier, and his other colleague, Brett, learned in liturgies, that the seceding "Usagers," styling themselves "the Catholic and orthodox remnant of the British

Church," played the curious little comedy of negotiating on equal terms for an alliance with the Greek Church. One cannot but wonder that Mr. Lathbury should have treated the transaction seriously, and considered it of "especial interest." For any one possessed of the slightest sense of humor, we should deem it scarcely possible to peruse with gravity the documents in which the insignificant handful of sectaries coolly invites the four patriarchs of the stately and immovable communion of the East to change their faith and their liturgy, and offers them in return leave to celebrate divine service occasionally in St. Paul's according to the Greek ritual, "if it should please God to restore the suffering Church of this island and her bishops to her and their just rights." To accept that offer, whatever it might be worth, the patriarchs showed no objection; but as for any change on their side, they replied with scarcely concealed scorn,—"Our Oriental Church, the immaculate bride of the Lord, has never at any time admitted the novelty, nor will it at all allow of any." So the matter came to nothing, as might have been foreseen from the beginning, had not the Nonjuring Usagers been hopelessly devoid of common sense in ecclesiastical matters.

It would be tedious to unearth from merited oblivion the names of the later leaders of the sect, whose minds seemed to contract *pari passu* with the contraction of their dwindling communion; but there remains one commonly ranked with them, which is too deserving of respect to be passed over, and with it we shall close our list. It is that of William

Law, the author of the *Serious Call*. In Mr. Overton's work, mentioned above, will be found the fullest and most discriminating account of this remarkable man which has yet appeared; and we can commend the volume as being of a very different caliber from the more recent *Life of Leslie* already noticed. One thing only at the outset has struck us as curious. It is this, that the author, while continually insisting on Law's logical acumen and rigid consistency of conduct, apparently fails to see that, in becoming a Nonjuror at all he performed the feat which has been described as turning one's back on one's self. The circumstances were these. A few months before the death of Queen Anne, Law—then a young clerical fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge—preached and published a Thanksgivng sermon for the peace of Utrecht, and wound up with a flaming assertion of "the Divinity of our sovereign's authority, and the absolute passive obedience we owe her." Now as Law could not possibly be ignorant that Anne reigned by a parliamentary title, to the exclusion of the Pretender, who on the principles of legitimacy was the rightful sovereign; this language, strictly interpreted, could only mean that the parliamentary title had conveyed to her the divine right on which the Nonjurors took their stand, and, as a necessary consequence, had withdrawn it from the Pretender. Yet no sooner had the first George succeeded her, having exactly the same parliamentary title, than Law's conscience revolted against the oaths, and without a moment's hesitation he threw up his fellowship and his ministerial office,

and retired into private life. We have his own explanation of this step, in a letter written on the occasion to his brother, but it leaves the difficulty unsolved. What he says is this:—

"What can be more heinously wicked than heartily to wish the success of a person on account of his right, and at the same time in the most solemn manner in the presence of God, and as you hope for mercy, swear that he has no right at all?"

But that the Pretender had no right is exactly what Law's recent sermon had implied, by asserting in the most emphatic terms that the right resided in Anne; and to account for his conduct we are compelled to fall back on the supposition, that his language had been moulded on the absurd Jacobite fiction, which pretended that Anne merely occupied the throne as a warming-pan for her brother, and was provisionally possessed of the divine right as his *locum tenens*.

When it has been said that Law refused to take the oaths at the accession of George I., the whole of his connection with the Nonjurors has been mentioned. He never joined himself to either section of the party, never wrote a word in their favor, never even, so far as appears, made personal acquaintance with any of them. Secession from the Established Church did not enter into his thoughts; to the end of his life he continued to attend his services with invariable regularity. Whatever weight attaches to his name, not an atom of it can be claimed for the schism. On this account it might almost be urged that he has no title to be represented in our little gallery of portraits. But he is too interesting a character

to be entirely passed over; and what we shall attempt is not to reproduce the facts of his uneventful life, but with a few strokes, to depict the man himself, chiefly with the view of explaining why his reputation has fallen so far below the level to which his moral and intellectual qualities seemed likely to raise it.

By natural endowment Law was eminently fitted for controversy. Whether castigating Hoadley's Low-churchism, vindicating morality against Mandeville's cynical Hobbism, or confuting Tindal's exaltation of reason at the expense of Revelation, he wielded the weapon of logic and satire with notable effect, and seldom failed to detect and pierce the weak spots in his opponent's armor. But the qualities which did such good service in demolition were less efficient in construction; and it is by building up, not by pulling down, that enduring reputation as a spiritual guide is achieved. To apply religion practically to the regulation of human life in its modern developments requires a breadth of experience and a comprehensiveness of view, which Law's secluded life denied him, and his ascetic intensity of disposition indisposed him to value. Life with us is a much larger and more complex thing than he had any idea of; it is not to be satisfactorily parceled out between devotions of the closet and acts of charity, nor to be summed up in the single duty of renouncing the world. Law's masterpiece, the *Serious Call*, with all its intense earnestness, its downright precision, its lively sketches and keen satire, is a splendid failure, because by every one, except recluses, what it demands in the name of religion is

at once felt to be impracticable. The model of a perfect life propounded in it is the example of those who, "renouncing the common business and common enjoyments of life, as riches, marriage, honors and pleasures, devoted themselves to voluntary poverty, virginity, devotion, and retirement." Even for the less aspiring, to whose weakness some indulgence is due, the demand is not abated below the imitation of those with whom "watching and prayers, self-denial and mortification, were the common business of their lives." No room is left for any of the great interests, political, social, artistic, scientific, which exercise and train the faculties of mankind, and are the cement and adornment of civilized life; they belong to the world and with the world they must be renounced. As the mind is to be despoiled of all its furniture, so must the body be of all its grace and ease. "A saint genteelly dressed is as great nonsense as an apostle in an embroidered suit." Every meal is to be an exercise of self-denial, and we are to humble our bodies every time that we are forced to feed them. The nearer a house approaches to a monastery, with its continual round of devotions, the more will it conform to the ideal of the devout life.

The absolute sincerity with which Law propounded his scheme of a religious life was evinced by the endeavor to fashion his own life according to it. He remained unmarried upon principle, holding in abomination the sight of "reverend doctors in sacerdotal robes making love to women." One cannot help laughing at his suggestion of the incongruity there would be in our

Lord's austere forerunner, John the Baptist, making "an offer of his heart to some fine young lady of great accomplishments." When circumstances enabled him, after the end of his tutorship and residence in the family of Mr. Gibbon, grandfather of the historian, to form a home with two wealthy ladies at his native King's Cliffe, the establishment became a living embodiment of the doctrine expounded in the *Serious Call*. Out of an income of 3,000*l.* a year, one-tenth only was spent on their united wants, the remaining nine-tenths being disbursed to the last penny in charity. The hours were divided between devotion and good works. Four times a day the whole household was assembled for lengthy religious exercises, beside the attendance at the parish church on Litany days. Luxury, art, amusements, all means of mental culture, were rigidly banished; all books even, except religious ones. Human learning was regarded as a temptation and a snare; even the arts of reading and writing were looked upon as somewhat doubtful blessings. With the rush of the great world as it swung on its way not a heart in that little circle beat in sympathy or hope. To observe with literal exactness all the precepts in the Sermon on the Mount was part of the scheme, and the result was an instructive one. When it was known that there were thousands of pounds to be given away, and that the rule "Give to him that asketh thee" was held to be imperative, the consequences could not be doubtful. A ragged levee became a daily institution, and the village swarmed with vagabonds and impostors, until the parishioners were

provoked into presenting a petition to the magistrates for the abatement of the intolerable nuisance.

Now, beautiful for simplicity and conscientiousness as the character must have been, which in the England of the eighteenth century produced such a singular phenomenon as Law's household, we cannot wonder that it has failed to secure for him any permanent recognition of his competency to be a safe guide in religion. As soon as the question is asked, What would the world be like if it were universally fashioned on his type? the case is decided against him. Granting him to have possessed every qualification for a religious teacher, except the soundness of judgment which has its roots in a just conception of the genius of Christianity, and a practical acquaintance with the manifold aspects of human life, that single defect was a fatal one. It ran through his whole nature, and affected his theological speculation as much as his conduct and habits. As years advanced with him it manifested itself under a new form in the spell thrown over his mind by the writings of Jacob Behmen, and in the strange theosophy which he borrowed from that extraordinary shoemaker to fill his later works. The unpractical and narrow idealist of the *Serious Call* naturally ripened into the mystic dreamer.

Of all the Nonjurors, to Law alone has it happened to have his character sketched by the pen of an almost contemporary writer of the first rank. Gibbon's description of him, in his well-known autobiography, would indeed have been more interesting if it had been framed from personal intercourse. It is very doubtful if he ever saw his father's

old tutor, except possibly in infancy: for he was only six years old when Law buried himself in his cloistered life at King's Cliffe, and twenty-three when Law died there. But the family tradition in some degree made up for the lack of personal acquaintance; and as it interested him sufficiently in Law to induce him to peruse several of his works, and to regard them with less of antipathy than he must otherwise have felt for writings so alien from his own cast of mind, his judgment has a real weight and it may, as Dean Milman says, be pronounced on the whole a fair one. The following extracts give the substance of it:—

"In our family he left the character of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he professed, and practiced all that he enjoined. . . . His last compositions are darkly tinged by the incomprehensible visions of Jacob Behmen; and his discourse on the absolute unlawfulness of stage-entertainments is sometimes quoted for a ridiculous intemperance of sentiment and language. . . . But these sallies of religious phrensy must not extinguish the praise which is due to Mr. William Law as a wit and a scholar. His argument on topics of less absurdity is specious and acute, his manner is lively, his style forcible and clear; and had not his vigorous mind been clouded with enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times. . . . Mr. Law's masterwork, the 'Serious Call,' is still read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the Gospel; his satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life; and many of his portraits are not unworthy of La Bruyère."—*Quarterly Review*.

[CONCLUDED.]

ATHLETES OF THE PRESENT AND PAST.

The most remarkable thing with

regard to athleticism of all descriptions at the present time, is the continued surpassing of former achievements; or, as it is technically called, "the cutting of records." A "record" is doing the very best that has ever been known to be done in anything; and although the term is more often applied to matters connected with sport than to other subjects, it is not necessarily confined to them, and a "record" may be made in every line of life. A man who runs a mile in faster time than, so far as is known, it has ever been run in before, is said to "establish a record" of that time. The ancients did not possess watches, and no accounts whatever are preserved of whether, or how, they reckoned the time taken in running the various foot or chariot races that took place at the Olympic Games, or on other occasions. And long after watches were in constant use, it would have been impossible to register the minute fractions which are now daily noted by the aid of the modern chronographs.

Since "records" have been registered with methodical exactitude, it has been found, as was only likely, that every now and again some athlete has been able to surpass what has been done before in the various branches of sport. Particularly has this been the case in recent years, but the last one has been most remarkable for the numerous "records" which have been "cut." Week after week some fresh achievement has been accomplished, and there is scarcely a single branch of athletics in which one or more have not been registered. This has been so in every description of contest, and has caused astonishment to the

older generation of athletes, who have seen the performances, which they had been in the habit of thinking approached the marvelous, exceeded again and again.

Does this indicate that the men of the present day are vastly superior in physical power to those of the past? Taking the modern past first into consideration, I should say that in the majority of cases it certainly does not; the increased result of their exertions being in a great measure due to the improvements of the machines they use. This, however, is not always so; for, although in rowing, shooting, bicycling, etc., it may be, it can hardly be altogether so in running, cricket, jumping, etc.; though even in these cases to a certain extent it is, as the improvement in the condition of the ground where the contests take place has something to do with the greater performances now accomplished.

With reference to the ancients, we know very little of the real performances of their athletes. It is only very occasionally that any of the classical historians relate details, and some of those are obviously incorrect. For instance, it is recorded that the Grecian Phyllos, with the aid of *halteres* (ἄλτήρες), leaped a distance of 55 ft. *Halteres* were something similar to our dumbbells, which the Greeks held in their hands when leaping. They put their arms back, and, swinging them forward with a sudden motion, took the leap. There is no doubt their use enabled them to jump farther than they could have done without them. This has been proved by experience, 29 ft. 7 in. having been covered in 1854 by an athlete with weights in his hands, whereas the "record" for

the long jump at the annual Inter-University sports is only 22 ft. 10½ in., which was made in 1874; and the longest distance ever known to have been jumped without the aid of weights is the "record" of 23 ft. 2 in., made in 1883. But, after allowing everything for the superior skill which the ancient Greeks probably possessed in the application of the power of these *halteres*, they being in the habit of constantly using them, it is incredible that they could have succeeded in jumping with them nearly double the distance that it has been possible to cover in modern times:

In running, it would seem that our modern athletes are able to accomplish more than those of Ancient Greece. The foot-races at the Olympic Games were of three lengths—namely, once over the course, or "stadion" (στάδιον), as it was called, and which became the unit of the Greek road measure, being 600 Greek feet, equal to about 606 feet 9 inches English; twice over it—that is, from one end to the other and back again; and the third 12, 20, or 24 times over, for the various reports are not clear as to which it was. Taking the longest distance, this would only be 14,562 English feet, or just over two and three-quarter miles; and yet, when the Spartan Ladas dropped down dead on completing this course, apparently it was not considered a matter of great surprise, for it was evidently thought a wonderful performance for an athlete to be able to run so far. Now our runners would make light of such a distance, and races for twenty miles and more continually take place: It is only reasonable to suppose that a Grecian athlete would con-

sider the distance he had to run, and regulate his pace accordingly, and would not attempt to "sprint"—that is, to run at the highest possible speed—for the whole way; and I am rather disposed to the view that the men of the present day have greater physical power than the ancients.

To return to the moderns: In running at nearly every distance have "records" been recently "cut;" the same with rowing, swimming, cricket, etc. How is this to be accounted for? Training, no doubt, has something to do with it. The system of diet and work which tends most to develop a man's muscular powers is far better understood now than it was in the past, and the quite recent past too; but there is a great deal yet to be learned, and there is too much tendency, even now, to respect traditional ideas that have nothing but their age to recommend them.

Then, again, even if the men of the present are not so much physically superior to their modern predecessors, they may, and probably do, use their powers to greater advantage, for they have the benefit of better instruction than those received who have gone before. More particularly is this the case in rowing, where the "coaching," as it is called, is much more efficient than that in force not many years ago. Year after year distances are covered more quickly than previously. In this case it is without doubt the boats, as well as the improved "coaching," that are to a very great extent the cause. Besides which, the whole system of boat-racing has undergone a change during the present century.

We know that the ancients had

matches in their galleys and various other descriptions of craft, although we have no definite particulars of them; but when we come to modern times, there is scarcely more difference between the warships of the Grecians and our ironclads than between the racing boats of fifty years ago and those of to-day. A reference to statistics, however, shows the curious fact that in 1845, the first time that the Oxford and Cambridge Universities rowed their race between Putney and Mortlake, which course they have adopted ever since, the time occupied was only 23 min. 30 sec., the boats rowed in being irrigged skiffs. This time has been exceeded since boats of the present pattern have been used, with outriggers, sliding seats, absence of keel, and every other improvement, and would not be considered so *very* bad even now, with the "record" standing at 19 min. 35 sec. But this is possibly one of those times which are not reliable, and, even if it is correct, the crew may have been an exceptionally good one; and besides, so much more depends on the state of the elements in rowing than in any other sport, that, unless one knows every circumstance, mere "times" are often deceptive. With cricket, where phenomenal scores have recently been made, it can hardly be said that the machinery employed is the principal cause. Bats, balls, and stumps are practically what they have been for many years, and I do not think that on the whole there has been much alteration in the grounds. They may be sometimes a little smoother and better kept, but that is as much, or more, to the advantage of the bowler as to the batsman, and which of

them has the mastery depends a great deal on the state of the weather. On what are called "bowlers' days," when rain has made the ground suitable for them to make the most of their powers, they have been as phenomenally successful with the ball as the batsmen have with the bat when the weather has been in their favor. The real reason is to be found in the more scientific practice of the game, and in the very keen competition that exists in it, causing all to use their utmost to excel. It may be objected that many of its followers have no knowledge of science as applied to cricket, and this is no doubt true; but, although they have none themselves, they see what is done by those that have, and learn to make use of its principles without thoroughly understanding them.

Let us turn to another branch of athletics, in which certainly those who follow it have no better means for its use than their predecessors. I allude to walking, more particularly to walking on the open roads; for, of course, as regards doing so on tracks there is the same advantage on them that there now is for runners. For many years past, the favorite course for road walking, when an athlete wished to try his powers, has been from London to Brighton, and for a long time the "record" was 10 h. 52 min. A year or two back this was "cut," and stood at 9 h. 48 min., and last year it was again reduced, and now stands at 9 h. 25 min. 8 sec. It must also be remarked that this last was made under exceptionally disadvantageous circumstances, the weather being of the very roughest description—so bad that several of the competitors

were obliged to retire from the contest. If the elements had not been so unpropitious, probably faster time would have been made.

What was done many years ago we have no means of knowing, as history does not tell us; but this increase in pace in the last few years is very remarkable. And it is not only in long-distance walking that there is this increase. Twenty years ago, a man who could walk a mile in eight minutes was considered to be able to do a very fair performance; but now, unless he could cover the distance in considerably under seven minutes, he would have no chance whatever of winning any prize at an athletic meeting.

When we come to consider feats of strength and agility, and to compare as far as possible those performed now and in earlier times, the advantage appears to lie with the moderns. There are really no definite accounts of what the ancient Greeks and Romans were able to do. There are many mythical ones, and even when there are any that may possibly be statements of facts, there is nothing to gauge what they may be really worth. We have a little more knowledge of what was done in the middle ages, but not much. For instance, King Teutobach of the Teutons is said to have vaulted over six horses standing side by side; and another king, Olaf Tryggesson of Norway, according to an old chronicle of that country, was—

"Stronger and more nimble than any man in his dominion. He could climb up the rock Smalserhorn, and fix his shield upon the top of it; he could walk round the outside of a boat upon oars, while the men were rowing; he could play with three darts, alternately throwing them in the air, and always kept two of them up,

while he held the third in one of his hands; he was ambidexter, and could cast two darts at once, and he excelled all men of his time in shooting with the bow, and he had no equal in swimming."

What amount of skill and exertion might be required to place his shield on Smalserhorn it is impossible to say; and as we do not know the powers of shooting with the bow, or of swimming, that the men of his time had, we cannot judge of his ability from the fact that he excelled them; but there is nothing extraordinary in his being able to keep three darts alternately in the air. Hundreds, probably thousands, of people at the present time could do that, and many professors of sleight-of-hand would play with a much larger number. The walking outside the boat on the oars while the men were rowing certainly shows that he was possessed of a good deal more than an average amount of agility, and it must have required a considerable amount of practice and power of balancing, but scarcely more than every rider of a bicycle must attain before he can work his machine. With regard to King Tentobach's vaulting feat, it is not stated in what manner it was performed, and therefore we can hardly judge of it. But the mere vaulting over six horses, if placed on convenient ground, is nothing, and similar feats are daily exhibited by acrobats at almost every circus.

Archery is one branch of athletics in the practice of which the moderns are decidedly inferior to their predecessors. This is now entirely followed as an amusement, principally by ladies, who so far back as the seventeenth century are said to have been fond of it, and by gentlemen of

the country; whereas in ancient times it was a serious business, and the archers were a most important portion of the armies of those days. The discovery of gunpowder and the introduction of firearms are of course the causes of its decline. Now 100 or 120 yards is usually the extreme distance at which shooting takes place, 60 or 80 yards being more general; but 240 to 400 yards were once no uncommon ranges.

As early as the sixteenth century an inclination was shown on the part of the people to discontinue shooting at the longer ranges, and before then, in the reign of Edward the Third, complaint was made that the practice of archery was much neglected; that monarch and succeeding ones making various regulations insisting on its being followed. As the distances at which the shooting takes place are less than formerly, so also has the accuracy of the aim decreased, if we are to believe the stories that are told of the deeds of the archers of former times. There has always been a halo of romance around them, and it is impossible to separate with certainty the truth from the fable. Robin Hood and William Tell are heroes of our childhood, but there are skeptics who assert that neither ever really existed. Certainly the story of the latter's adventure is told of several others; as by Saxo Grammaticus of a Danish king named Harold, and also of one Toko, and in the Wilkima Saga a similar one is mentioned.

There are many games and athletic exercises that are practiced now, which, although considered modern inventions, were in a different form in use among the ancients.

Even lawn tennis, the most fashionable of them all, and the one which more than any other seems to have taken a permanent hold on the people of this country, appears to be merely a variation of a form of ball played by the Romans; one great difference being that with them the ball had always to be returned before it struck the ground—in fact “volleyed.” There is no very definite description of it, but it would seem that, although there was no actual net as now, there was practically an imaginary one; and at the present time the Italians play a game called *Pallone*, that is probably derived from the same source.

Further, a contest that within the last few years has had a place in the programme of most athletic meetings is even more directly one in which the ancients took part. The “tug of war” is quite a modern institution, but it is very nearly the same as a Grecian trial of strength, which appears to have been arranged in two ways, in one of which the only difference between it and the present “tug of war” is that fewer persons took part in it, and that they stood up instead of partly sitting as they do now. In the other, the rope was passed over an upper branch of a tree, or through a hole in a high post, and the competitors took hold of the rope, with their backs to the tree, and tried to pull up the opposite side.

Of course there is absolutely no means of judging of the relative powers of the ancients and the moderns in games of this description, any more than there is in the case of what used to be called the “noble art of self-defence.” That the ancients, especially the Greeks,

did box, and that most savagely, we know. So far from using gloves to lessen the damaging effects of their blows, or even from using simply the power that nature and training had given to their bare fists, they increased this by tying strips of hard bull’s hide round them when clenched, and sometimes even attached nails and lead buckles to these, to make their blows more deadly. They also usually, but not always, fought continuously until one of the combatants gave in, “rounds” apparently not being to their taste. But although there seems to have been this savagery about the contests, it by no means follows that a “scientific boxer” of the present day would not be able to hold his own in one, if a trial were possible.

One more exercise of the ancient Greek *athletæ* I will refer to, for while we do not practice it in the form they did, there is some resemblance between it and the game of skittles, which recently has come into fashion again, after being for many years relegated to the “Good dry skittle ground” which a quarter of a century ago was a frequent legend on the walls of beerhouses, and soon after that date extinguished altogether by an edict of the police. This Grecian pastime, which formed one of the Pentathlon (*πεντάθλον*) at the Olympic Games, was throwing a heavy piece of cast-iron or stone, called a “diskos” (*δισκος*), which was in shape much like the “cheese” with which the skittle-pins are knocked down; the object of the Greeks being to propel it in a curve to the greatest possible distance. Nevertheless, although the object to be attained was not the same as the

"cheese" is now used for, being more akin to the modern exercise of "putting the stone," it is recognized that the origin of skittles is to be found here, and a fashionable social club which has been established principally for the purpose of the practice of this game, has taken the name of "Diskos" as its title.

"Diskos" is usually translated as meaning a "quoit," but this is an error. There is no resemblance whatever to the game of quoits in that of "throwing the diskos," neither are the instruments used alike. The statues of the Discobolus (δισκοβόλος), or thrower of the diskos, in the British Museum and the Vatican, and some of which are reproduced at the Crystal Palace, represent the diskos, exactly as described by Lucian, without handle, aperture, or loop, and it is therefore a mistake to name them "Quoit players," as is done at the latter place. The object of the thrower was, as before stated, to propel the diskos as far as possible, and the distance to which it was ordinarily sent was called "the Diskoura" (τὰ δίσκουρα), and became a Greek measure of length; but it does not seem to have been a definite one.

To return to the question, Are the athletes of the present superior to those of the past?

It certainly seems to me, from consideration of the various matters referred to, that our modern ones are decidedly physically stronger and capable of greater exertion, and also that, independently of that, they are able to obtain more result from their exertions than the ancients. This appears only reasonably to be expected. We have gone forward in everything, despite the parrot

cry of "Good old times;" and why not in the powers of our athletes? The men of the present day, we know, are larger than they were in bygone years, and therefore they should be more powerful; for it is an acknowledged axiom in sport that, other things being equal, a "big one will always beat a little one."—H. ELLINGTON, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

PAPERS ON FUNGI.—In *Science* we read that:—

"Botanists owe Professors Farlow and Trelease a debt of gratitude for the publication of their Bibliography of North American Fungi in the May number of the *Harvard University Bulletin*. It contains a list of such works on North American fungi (excluding the Schizomycetes as belonging rather to the department of medicine than to botany proper) as are of greater or less value to working botanists. It is the first list of the kind yet published, and will show that the general belief of those not specialists in this branch of botany, that little has been written on North American mycology, is by no means correct. It includes a very large number of papers of a popular and indefinite character relating to fungi not specifically named which are scattered through various agricultural, horticultural, and other journals; the entries are in all cases accompanied by brief descriptive notes, which adds greatly to the value of the list; it contains also, when procurable, the place and date of birth of the authors included in the list. The most prolific author noted is M: C. Cooke, whose papers, including those published with other persons, number 71; other prominent authors are J. B. Ellis (50), W. G. Farlow (31), and M. J. Berkeley (30). Probably the complete list will contain more than seven hundred entries, of which nearly one-half are given in the present instalment, which reaches the letter H."

ANNUS AUREOLUS:

AN ODE ON THE JUBILEE OF THE EMPRESS VICTORIA

I.

Now the winter of sorrow is over,
And the season of waiting is done,
'Mid acclaim of the people who love her
Our Lady steps forth in the sun;
The green earth beneath and the blue sky above her,
She walks in the sight of the millions who cover
The realms she hath welded to one!
'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder
As far as the sun round her empire doth wander,
From the east to the west wakes the world in her honor,
The sunrise and sunset flash splendor upon her,
Now winter is over and done! •

II.

Empress and Queen, the flowers and fruits of nations
Are heapt upon the footstool of thy throne;
Amid the thronging hosts, the acclamations,
The trumpets of thy Jubilee are blown!
Glorious and glad, with pomp and pride resplendent,
Thy subject Spirits come and wait attendant.
Tawny and proud, a queenly sibyl-maiden,
Comes India, clad in woofs of strange device,
With fruitage from the fabled Eastern Aidenn,
And gifts of precious gems and gold and spice;
On a white elephant she rides, while round her
Like baying hounds her spotted tigers run—
Black-brow'd as night, to her who tamed and crown'd her
She comes, with fiery eyes that front the sun.
Australia follows, in a chariot golden
Drawn by black heifers; on the chariot's side
An ocean eagle sits with white wings folden,
And o'er her head float wild-fowl purple-dyed.
Tattoo'd Tasmania, with wild ringlets flowing,
Followed by savage herds and hinds, strides near.
Canada comes moccassin'd, clearly blowing
Her forest horn, and brandishing her spear.
Albion in martial mail, with trident gleaming,
Leads an old lion and a lamb snow-white;
Blonde Caledonia, with glad tartan streaming
Back from her shoulder, leaves her lonely height,

And with her mountain Sister, to the strumming
 Of harp and pipe, joins the rejoicing throng.
 The world is shadow'd with the swarms still coming
 To hail their Queen with mirth and festal song!

III.

For the winter of sorrow is over,
 And gone are the griefs that have been,
 'Mid acclaim of the people who love her
 She comes to her glory, a Queen.
 'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder
 As far as the sun round her empire doth wander,
 From the east to the west wakes the world in her honor,
 The sunrise and sunset flash splendor upon her,
 Unclouded, at peace, and serene!

IV.

Yet . . . who is this that rises up before her,
 Ragged and hungry, blood upon her hands?
 Smileless beneath the heavens now smiling o'er her,
 Wild grey-hair'd Erin on her island stands!
 Loudly she crieth, "Crown'd queen and mother,
 If such thou art, redress my children's wrong;
 Upraise the seed of Esau! Bid his brother
 Restore to him the birthright stol'n so long!
 'Mid his fat flocks sits Jacob, unrepenting,
 Yet starts with lifted wine-cup at my cry;
 My children starve—my tribe is left lamenting—
 My dwellings lie unroof'd beneath the sky.
 Even the mess of pottage gives he never,
 For which he bought the birthright long ago;
 While joy in Jacob's vineyard flows for ever,
 Esau preserves his heritage of woe!
 Justice, O Queen, or—" For the rest she clutches
 Her naked knife, and laughs in shrill despair. . . .
 O Queen and Empress, by the piteous touches
 Of Love's anointing fingers, hear her prayer!
 Let not thy Jubilee be stained, O Mother,
 By the old sin the sinful past hath known.
 The wrongs this Esau suffers from his brother
 Are blood-stains on the brightness of thy throne!

V.

Now the winter of sorrow is ended,
 And the season of waiting is fled,
 Let the blessing by all men attended
 On Esau and Erin be shed!

'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder,
 As far as the sun round thine empire doth wander,
 But Esau roams outcast and homeless, O Mother,—
 At night on the rocks, near the tents of his brother,
 The weary one pillows his head!

VI.

O bright and beauteous, Lady, is thy splendor,
 The waves of life leap round thee like a sea—
 Smiling thou hearest, happy-eyed and tender,
 The silver clarions of thy Jubilee!
 And yet . . . O God! what shrouded shapes of pity,
 Are these who cry unto thee from afar?
 Huddling beneath the gas, in the dark City,
 Hagar and Mary wail their evil star!
 For Hagar still is hungry and forth-driven,
 And Magdalen still crawls from door to door,
 Tho' He who cast no stone, and promised Heaven,
 Bade her repent and go, and sin no more.
 Long, long hath she repented, tho' foul fetters
 Still bind her to the sin without a name;
 And on the children's hearts the crimson letters
 Tell to a cruel world the mother's shame.
 But *thou*, too, art a Mother, Queen appointed,
 And *thou*, too, hast thy children! Wherefore, heed
 The crying of the lost one, who anointed
 Thy Master's feet, and save her sinless seed.
 Feed Hagar and her little ones, whose crying
 Pierces the heart of Pity to the core!
 Find Magdalen, from shrine to shrine still flying,
 And say to him who stones her as of yore:
 "The time hath come for justice in full measure,
 For him who shares the sin to share the stain;
 No longer shall my triumph or my pleasure
 Be troubled by my broken sister's pain!"
 O Lady, such a word of vindication
 Shall value all thy splendor twentyfold;
 Hagar's new gladness, Magdalen's salvation,
 Would be a brighter crown than that of gold!

VII.

For the season of waiting is over,
 And the winter of sorrow is done,
 'Mid acclaim of the people who love her
 Our Lady steps forth in the sun.
 'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder,
 As far as the sun round her empire doth wander,

If the weary and outcast are weeping no longer,
 The wrong'd stands erect, at her feet kneels the wronger,
 For the Golden Year has begun!

VIII.

The Golden Year! How loudly and how gladly
 The trumpets of thy Jubilee are blown!
 But . . . what is this that loometh out so sadly
 Yonder, beyond the shining of thy throne?
 Christ's Tree? A cloud of blackness doth enfold it,
 Beneath it weeping shapes their wild arms toss—
 Alas! the bright sun strikes, and we behold it—
 The Tree of Man's Invention, not the Cross!
 Blackest of blots upon thy throne pure golden
 Casts this foul growth of evil, with its root
 Deep as the roots of Hell, this upas olden
 With blood for blossoms, flesh and blood for fruit!
 And weeping angels of the empyrean
 Look down in shame and sorrow from the sky,
 While followers of the bloodless Galilean
 With impious rites lead deathless Cain to die!
 While this Tree bears, O Queen, while earth is sooted
 With its black shadow woe to thine and thee!
 The air around thy throne shall be polluted,
 And Hell must laugh, to hear thy Jubilee!

IX.

By the hope and the faith thou dost cherish,
 By summer now breaking serene,
 Let the Tree of man's cruelty perish,
 The Cross of man's mercy be seen!
 'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder,
 As far as the sun round thine empire doth wander,
 But, long as these boughs of the upas are bearing,
 The sound of sad weeping, of bitter despairing,
 Shall trouble thy glory, O Queen!

X.

O merry music! Drums and fifes are sounding,
 Thy realm is resonant from sea to sea!
 A million hearts are gladdening and bounding
 To the great glory of thy Jubilee!
 Yet . . . who are these that thy proud throne environ,
 That, ring'd around by swords, with shout and laugh
 Drag forth the monsters from whose mouths of iron
 The frail Sepoy was blown like bloodiest chaff?

Thy warriors? Thine? Not His who came proclaiming
 Love's gospel, while earth's Kings knelt down to hear?
 O Queen, then Fire and Sword surround thee, shaming
 The peace and plenty of thy Golden Year?
 O hearken! From the lonely desert places,
 From graves thy hosts have dug these latter years,
 The cry of wailing tribes and wounded races
 Breaks on thy queendom with a sound of tears;
 And while in cottages and princely towers
 Pale English widows weep and orphans moan,
 Death comes to set his pallid funeral flowers
 And yew-trees, round the footstool of thy throne!

XI.

Yet gone are the seasons of sorrow
 And winter hath vanish'd (men say)!
 Shall Famine and Fire come to-morrow
 And add to the graves of to-day?
 'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder,
 As far as the sun round thine empire doth wander,
 Yet Cain rears his altar and slays his frail brother,
 And men who should cherish and love one another
 Go smiling to torture and slay!

XII.

Listen, O Empress, to the tearful voices
 That pierce above the thunder of thy State!
 Beyond the throng that gladdens and rejoices
 The flocks of human martyrs weep and wait.
 They know thee great and good, O Queen and Mother,
 They hunger for the blessing of thy hand;
 But Jacob in his pride forgets his brother,
 And Hagar wanders famish'd thro' the land.
 Grasping thine Aaron's rod with gentle fingers,
 Touch hearts of stone until the fountains start,
 Shed summer on the isle where winter lingers,
 Fill the black void in Erin's aching heart!
 Rebuke thy legions! Bid them crouch before thee,
 Nor lusting still for conquest draw the sword!
 Let doves, not battle-ravens, hover o'er thee,
 And Christ, not Moloch, deck thy festal board!
 For all this pomp and pride turn black and bitter
 If women weep and mourners wail their dead.
 The blessing of the sorrowful were fitter
 To crown thee than the crown upon thy head!
 O hearken yet, this year of years, O Mother,
 Proclaim sweet peace from every heaven-lit hill,

Let Justice be thy handmaid, and no other,
And say to all things evil, "Cease, be still!"

XIII.

O then shall all sorrow be over,
And then indeed winter be done,
'Mid acclaim of the people who love her
Our Lady shall walk in the sun!
The green earth beneath and the blue sky above her,
Her smile shall shed peace on the millions who cover
The realms she hath welded to one.
'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder,
As far as the sun round her empire doth wander,
But Jubilee brighter shall come with to-morrow,
With the end of all strife and surcease of all sorrow,
When the night-tide of evil is done!

EPODE.

Lady, God lends a torch to light
Thy path to peace transcending dreams.
Uphold it! See, from height to height,
Across the day, across the night,
Its splendor streams!
God gave the realm, God gives the light—
How sweet, how bright,
It beams!

That torch is Love, whose lucent ray
Slays all things cruel and unclean!
No shadow clouds it night or day,
While sun and moon keep equal sway,
Calm and serene.
God gives this torch with heaven-fed ray
To light thy way,
O Queen!

Let this thy guide and scepter be,
And power and peace may still be thine,
All mortal men shall bend the knee,
All men revere, in thine and thee,
The law divine.
Blest shall thy mighty Empire be,
While o'er the world from sea to sea,
The sunlight of thy Jubilee
Shall shine!

—ROBERT BUCHANAN, in *The Contemporary Review*.

BURMA'S RUBY MINES.

"The territory of the mines of precious stones, in the district of Chiappien, in the kingdom of Ava, is by observation in latitude $22^{\circ} 16'$ north. It is surrounded by nine mountains. The soil is uneven and full of marshes, which form seventeen small lakes, each having a particular name."

Such was the description written by the Jesuit monk D'Amato from his mission-house in Burma to a friend in Rome over fifty years ago of the region to which we were proceeding slowly in November last. It was anticipated that we should not reach this unknown country without meeting with some opposition, and on Nov. 15th a force of Shans was found stockaded in our front on the Kodan River. The ground they had chosen was a spot on which two years previously an army of Theebaw's had been completely routed. A successful flanking movement, however, cleared them out completely in a little over an hour, several dead and wounded men being left behind. No more opposition being met with, Sagadoun at the foot of the hills was reached and occupied, and a halt was made for a few days. From here, 6000 feet above us, glittering in the sun, could be seen the peaks of Shwee-ov-Toun, which were promptly christened Sheba's breasts from their supposed likeness to the hills that guarded King Solomon's mines, and lesser peaks covered with jungle forest, from which peeped out a native village or a green patch of cultivation.

On Dec. 18th the march up the hills began. The only transport

that could be used along these mountain tracks was that of pack mules and ponies, and hard work these poor beasts found it, often ascending 2000 feet in a day, and many a man wondered as he tramped along if his kit and food would reach him before midnight. At each camp new and curious views would open themselves out before us; at one point the plains and hills between us and Bhamo could be seen stretching for miles and miles in the bright evening sunlight; next morning the same country would be covered with white clouds floating far below our position, appearing like some huge snow field. Again, at another camp would be discovered away to the east some mountain range of Yunnan veiled in blue mist.

As the force proceeded, the Shans and Dacoits fell back, evacuating one strong stockade after another, till at last, on the morning before Christmas Day, we reached a point at the end of a narrow valley where the hills rose high above us, and through which two narrow passes lead directly into the Ruby Mine district. It was found that these passes were strongly stockaded, and held by the enemy in force. General Stewart determined to attack the position on our right front first, as it would otherwise command our flank. A few shells were first dropped into it, and then an attacking party moved forward; in about an hour a ringing cheer informed us that the stockade was taken, and soon its former occupants could be seen scuttling over the hills, conspicuous in their white jackets and large straw hats. It was too late, however, to give proper attention to the stockade on our left which com-

manded the road to Mogok; so camp was pitched, and on the order bugle sounding it was found that we were to spend a quiet Christmas Day, for the last few days' work had exhausted both men and beasts. At an elevation of about 6000 feet, the morning of Dec. 25th dawned in quite an English fashion; a heavy white frost covered the ground, and bitter were the complaints at the coldness of the night. The popular Padre of the force held divine service and the day passed quietly. Next morning the column started early, but only to discover that the series of stockades on our left had been abandoned: they had been most carefully constructed and cleverly masked, and would, properly held, have formed a very formidable obstacle to the advance.

To understand the reason of this sudden evacuation the nature of the force engaged against us must be explained. The head men of the Ruby Mine district had been for the last few years more or less independent. Despising Theebaw's weak rule, they collected revenue which they did not pay into the royal treasury, and exercised extensive powers over their weaker neighbors. These few Burmese were very unwilling to give up their lucrative position without a murmur; they therefore collected a mercenary force of about 1000 men, recruited chiefly from different Dacoit bands and from the neighboring Shan States, agreeing to pay each warrior two rupees for fighting days and one rupee on non-fighting days, and giving them permission to find billets in any harmless village that was not strong enough to protect itself. They collected a sum of 50,000

rupees of which they expended 20,000 in arms and advances. On our arrival before the two passes a considerable surplus of pay was due to the mercenaries, who after once testing the quality of our men and arms began to doubt if they were themselves invincible. They knew if they were again beaten they would not have the slightest chance of obtaining the balance of their money, and so, liking rupees, but disliking fighting, they fell back on Christmas Day, clamoring for their rights. It was then discovered that the custodian of the 30,000 rupees, who was also the principal man of the district, had bolted. This curious force now took things into their own hands, looted the rich villages of their employers, and separated each man to his home.

Thus the opposition against us evaporated and we entered the Ruby Mine valleys of Burma without firing another shot. On the morning of January 27th the last ridge overlooking Mogok was reached and the town lay at our feet. Gilt pagodas, glittering steeples, Kyoungs and houses, picturesquely situated in a long valley with a background of hills towering high above, rich with the different colors of the jungle foliage, and here and there variegated with patches of red and white, where a landslip had torn away the forest trees, or a new mine had been opened out. Such was the first impression of "the territory of mines of precious stones," as the old Jesuit monk designated it. We looked in vain for the seventeen small lakes, and found instead long stretches of rice fields, yellow now in the dry season, but which will become a vivid green when the rains commence. Between

the valley and the background there appeared to be a perfect labyrinth of minor ranges of hills and rolling ground, and a huge rock reared itself up from the plain like an island in some vast sea. On closer inspection it appears without doubt that, centuries ago, this valley was an immense lake, and probably before that a volcanic crater; this will account for the curious bones of animals which the natives find in their excavations after precious stones.

The ruby-bearing district, of which we had now reached the center, may be described as lying in a few compact valley basins, the principal of which are Mogok, Yebu, Kathé and Kiapien. To the north is the mountain ridge over which our expedition had come. This range, known as the Shwee Doun, or Golden Mountains, runs east and west from the main chain that forms the backbone of Burma, dividing the Irrawaddi and Salween rivers, and its highest peak culminates at a point behind Mogok, at an elevation of 9000 feet, known as Toun-Mee or the Dark Mountain. These valley basins are really subordinate parts of one large basin intersected by numerous streams which finally unite; on the eastern side they enter a deep gorge running south toward Mainloun, while the waters on the western side find their way into the Maddea valley. The principal features of these valleys are the ridges and isolated peaks of gneiss rocks that surround them, blackened by the hand of time, but where broken, showing a clear white fracture almost like pure marble. Through these rocks and fissures water conduits have been constructed, and the rav-

ines are bridged over by aqueducts built with solid timber.

At first one would think that the southern slopes of the hills had been worked to the larger extent for rubies; for the red and white scars on the hill-sides are much more numerous there than on the northern slopes. But it appears that just the reverse is the case, for the landslips on the former are natural, while those on the latter are mostly artificial and caused by a primitive system of hydraulic mining. It is related that nearly all these slips occurred in January of 1886, the month in which King Theebaw was dethroned, and the natives believe that nature thus showed its grief at the fall of the Alompra dynasty.

The town of Mogok itself is the center, both politically and commercially, within this area; from it, good mule tracks lead to Momeit, Mainloun and other Shan States, and a bazaar is held in its market on every fifth day, and is attended by the people of the villages for fifty miles round. The population of the town is more dense than in any other part of the region, and there has been a large display of wealth by some of the few rich headmen, in the great number of pagodas erected in various groups about the valley as well as in monasteries and well-built rest-houses or *zyats* for traders and travelers to stay in.

These monasteries, the home of the Buddhist priests, contain some most beautiful and curious carvings; but their possessors seem to treasure more, various articles of European manufacture. In these Kyoungs you meet with an old-fashioned champagne glass or an American

clock, or a gold Godama (image of Buddha) will be seen reclining by an English brass candlestick. The priests exercise great ingenuity in hiding their so-called curios. Much amusement was caused at one monastery when its former occupier returned, by his going to a small out-house, the use of which need not be specified, disappearing through a hole in the floor and returning with several cushions, rugs, and glass decanters. It appeared that these valuables had been hidden in an underground gallery, running at right angles to the foundation of the house, while the images of Buddha and the sacred books had been left to take their chance above ground. Besides these monasteries, little spirit or nat-houses are dotted over the side of the hills, at which the inhabitants and miners continually deposit offerings of fruit and flowers; in fact, the people seem to hold these spirits of the woods in great awe, from their reputed power of doing good or evil.

Mogok in former days appears to have had a large trade in dry tea and other products; its inhabitants are mostly Shans, but the language of business is Burmese. The entire district, however, contains a wonderful diversity of races: the Kiapien people are pure Burmese; Kathé is inhabited by the descendants of a tribe of the same name who live in Mannipur, some of whom were taken prisoners in one of the wars between Burma and Assam, and sent up to the ruby mines in slave-gangs by the then reigning king; but they have been settled so long, and have so frequently intermarried with the Burmese, that they have changed from Hinduism to Buddhism, and

have entirely forgotten their original language. In many of the smaller villages are Paloungs, a tribe of hill people who cultivate tea in the mountains between China and Burma, and, strange to say, the costume of their women bears a marked resemblance to the ordinary dress of the Italian peasant. There are, besides, to be met everywhere innumerable Meinthas, dressed in a curious blue serge of native manufacture; these are the laboring class of the district, and turn their hand to anything. They come from a state about ten marches east of Momeit, and their ancestors are believed to be the elephant-drivers and camp-followers of a mighty army taken by an old King of Pagan some hundreds of years ago to conquer Yunnan: they either deserted, or were left behind and settled in the country, marrying Chinese wives; and they certainly might be proud of their descendants, for the Meinthas of to-day are a hard-working and thrifty race. Pure Chinese are also to be met with; while Panthés or Mohammedan Chinese are the principal traders of the district, continually moving about with their caravans of pack-mules loaded with European cotton goods, and eager for peace and a settled government.

The mines which have attracted all these races into comparatively so small an area are of three distinct kinds. The metamorphic or gneiss rock furnishes the first, and probably in the near future the most important of these. Huge fissures traverse its mass in all directions, caused by shrinkage in long past ages, and these fissures have been filled, probably at an early stage of transformation, with a soft reddish

and blackish clayey earth, generally containing rubies. These have escaped much of the water-wearing process to which the stones in the lower valley appear to have been subjected, and it is reported that some of the best gems have been found in such fissures. These crevices are called by the Burmese "Loos" or caves; they work them in a most superficial manner, simply following the veins of soft earth between the walls of rock as far as practicable, or until they are stopped by poisonous gas. The earth is extracted and washed by hand in small round flat trays of bamboo basket-work. The most remarkable example of this system of mining is found on the Pingoo-Doung, or Pagoda Hill near Kiapien, a huge black mass of rock rising high above the valley, and carrying ruby-bearing earth both in its fissures and flanks. On its summit a gilt pagoda has been erected which forms a landmark for miles round, sparkling in the sun above its less favored neighbors. The workings on it are of a dangerous character, and fifteen miners were killed a little while ago by a landslide.

The second variety of mines is found on the sides of these rocky hills, where diversified strata of a red and white clayey consistency have been upheaved. The earth contains masses of harder material, undergoing rapid disintegration wherever exposed to the action of the air; some of it is almost as light as pumice stone and other portions nearly as hard as granite. The original material from which this red and white clayey stuff has proceeded is believed to be the matrix of the *corundum* which furnishes the ruby

and sapphire in their now existing state. But repeated transformations must have been undergone since the formation of the original rock, during which selections and distributions of the valuable stone have occurred; for although the natives say that such stones may be found throughout almost the entire mass of this reddish earth, yet only certain places have been systematically worked for them. This is done by a simple system of hydraulic mining on a small scale. Water is brought in an open conduit from the side of the hill in channels, never more than eighteen inches square, and delivered with very little pressure. This water is employed to wash the earth, generally along a natural channel, to the lowest part of the working, and at night is diverted into bamboo pipes which throw a spray on to different sides of the excavation. The earth thus softened, is dug out in the morning by hand, usually with tools like gardeners' spuds, and then washed in the stream. Thus the whole of a hill-side is slowly eaten away and its rubies extracted.

The third and last system of mining employed, is by sinking pits in the lower or plain parts of the valleys. The ruby strata here are of a different character, and a final process of discrimination appears to have distributed pockets of ruby-bearing earth under the entire area of the flat land in the different valleys. This earth is called by the natives "Byun," and is generally found at two different depths, the first layer at about four feet, and the second, and richer one, at twenty to thirty feet below the surface. It is generally extracted by a company of

miners, ten or twelve in number. Pits are dug about eight feet square, lined with rough timber, and stayed with four cross-pieces at intervals. Water enters the pit on sinking a short distance below the surface, and the principal work and source of expense is keeping the mine free from water. Upright posts are let into the ground at a short distance from the mouth, and a fork is cut in the upper end of each. In this fork is balanced a lever, the longer arm of which hangs over the pit, while the shorter arm carries a bucket weighed with stones to counterbalance the contents of the basket which is connected with the longer arm by a bamboo which reaches to the bottom of the pit. This contrivance forms a most efficient though simple means of raising both water and earth by manual labor. Generally six or eight of these levers overhang each pit in actual working, and probably the proportion of water buckets in constant use to earth baskets is two to one. Three men at least are below, occupied in filling both baskets and buckets; they rise and fall incessantly during the working hours, which rarely exceed six daily. The ruby earth thus extracted is placed in a heap at the side of the pit, and on first exposure, while wet, sparkles in the sun with myriads of small stones, brilliant in color but not large enough, unfortunately, to be of any value.

When a sufficient quantity has been obtained it is washed in bamboo trays and handed over to the sorters, who, after carefully examining it, and taking out any stones of value, pass it on again to a small colony of women and children who generally surround every pit, and

who again sort it slowly over in the hope of finding some smaller stones that may have been missed by the men. It is a ludicrous sight to see two or three little children who, perhaps, can scarcely walk, sitting down before a heap of this washed earth and sorting away with most serious faces, as if they realized that their existence depended upon their exertions. No machinery is apparent in the whole district, though it is stated that a pump was brought up a few years ago from Mandalay, but it soon got choked, and was thrown away as useless, probably because no one understood how to work it. These gangs of miners are presided over by a "Gyoung" or head-man, and they appear to work on a co-operative system, the results of their labor being divided according to merit. Some curious superstitions exist among them, and they are great believers in dreams. No miner will dare mention or talk about an elephant, tiger, or monkey while at work; and lately they greatly feared that a few elephants, belonging to the commissariat department, which came down near the mines to feed, would frighten away all the rubies in the district. It is also thought, that if a man secretes a stone found while working at the diggings, he will sooner or later meet with some great misfortune, and probably die some horrible death. This, however, does not prevent smuggling being carried on to a great extent, though the Burmese kings have resorted to many expedients in order to stop it.

One "Lord of the White Elephant" had all the ruby earth brought down to his palace and washed and sorted there by his

numerous wives under a guard. In the late King Min-dohn-Min's reign, any smuggler or illicit dealer in rubies was publicly flogged at the street corners of the town, and all his property confiscated. The expedients for passing rubies through the King's guards that were stationed at different places on the road between the mines and Mandalay were surprising in their variety. Some of the miners or traders would make flesh wounds in their arms and legs, and place rubies in the different cuts. These would heal over and completely hide the gem beneath, which might be extracted when occasion served. Others would place packets of stones in the top knots of their hair, or would carry them in small hollow bamboos with false bottoms. These devices must have been often successful, for numerous valuable stones reached Rangoon yearly, from unknown sources.

A legitimate trade in rubies, however, was carried on by a few Mandalay merchants, who used to come to the mines and return under a guard. These traders obtained their stones from the "Gyongs," who were permitted to sell them for the benefit of their chiefs and subordinates. When the merchants returned to Mandalay, they were escorted to the King's Ruby Hall. There they had to pay the royal tax levied on these gems, which varied in amount according to whether the stones were intended for home use or for exportation. Rubies of a certain size and quality were considered to be the property of the King, who occasionally would reward the lucky finder; but in Theebaw's reign the miners seem to have troubled them-

selves very little about this excellent rule.

Strangers and foreigners have always been rigorously excluded from the Ruby district, and few Burmese ever cared to come up from the plains, for the climate was considered most deadly, and it was believed that only natives could live in it for long. That there is some truth in these reports is undoubted. The forest roads round the base of the hills are full of malaria, which proved most fatal to our troops, both European and native. The valleys also round Mogok are at sunrise covered with a thick white mist to a height of over 100 feet from the plain, which seems to be productive both of fever and ague, and as the mining villages are almost always built in the valleys, their inhabitants receive the full benefit of this wet blanket. Again, the extremes of temperature are excessive, the thermometer often registering 26° Fahr. at six in the morning, and 90° Fahr. in the shade at noon. On the side of the hills above the belt of fog the climate at present is charming, though proper houses are needed to guard against the cold by night and the heat by day: what the weather will be in the rains it is impossible to say, though the natives shake their heads in an ominous manner whenever the subject is mentioned.

The whole neighborhood gives promises of great fertility if properly cultivated. Tea is grown on hills close by, while further west immense tracts of country are devoted to its cultivation, by the Paloungs. Apple, pear, and peach trees are to be seen in all the village monasteries, but the fruit is greatly deteriorated by the absence of the pruning-knife,

the use of which would be against the mandates of Buddhism.

It is difficult to predict the future of this unique region, the mineral resources of which might be greatly developed by the introduction of simple machinery combined with skilled management co-operating with native labor. This course would probably lead its destiny to uneventful but prosperous times. Mogok might again become a large business center, its caravans rivaling those of Bhamo in the carrying trade with China. On the other hand, if the district is thrown open to unrestricted competition, and to an influx of loafers and criminal classes, these beautiful valleys might for a time compare on a small scale with the palmy days of Ballarat and California; but their riches would soon be exhausted and their mines abandoned, except by the few who could afford to sink large capitals in an extensive system of scientific mining; what is now a peaceful and in a measure prosperous series of communities would be converted to a pandemonium, and this, though only temporary in its continuance, would leave permanent effects of the most injurious character. Much, however, remains to be done before civilization in either of the above forms can enter the district. A good road has to be constructed by which stores and materials can be conveyed all the year round. The friendship of the neighboring Shan States has to be gauged, and the military force relieved by police.

The ensuing rains, soon to begin, [March, 1887] and which possibly may cut us off from all communication, except at rare intervals, should allow Government time enough to

settle definitely the future of Burma's ruby mines. — G. SKELTON STREETER, in *Murray's Magazine*.

THE AGE OF "SENSIBILITY."

The eighteenth century is the butt of the nineteenth. From the high places of their culture most modern critics are in the habit of decrying the well-bred, the rational, the prosaic past. They never tire of pointing out to our flattered perceptions how void was the last century of anything like romance in thought, religion, politics, and art. They disparage it by a most unfair comparison with the age of *Paradise Lost* and Fifth Monarchy. For them the varying phases of Puritan revolution have attractions, but after 1688 they find nothing worthy their notice. In their opinion half-a-dozen names represent the eighteenth century, and those are names of prose. Butler is their typical religionist—typical because his moderate Episcopalianism is an affair of dry logic; the Pelhams, sleepy Whig borough-owners, are their politicians; "the age of the Walpoles and the Pelhams" is the phrase of the history books; Pope, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, sum up the history of English literature and painting. Of music they say nothing, and advisedly, because the solitary foreigner who cared to compose in England was Handel, and he cannot be called prosaic.

In passing these criticisms your average modern is probably thinking of what Mark Pattison once called "the Age of Reason"; that is, the period of Whig supremacy, lasting

from the Revolution of 1688 down to the year 1760, when a Tory again ascended the throne. Of that age it certainly may be said that it did not revel in imagination. Yet, although leaders in thought, politics, and the arts were, as Mr. Courthope points out, conservative in idea and classically correct in expression, the crowd was coming under a variety of new influences. For about the year 1730 Methodism saw the light at Oxford, a city of new ideas. During the fifties the elder Pitt invented, or at least accentuated, our notions about "Britain" and "Empire" and "the public." If Cromwell was the first Jingo, the Great Commoner was assuredly the first Tory democrat. Some years earlier, Horace Walpole revived Gothic architecture, his friend Garrick rediscovered Shakespearian drama, and Gray and Collins began that romantic movement in literature which has not ended with Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne.

But, in fact, throughout the period as a whole, the world was strongly under the influence of a movement which had very little to do with prosaic moderation. That movement or tendency was "sentimentalism."

"The production," says Mr. Saintsbury, "was one of the social triumphs of literature." It was an instance of literary feeling escaping from the world of books into that of everyday existence, where it became so fashionable as to pass from an affectation into something very like a habit. Like pre-Raphaelitism in our own time, it came clear of the merely literary and artistic world, but, unlike modern æstheticism, it influenced society far more widely

and deeply. "Sensibility so charming" was at one time in everyone's mouth. It was right to evince sensibility. It was the proper thing to look upon every feeling as one might upon a newly-pinned insect in a collector's case. But, unlike the insect, the feeling was to be marked, learned, and inwardly digested. The genuine sentimentalist lived simply to collect and feed upon impressions and feelings. Society, especially the fair and irrational part thereof, was given over to this registering process for more than a century. Fielding's humor turned it to ridicule, Byronism gave it a death-blow. But its dying struggles were long and acute. The ultra-sentimental trick of style, known as "Laura Matilda," and much affected by the novels printed in a certain Minerva Press, is still apparent in Bulwer and Beaconsfield. Lord Macaulay once wrote a little skit, which he called "The Tears of Sensibility," but the people to whom it was sent took it in sober earnest!

"*C'était l'engouement*," says a French writer. How shall the word be rendered? Clumsily, it may be interpreted to mean "a state of fanciful interest in persons and things which is rather more serious than mere caprice, and a good deal less serious than genuine enthusiasm." Sensibility, the sentimental, was not of the nature of real passion, but it was more than sham. It was a stately game with rules, etiquette, and a jargon of its own, and for individual players it oftener than not verged on actuality.

Sensibility is first found in the literature of the seventeenth century. The era of the "Grand Monarque," which produced so many graceful

shams—the long wig, the high red heel of the beau, the fan of the lady of quality, the taste for old china, for rare gardening, for Indian patterns, for chocolate and epigram—produced also sensibility. In the interminable novels of Madame de la Fayette we first find the sighs, flames, platonic affections and conventional absurdities of the *précieuses ridicules*, whom Molière satirizes, reducing themselves into literary form. “Zaïde” is her great book. The scene is, we believe, oriental, but the men and women are of the most approved seventeenth-century French type. Here, then, is one of the distinguishing features of the novel of sensibility. Unlike the romantic school, which tries to cast itself heart and soul into mediævalism; unlike the realistic school, which is altogether materialist and of the present, the sentimentalist writers never for a moment try to reproduce any but their own peculiar form of idealism. The same jargon and the same opinions are fitted to the most diverse scenes and epochs. Madame de la Fayette of the seventeenth was succeeded by the Riccobonis and Marivauxs of the eighteenth century. *Marivaudage* became the nickname for sensibility, just as *sensiblerie* came to designate its quintessence and apotheosis under Napoleon. Marivaux adorned the period of the Regency dating from 1715, and it is to him, perhaps, that one may trace the spread of literary sensibility beyond the borders of Gaul. His two novels, “Marianne” and the “Paysan Parvenu,” were respectively the models, though in different senses, for Richardson’s “Pamela” and Fielding’s “Joseph Andrews.” In the “Paysan,” we

descend the social ladder; the hero is a footman of sensibility. The thing is becoming democratic, and men are being prepared for the liberalism with which the century ends. Of such liberalism Madame de Genlis is, perhaps, the chief literary exponent. She and Benjamin Constant, Napoleon’s revolutionary antagonist, may be said to close the long roll of distinctively sentimental novelists.

In France the literature of sensibility is never too much in earnest; hence its longevity. In England, Fielding laughs it down, but in Germany it becomes the grim “literature of suicide.” In Madame de la Fayette’s novels the people are always dying, but you have a suspicion that they will get up and walk away directly the curtain is well down. Not so in the case of German Werther. Extravagant as we may think Goethe’s budding Lutheran pastor, who committed suicide because he couldn’t marry a noble’s daughter, we must admit that there was something painfully real in him.

So much for the mere literary history of sentimentalism. Its influence on men and things is far more hard to gauge. That it is everywhere is evident. You have only to go into an old curiosity shop, and to look there at the antique carved furniture—the Chippendale, the marquetry, the *buhl*—the old china, the old medals, the old snuff-boxes and musical instruments, the old miniatures, the old prints (those by Bartolozzi especially), and you will see the spirit of sentimentalism as it influenced the art people who worked to suit a fashionable taste. In Bartolozzi’s engravings and their imita-

tions you have the pictorial epitome of sentimentalism. The taper fingers, the constrained attitudes, the improbable classicism, the looks of languishment in these last-century prints, and withal the exceeding lightness of execution and half-sincerity of feeling, are so many symbols of the spirit of the thing.

Take, too, the isolated sayings of eighteenth-century worthies. Take Wolfe's curious little recitation and speech before the victory of Quebec. It is said of him that he recited Gray's *Elegy* all the while the boats under his command were making with muffled oars to the river side where he and many another brave Englishman were to die. "I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," said he, closing the quotation. Which of her Britannic Majesty's officers would say such things now? Take any of Pitt's little reported sayings; take that episode in which Edmund Burke brandished a knife before the not too astonished House of Commons. Burke was a moderate Whig; but the wildest Home ruler would not do such things now.

The lives, too, of historical personages; take these. Catherine of Russia, two or three Popes, the petty princes of Germany, Joseph II., Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and friends, Frederick the Great, the typical king of the century, all did homage to sensibility.

Lastly, there are the great authors whose genius and individuality keep them from being numbered among the genuine sentimentalists, but who nevertheless could escape only partially from the contagion. Goethe wrote the *Sorrows of Werther*; Voltaire was sentimental in life if not in

authorship; Madame de Staël was rather *sensible* than sensible; Laurence Sterne, and, later, Miss Austen, both introduced some form of the word into titles of books, and are really to a vast extent carried away by its influence. And, finally, St. Pierre wrote *Paul and Virginia*, Napoleon's favorite book. This

Tale of grief and gladness
Told by sad St. Pierre of yore,
That in front of France's madness
Hangs a strange seductive sadness,
Grown pathetic evermore.

This tale is too full of real passion to be a work of mere sensibility, but the turning-point of it is a genuine instance of *sensiblerie*. The hero and heroine are the children, the one of a peasant woman, the other of a noble lady, whom very unfortunate circumstances have driven to live in the Isle of France. The two children are brought up together in a most romantic way. Finally, the time comes for the nobly born Virginia to finish her up-bringing at the house of a wicked modish aunt in Paris. All the allurements of Louis XV.'s court only teach her an exalted sort of prudery. On her return to the beloved Paul, and when the ship is in sight of home, a storm springs up. A sailor swims out to save Virginia, and Paul is watching on shore; but she, well brought up to the last, refuses to take off certain portions of her raiment, and so sinks in the attitude of prayer, while the distracted mariner swims back alone. It is perhaps a sign of St. Pierre's genius that he makes this bathos the peg on which to hang all the great pathos of the book.

But perhaps the typical instances of sentimentality, of the last century

one had almost said, is Madame de Genlis. Brought up in the approved Rousseauite fashion by parents of the *ancien régime*, the father, who was scientific, coercing her into patting toads and kissing frogs in order to eradicate prejudice, the mother sending her to church dressed like Cupid, she lived to be the mistress of the revolutionary Duke of Orleans, as well as the most serious, the most approved, sentimental instructress of liberal and well-born French children. She lived long into the present century, but she belonged to the last. Reading Mrs. Opie's description of her visit to her in 1830, one cannot help being struck by the contrast between two centuries of average social life—the eighteenth with its love of wit, conversation, stateliness of manner, wildness of opinion, artificiality of passion; the nineteenth with its adoration of commonplace and common sense, its contempt for talk, or affectation, or doctrinaire opinion or sentimentality, its athletic militaryisms, its British matrons, its competitive materialisms.

We of the present generation are under no influence quite like that of sentimentalism. Ritualism, or goody-goody, or æstheticism, or the spirit of modern science, has each its crowds of votaries, but they all fall short of an everyday social force. Perhaps the nearest approach to this is "Muscular Christianity." We talk and think of thews and sinews much as our great-grandfathers did of sentiment. "What does he *do*?" now means "what form of muscular exercise does he take?" "He does nothing" means, in the language of young Englishmen, that so-and-so is not athletic. The other sex—

a good index of popular movements and prejudices because an unreasoning one—play tennis and often even cricket where their mothers did embroidery-work. Our whole training, and the ideals it puts before us, combine to make us hardy artificers, sinewy pioneers. The old-fashioned liberal education, which, whatever its faults, was essentially gentleman-like and humanizing, is rapidly giving way before a technical schooling. Printing, chemistry, carpentering, scientifically-taught batting, bowling, and swimming are part of a curriculum which was once described by the one word "grammar"—i.e. Latin verses and the harmless game of marbles. Cambridge University gives point to the tendency by instituting a Civil Engineering Tripos!

Of course one ought to suppose that all this care for the material side of existence—for the body, in fact—is necessary in order that Englishmen may remain masters of that extensive archipelago, that oceanic Venice, the British Empire. But it is curious also to reflect that this same Saxon Empire was won for us some hundred and thirty years ago by the swords and tongues of officers and civilians who wrote verses, danced gavottes, dressed with the wildest foppery, paid stilted compliments, shed the tear of sensibility when needful, talked Johnsonese, drank more wine than was good for them (and were consequently never "in training"), took only horse exercise, and knew positively nothing about cricket and football save that they were the sports of villagers. For these same officers and civilians lived during the age of sentimentalism.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

The literature of the Elizabethan age was the flowering through art of a new faith and a new joy—a faith in the spiritual truths recovered by the Reformation movement, a joy in the world of nature and of human life as presented in the magic mirror of the Renaissance. Within a decade of years having for its center the year of Queen Elizabeth's accession, were born Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Marlowe, Hooker, Bacon, Shakespeare. Never before or since in England were such prizes drawn in the lottery of babies. Never before or since had the good fairies who bring gifts to cradles so busy a time. But it was not until Elizabeth's reign had run more than half its course, and these boys were grown to man's estate, that the great summer of literature showed its flowers and fruit. The *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, the six books of the *Faerie Queene*, the *Essays* of Bacon, *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like it*, and *Henry V.* belong to the last period of Elizabeth's reign, that which opens with the defeat of the Armada; and many writings which we commonly class under the head of Elizabethan literature—*King Lear* and *The Tempest*, *The Advancement of Learning*, *The History of the World*, *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman*—are named Elizabethan only because they continue the same literary movement and carry it on through the period which had hardly culminated before her death.

The literature of the reign of Queen Anne was the expression of the better mind of England when it

had recovered itself through good sense and moderation of temper from the Puritan excess and from the Cavalier excess. Enthusiasm was discredited, and faith had no wings to soar; but it was something to have escaped the spiritual orgies of the saints and the sensual riot of the king's new courtiers; it was something to have attained to a sober way of regarding human life, and to the provisional resting-place of a philosophical and theological compromise. Addison's humane smile, Pope's ethics of good sense, and the exquisite felicity of manner in each writer, represent and justify the epoch.

Our own age has been named the *sæculum realisticum*; men of science have claimed it as their own, and countless pæans have been chanted in honor of our material and mechanical advancement. Yet it is hardly less distinguished by its ardors of hope and aspiration, by its eager and anxious search for spiritual truth, by its restlessness in presence of spiritual anarchy, by its desire for some spiritual order. It has been pre-eminently an age of intellectual and moral trial, difficulty and danger; of bitter farewells to things of the past, of ardent welcomes to things as yet but dimly discerned in the coming years; of dissatisfaction with the actual and of immense desire; an age of seekers for light, each having trouble too plainly written upon his forehead.

If a precise date must be chosen separating the present period of literature from that which immediately precedes it, we shall do well to fix on the year 1832. In that year the Bill for the representation of the people placed the future destiny of

England in the hands of the middle classes, and a series of social and political forms speedily followed. In that year died a great imaginative restorer of the past, and also a great intellectual pioneer of the future. Amid his nineteenth-century feudalisms, within sound of the old Border river, Scott passed away, murmuring to himself, as he lay in his bed, some fragment of the Litany or verse from the venerable hymns of the Romish ritual. On an autumn evening his body was laid in the resting-place of his forefathers amid the monastic ruins of Dryburgh. It was in London, just at the close of a fierce political struggle, that Jeremy Bentham died. To the last he had been "codifying like any dragon;" when he heard the verdict of his physician, that death was inevitable, the cheerful utilitarian thought first of a practical application of his own doctrine. "Very well," he said serenely, "be it so; then minimize pain," and so departed, leaving his viscera to be dissected for the benefit of mankind, and his skeleton when duly arrayed to do the honors at University College.

By the year 1832 the flood-tide of English poetry had withdrawn from the shores which had lightened and sung with the splendor and music of the earlier days of the century. It was eleven years since Keats had found rest in the flowery cemetery at Rome; ten years since Shelley, in a whirl of sea-mist, had solved the great mystery that had haunted him since boyhood. Byron's memory was still a power, but a power that constantly waned. Southey had forsaken poetry, and was just now rejoicing over the words, *Laus Deo*, written

on the last page of his *History of the Peninsular War*; surely at last those "subseque hours" were at hand in which he might bring to a fruitful outcome the great labor of two-and-thirty years, his never-to-be-written "History of Portugal." It was in 1832 that Wordsworth, conscious of the loss of the glory and the freshness of his earlier manhood, and conscious also that he had never forfeited a poet's prerogative, wrote those lines prefixed to his complete works, in which he exhorts the heaven-inspired singer to fidelity and contentment, whether he shine as a great star in the zenith or burn like an untended watch-fire on the ridge of some dark mountain:—

"If thou, indeed, derive thy light from
Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born
light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content."

Few of Wordsworth's poems of later date than 1832 can be said to dart their beams with planetary influence from the zenith. Yet there is no fond self-pity in his lines, as there are in those which Coleridge, compassed about with infirmity, printed in that same year, 1832, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title "The Old Man's Sigh:—

"Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
In our old age,
Whose bruised wings quarrel with the bars
of the still narrowing cage."

Coleridge, indeed, had but a brief waiting before release from the cage was granted him. "Saw Coleridge in bed," writes Crabb-Robinson (April 12, 1832). "He looked beautifully—his eye remarkably brilliant—and he talked as eloquently as ever." The voyager through

strange seas of thought still held men with his glittering eye and told his tale of wonder, but his voyaging and his work were indeed over. This year, 1832, which we have taken as the line of division between Victorian literature and that of the first literary period of the nineteenth century, was also the year of the death of an illustrious poet whose earlier verses had delighted Burke and won the approval of Johnson, and whose later writings were celebrated by Byron and had been the solace of Scott's dying days. Crabbe, whose life and poetry thus served to link together two widely different epochs of literature, touched the boundary of a third era, but his foot was not permitted to pass beyond the limit.

A student of the poetry of the age of Elizabeth who happens to be also a reader of the poetry of our own time, can hardly fail to be impressed by one important point of contrast between these two bodies of literature. The poets of the Elizabethan age—excepting, perhaps, Spenser—seem to have got on very happily and successfully without theories of human life or doctrines respecting human society; but our nineteenth-century poets are almost all sorely puzzled about certain problems of existence, and, having labored at their solution, come forward with some lightening of the burden of the mystery, with some hope or some solace; or else they deliberately and studiously turn away from this spiritual travail, not without an underlying consciousness that such turning away is treasonable, to seek for beauty or pleasure or repose. In those strenuous days of the English Renaissance, so full of resolution

and energy and achievement, when a broad, healthy, mundane activity replaced the intensity and wistfulness and passion of mediæval religion and the exaltations of chivalry; when the world grew spacious and substantial, when mirth was open and unashamed, and when the tragedy of life consisted in positive wrestling of man with man and of nation with nation—in those days there was an absorbing interest in action and the tug of human passions; the vital relation of man with man in mutual love or conflict was that which the imagination of the period delighted to present to itself; it was the age of the drama, and men did not pause in the career of living to devise systems or theories or doctrines of life. But the unity of national thought and feeling ceased when Puritan stood over against Anglican and Roundhead against Cavalier. It became necessary to pause and consider and decide. A youth of fine moral temper coming to manhood when Milton wrote his *Comus*, had a choice to make—a choice between two doctrines in religion, two parties in the state, two principles of human conduct. Instead of that free abandonment to the action and passion of the world, characteristic of the Elizabethan period, there was now a self-conscious pursuit of certain ideals—an ideal of loyalty to Church and Crown, with grace and gallantry and wit, or else the stern Puritan ideals—the vigorous liberty of a republic; the Church, a congregation of saints; and a severity and grave majesty of personal character. Milton is deeply interested in providing himself and others with a moral rule of life, and with some doctrine

which shall explain the mysteries of existence. He must needs get some answer to the *why* and *wherefore*, the *whence* and *whither* of the world. Shakespeare had cared to see what things are, all of pity and terror, all of beauty and mirth, that human life contains—Lear in the storm, and Falstaff in the tavern, and Perdita among her flowers. He had said, "These things are," and had refused to put the question, "How can these things be?" Milton, on the contrary, in the forefront of his epic, announces with the confidence of a great dogmatist that, aided by Divine illumination, he aspires "to justify the ways of God to man."

Our own age is and has been, in a far profounder sense than the term can be applied to the age of Milton, an age of revolution. Society, founded on the old feudal doctrines, has gone to wreck in the storms that have blown over Europe during the last hundred years. A new industrial and democratic period has been inaugurated; already the interregnum of government by the middle classes has proved its provisional character. But the social and political forms suitable to this new epoch are as yet unorganized, and perhaps have not as yet been truly conceived. The contributions toward an ideal reconstruction of society by Fourier, by Robert Owen, by Auguste Comte, by Lassalle and Karl Marx, testify to the profound dissatisfaction of aspiring minds with the present chaos of our social and political relations; and we have seen within the last few years that masses of men, filled with discontent and immoderate hopes that spring from the ashes of despair, are

dangerously eager to turn into actual experiment the immature ideas of the thinkers. What we want before all else is a true thought, or body of organic thoughts, large and reasonable, which shall include all the conditions of our case.

Then again it is evident that a prolonged testing of religious ideas has been going forward. Theology, once the science of sciences, is said to be superseded, and in its place we have got a "science of religions." God, to whom once all highest hopes and fears tended and were referred, the living God whom man, His creature, might love and adore and obey, has been superannuated, and we are requested to cultivate henceforth enthusiasm on behalf of "a stream of tendency" which "makes for righteousness." Or perhaps it is more in harmony with the principles of a scientific age to direct our devout emotions to the great ensemble of humanity: "O ensemble of humanity, thou art my ensemble; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." Or yet again may it not be that we can dispense with this awkward ensemble—a leviathan of pettinesses—and recognizing the existence of an unknowable, may possess in that recognition the essence of all religions: "Sing unto the unknowable, O ye saints of its, and give thanks at the remembrance of its unknowableness."

It takes a little time and some tuning of the ear before we can feel that the new psalmody is quite as happy in its phrasing as the old. The revolution or threatened revolution in the religious order seems to us no less real and no less important

than that in the political and social order. In truth, not a conception of any kind respecting the world and man and the life of man remains what it was a century since. Science sapping in upon every side of human thought and feelings, effecting in our views of the individual and of the race a modification as startling as that effected in cosmical conceptions by the discovery of Copernicus that this earth is not the center of the universe, but one orb among its brother orbs in a system too vast and glorious for imagination to comprehend. The past of humanity has expanded from the six thousand years of the old biblical chronologists to measureless aeons of time; the sense of the myriad, intimate relations between the present and all this past has grown strong within us, perhaps tyrannously strong; while, at the same time, it is impossible to restrain the imagination from a forward gaze into futurity, which seems to open a vista as remote and unfathomable as the past. We were once apes or ascidians, therefore we shall some day be the angels of this earth. Since Cordoroet speculated and since Shelley sang, there have been wild hopes of human perfectability in the prophetic soul of the world dreaming of things to come; and in soberness and truth there has grown up a general confidence in a progress of mankind toward good, which seems to be justified by the most careful scrutiny of the past history of humanity from primitive barbarism to the present imperfect forms of civilization. If, moreover, the conviction that we and all that surrounds us have been so largely determined by the past sometimes weighs on us

with tyrannous power, the thought that we in our turn are shaping the destinies of future generations becomes a moral motive of almost irresistible force, compelling us to high resolve and dutiful action.

The stress of the spiritual and social revolution has been widely felt during the second half of the last fifty years; the twenty-five years which preceded these were a period of comparative tranquility, a period during which the vast additions made to the means and appliances of living somewhat hid out of view the dangers and difficulties of life itself from eyes that did not possess the true seer's vision. The ten-pound householder had his vote; slavery was abolished in the colonies; the evils of pauperism were met by a Poor Law; the bread-tax was abolished; the people were advancing in education; useful knowledge was made accessible in cheap publications; a man could travel forty miles in the time in which his father could have traveled ten; more iron, more coal, was dug out of the earth; more wheels were whirling, more shuttles flew, more looms rattled, more cotton was spun, more cloth was sold. The statistics of progress were surely enough to intoxicate with joy a lover of his species.

The sanguine temper of the period and its somewhat shallow, material conception of human welfare, are well represented in the writings of Macaulay. Prosperous himself through all his years, which marched with the years of the century, never troubled by inward doubt and perplexity or falterings of heart, never borne away by eager aspirations toward some unattainable spiritual perfection, Macaulay loved his age

as a good boy might love an indulgent mother—how generous she was!—who gave no end of cakes and pocket-money, and was jolly to all the other fellows as well as to himself. And the mother was justly proud of her vigorous, kindly, cheerful, clever son. How much to her liking was that contrast between the Platonic and the Baconian philosophy—when we ourselves were boys we got the lines by heart: “An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born.” And a thousand readers huzzaed and tossed up their caps for the steam-engine, and held Plato and Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus cheap. Southey, comparing the old cottages of the English peasantry, the solid weather-stained material, the ornamented chimneys, round or square, the hedge of clipt box beneath the windows, the rose-bushes beside the door, the little patch of flower-ground with its tall holly-hocks in front, the orchard with its bank of daffodils and snowdrops—Southey, comparing these with the new cottages of the manufacturers built upon the manufacturing pattern, naked and in a row, had asked “How is it that everything which is connected with manufactures presents such features of unqualified deformity?”—a question which Mr. Ruskin and Mr. William Morris, and in his own way Mr. Frederic Harrison, are asking to-day. And Macaulay answered with a contemptuous

snort, “Here is wisdom. Here are principles on which nations are to be governed. Rose-bushes and poor-rates, rather than steam-engines and independence.” Huzza! therefore, once more for the steam-engine; all is going on beautifully with England: *laissez faire, laissez aller*. “It is not by the intermeddling of Mr. Southey’s idol, the omniscient and omnipotent state, but by the prudence and energy of the people, that England has hitherto been carried forward in civilization, and it is to the same prudence and the same energy that we now look with comfort and good hope.” Truly the whirligig of time has brought Southey and the provident—though not omniscient or omnipotent—state their revenge.

Tender regrets for the past, for the age when English hands could rear the cathedral, when English hearts could lift one common hymn of faith and praise, are, if we may trust Macaulay, the follies of the sentimentalist. In those ages “noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse.” But if it be folly to chase backward through time a vanishing mirage, we may confidently look forward to a golden age in the near future—a golden age of more abundant beef and richer pudding. “It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without

meat as they now are to eat rye-bread." Why let fancy thus halt upon the borders of the terrestrial paradise? Why not imagine the twenty-first century, when the carpenter may receive a pound a day and have butcher's meat at dinner, breakfast, and tea? In May, 1851, Macaulay visited the great Exhibition, and strolled for a long time under its glass and iron through acres of glorified shops. "Crystal Palace—bless the mark!—is fast getting ready," Carlyle had written in his diary a few days before this; "and bearded figures already grow frequent on the streets; 'all nations' crowding to us with their so-called industry or ostentatious frothery. All the loose population of London pours itself every holiday into Hyde Park round this strange edifice. . . . My mad humor is urging me to flight from this monstrous place." "I went to the Exhibition," writes Macaulay, "and lounged there during some hours. I never knew a sight which extorted from all ages, classes, and nations, such unanimous and genuine admiration. I felt a glow of eloquence, or something like it, come on me from the mere effect of the place." And again, on the opening day: "I made my way into the building; a most gorgeous sight; vast, graceful, beyond the dreams of the Arabian romances. I cannot think that the Cæsars ever exhibited a more splendid spectacle. I was quite dazzled, and I felt as I did on entering St. Peter's." Brilliant and indefatigable son of an age of commerce and middle-class ascendancy! his eloquent pages would nowhere else read so well as under those best of iron girders, beneath the splendors of the

largest plate-glass, and amid such decorations, and art, and industry—where nothing nestles or lurks, but all is set forth for display—as were the glory and delight of the year 1851.

Macaulay, the historian of the first Victorian period, with his company of brilliant actors and his splendid spectacle, had but one rival in popularity, and that rival, the novelist of the period, exhibits with equal force, in his own province of literature, the characteristics of the time, its sanguine temper, its *bourgeois* ideals. To have awakened the laughter of innumerable readers during half a century is to have been no slight benefactor of the world, and 1886, the jubilee year of Pickwick, ought to have been celebrated with bumpers and exuberant mirth. England, the "weary Titan" of Mr. Arnold's majestic simile, is all the better in health for having had to hold her sides with glee. And the tears that have been shed for little Nell and Paul Dombey and Tiny Tim have been a kindly dew, laying some of the dust of the world. And yet the accusations of melodrama, of pseudo pathos, of overwrought caricature, have been brought against Dickens not unjustly. We have known a nobler laughter than his, and tears more sacred. The laughter of one whose vision embraces the deepest and highest facts of life has in it a lyrical purity and passion which uplift the spirit as the laughter of Dickens never can; in such mirth there is no loose squandering of the heart, no orgy of animal spirits, nor does it spring from a perception of trivial incongruities; there is nothing in it of the mere grin; it is exquisite, refined, rad-

iant, because it grows from a hidden root of severity. Such is the mirth of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale*, following hard upon his *King Lear* and *Othello*. And in the tears of one who has conversed with the soul in the great moments of its fate there is no moisture of sentimentalism. The pathos is divested of all prettiness; it is more than an affair of the nerves, or even of the heart. It is at its highest the exquisite spiritual pity, allied with the unfaltering justice, of Dante. We rejoice that Dickens should have quickened the sensibility of the English middle class for the trials and sufferings and sorrows of the poor; we rejoice that he should have gladdened the world with inexhaustible comedy and farce. But it were better if he had discovered that for man and the life of man there is something needful over and above good spirits, a sufficient dinner, and overflowing good-nature. His ideal of human happiness was that of his readers; their middle-class notions of human well-being and of what is most admirable in character he gave them back, animated by his own vigorous animal spirits—that superabundant vitality which, when he wrote the name “Charles Dickens,” produced such a whirl of flourishes before the pen could rest. Banish from earth some few monsters of selfishness, malignity, and hypocrisy, set to rights a few obvious imperfections in the machinery of society, inspire all men with a cheery benevolence, and everything will go right well with this excellent world of ours. Such in brief was the teaching delivered by Dickens to his time, and he claimed to be regarded as a teacher. But

let us rather choose to think of him as a widener of our sympathies, and as a creator of comic and sentimental types; then we shall see a whole population gather for his defence, and—*honneur aux dames*—Sairey Gamp it is who leads the van.

There is no sense of dissatisfaction with himself in what Dickens writes. How should one tingle with life to the finger-tips be displeased with his own personality? And, setting aside certain political or social inconveniences, “circumlocution offices,” and such like, clearly capable of amendment, there was, in Dickens's view, nothing profoundly ailing with society. Thackeray had a quarrel with himself and a quarrel with society; but his was not a temper to push things to extremes. He could not acquiesce in the ways of the world, its shabbiness, its shams, its snobbery, its knavery; he could not acquiesce, and yet it is only for born prophets to break with the world and go forth into the wilderness crying, “Repent!” Why affect to be a prophet, and wear camel's hair and eat locusts and wild honey, adding one more sham to the many, when after all the club is a pleasant lounge, and anthropology is a most attractive study? Better patch up a truce with the world, which will not let one be a hero, but is not wholly evil; the great criminals are few; men in general are rather weak than wicked; vain and selfish, but not malignant. It is infinitely diverting to watch the ways of the petty human animal. One can always preserve a certain independence by that unheroic form of warfare suitable to an unheroic age—satire; one can even in a certain sense stand above one's own pettiness

by virtue of irony; and there is always the chance of discovering some angel wandering unrecognized among the snobs and the flunkeys in the form of a brave, simple-hearted man, or pure-souled, tender woman. Whether right or wrong, this compromise with the world is only for a few days. Heigh-ho! everything hastens to the common end—*vanitas vanitatum*.

The morality of this compromise with the world is fully discussed by Thackeray himself in his *Pendennis*, and he arrives at no decisive result. Mr. Pen is on terms of friendship with the great Simpson of the Royal Gardens of Vauxhall, and shakes the lovely equestrian of the arena by the hand:—

“And while he could watch the grimaces or the graces of those with a satiric humor that was not deprived of sympathy, he could look on with an eye of kindness at the lookers-on too; at the roystering youth bent upon enjoyment, and here taking it; at the honest parents, with their delighted children laughing and clapping their hands at the show; at the poor outcasts, whose laughter was less innocent though perhaps louder, and who brought their shame and their youth here to dance and be merry till the dawn at least, and to get bread and drown care. Of this sympathy with all conditions of men Arthur often boasted; he was pleased to possess it, and said that he hoped thus to the last he should retain it. As another man has an ardor for art or music, or natural science, Mr. Pen said that anthropology was his favorite pursuit, and had his eyes always eagerly opened to its infinite varieties and beauties; contemplating with an unfailing delight all specimens of it in all places to which he resorted, whether it was the coquetting of a wrinkled dowager in a ball-room, or a high-bred young beauty blushing in her prime there; whether it was a hulking guardsman coaxing a servant-girl in the park—or innocent little Tommy that was feeding the ducks while the nurse listened.

And, indeed, a man whose heart is pretty clean can indulge in this pursuit with an enjoyment that never ceases, and is only perhaps the more keen because it is secret and has a touch of sadness in it; because he is in his mood and humor lonely, and apart although not alone.”

Over against which there is the author's manly warning:—

“If seeing and acknowledging the lies of the world, Arthur, as see them you can with only too fatal a clearness, you submit to them without any protest farther than a laugh; if, plunged yourself in easy sensuality, you allow the whole wretched world to pass by you unmoved; if the fight for the truth is taking place, and all men of honor are on the ground armed on the one side or the other, and you alone are to lie on your balcony and smoke your pipe out of the noise and the danger—you had better have died, or never have been at all, than such a sensual coward.”

But Arthur has ready a reply which serves his purpose, at least for the moment.

At a time when there is no dominant faith, no rule of life, no compelling ardor, no ordered, marching army of men where each one of us may fall into the ranks and obey his leader's command, what more natural than that the individual, oppressed by a sense of his own powerlessness, should come to terms with the world, and should compensate himself as a suborned revolter by irony and satire. The worst evil is that such a compromise with the world breeds a spirit of fatalism and saps the force of the will; to yield to circumstance, to accept one's environment seems inevitable; and men forget that in every complex condition of life we are surrounded by a hundred possible environments, and that it lies with ourselves to choose whether we shall see our neighbors over the way or an encom-

passing great cloud of witnesses who
 gazed at gaze around us.

Inackeray had not the austerity and lonely strength needful for a prophet; he would not be a pseudo-prophet; therefore he choose his part—to remain in the world, to tolerate the worldlings, and yet to be their adversary and circumventer, or at least a thorn in their sides. Two men, whose influence extends over the full half-century, of whom one happily remains among us still, were true nineteenth-century sons of the prophets, who would make no compromises and each in his own way lifted up a solitary voice crying repentance and terror and judgment to come. "In Oriel Lane," writes the late professor of poetry at Oxford, Principal Shairp, "light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, 'There's Newman!' when, head thrust forward, and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step he glided by. Awe fell on them for a moment as if it had been some apparition that had passed." And another Oxford professor of poetry, Mr. Matthew Arnold, writes in a like strain: "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: 'After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length

comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'"

Mr. Arnold dwells on the charm and magic of the preacher's person and manner, because for him the name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination, but the solution adopted by Newman for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, "to speak frankly, is impossible." They alone could feel the full force of Newman's words who believed that he spoke to them of the most glorious and the most awful of all realities. He stood in the pulpit of St. Mary's to tell of a hidden life which is the only veritable life of man; to tell of an invisible world which is more real, intimate and enduring than the world of the senses. Once in the year this visible earth manifests its hidden powers; "then the leaves come out, and the blossoms on the fruit-trees and flowers, and the grass and corn spring up. There is a sudden rush and burst outwardly of that hidden life which God has lodged in the material word." So it shall be one day with the invisible world of light and glory—when God gives the word. "A world of saints and angels, a glorious world, the palace of God, the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, the heavenly Jerusalem, the throne of God and Christ, all these wonders, everlasting, all-precious, mysterious and incomprehensible lie hid in what we see. What we see is the outward shell of an eternal kingdom, and on that kingdom we fix the eyes of our faith. Shine forth, O Lord, as when on Thy Nativity Thine Angels visited the shepherds; let Thy glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the

tree; change with Thy mighty power this visible world into that divine world, which as yet we see not; destroy what we see, that it may pass and be transformed into what we believe."

Newman and those who thought with him had little friendly feeling for the Puritans of the seventeenth century. It was noted by Clough in 1838 that assent could hardly be obtained at Oxford to an assertion of Milton's greatness as a poet. Yet Newman was indeed in one sense, and a very real sense, a Puritan of the nineteenth century. He rose in the pulpit of St. Mary's not only to rebuke the worldliness of the world, but to protest against the religion of the day, which had dropped one whole side of the Gospel—its austere character; which included "no true fear of God, no fervent zeal for his honor, no deep hatred of sin, no horror at the sight of sinners, no indignation and compassion at the blasphemies of heretics, no jealous adherence to doctrinal truth, no especial sensitiveness about the particular means of gaining ends, if only the ends be good, no loyalty to the Holy Apostolic Church of which the Creed speaks, no sense of the authority of religion as external to the mind—in a word, no seriousness." These are the words of a Puritan—a Puritan who was also a Catholic, and here lay his power with higher minds in an age which had yielded to the sapping in of material influences, which had grown soft and self-indulgent, and which was bewildered by confused voices that seemed only to announce an intellectual anarchy. "My battle," Newman writes, "was with Liberalism; by Liberalism I meant the

anti-dogmatic principle and its developments." Peace of mind and a cheerful countenance are indeed the gifts of the Gospel, but they should follow zeal and faith; they should follow a recognition of the severe and terrible side of religion. "I will not shrink from uttering my firm conviction," said Newman, "that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be. Not, of course, that I think the tempers of mind herein implied desirable, which would be an evident absurdity, but I think them infinitely more desirable and more promising than a heathen obduracy, and a cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquility." The vital question with Newman, as he himself has said, was "How were we to keep the Church from being liberalized." And the final answer was given in his own action—by accepting all truth, like a perplexed child, from the lips of the Queen of Saints, the Holy Roman Church, the mother of us all. "I come," he might have exclaimed, like Charles Reding of his own *Loss and Gain*, "O, mighty Mother, I come, but I am far from home. Spare me a little; I come with what speed I may, but I am slow of foot, and not as others, O mighty Mother." In the divine darkness of her bosom there was rest. Those who look upon Newman's solution of the difficulties of our time as an impossible solution need hardly trouble themselves with his singular reasonings. The title of the fifth chapter of his *Autobiography*, "Position of my mind since 1845," will suffice—as if during

half of a long lifetime a position were desirable for a thinking being rather than a progress. "From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate." Of course: for the mighty Mother laid her hand across the child's weary eyes, soothed him to rest with her immemorial croon, and while he slept removed the hand and fixed her bandage in its place. Yet we heretics for whose blasphemies the zealous champion of the faith must needs feel compassion and indignation, may win from his teaching something better even than its charm and its culture; we may win a quickened sense of the reality of the invisible world, and a more strenuous resolution to live with the loins girt and the lamp lit. A young Protestant heretic from America, who prized at their true worth Cardinal Newman's *Verses on Various Occasions*, took courage one day and sent a copy of that volume to the Oratory at Birmingham, with a request for the writer's autograph. It was returned with the inscription, *Viriliter age. expectans Dominum*—words containing in little Newman's best contribution to his time: his vivid faith in a spiritual world, and the call to his fellows in an age of much material ease and prosperity to rise and quit them like men.

Our second prophet was laid to rest six years since under the green turf of Ecclefechan. A tomb of the prophet was built—built it may be with untempered mortar; and since then the amusement of his countrymen has been to pull out one stone and another, or scribble on their surface caricatures and insolent

verses. Carlyle's prime influence, as I have written elsewhere, was a religious one. His heritage of faith was indeed transformed, but it was never cast away. To the last there remained in him much of the Puritan; but the intellectual fetters of Puritanism could not bind his growing intellect, nor could he be content to starve his emotions by excluding from view the passion and the beauty of the world. How to hold a steadfast course, how to live a spiritual life and yet be free, neither self-imprisoned in a system nor in bondage to outworn form and ceremony—this was the problem of problems with the young Carlyle. And in Goethe's life and teaching he found that problem solved. *Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut zu leben*. Thus alone might the seriousness which is at the heart of Puritanism grow large, liberal, and beautiful. To attain serenity, as Goethe had attained, was indeed forbidden to him by his stormy sensitiveness and by that "intolerable sympathy with the suffering" of which an acute observer, Harriet Martineau, has spoken as characteristic of Carlyle. But by finding his true work and by desperate adhesion to it, he could gain, if not serenity, at least a counterpoise to his own tempestuous feelings. He needed—I quote some words of my own now altered and amended, from an article written in *The Academy* on the occasion of Carlyle's death—a vast background, Immensities, Eternities, through which might wander the passion-winged ministers of his thought, Wonder, and Awe, and Adoration. But in the foreground of clear perception and sane activity all was limited, definite, concrete.

From Goethe he had learnt what, indeed, his own shrewd Scottish head could well confirm, that to drift no whither in the inane is not the highest destiny of a human creature; that, on the contrary, all true expansion comes through right limitation, all true freedom through obedience. Hence the rule, "Do the work that lies nearest to your hand;" hence the preciousness of any fragment of living reality, any atom of significant fact. If Carlyle was an idealist he was an idealist in the service of what is real and positive. He did not pore perpetually with bent head and myopic vision on petty details; he could search for a fact as well as Dryasdust, but he did not wear Dryasdust's spectacles. The little illuminated spot on which men toil and strive, and love and sorrow, is environed, for Carlyle's prophetic vision, by the Immensities: the day, so bright and dear, wherein men serve or sin, is born from a deep eternity, which swiftly calls it back and engulfs it. From which contrast between great and little, the transitory and the eternal, spring many surprises of humor and of pathos, which in the end cease to surprise and become a humor and a pathos *en permanence* for those who see the universe through the sympathetic, sad, and yet, at the same time, the Aristophanic eyes of Carlyle.

In whatever else Carlyle may have failed, he did not fail in impressing on those who took his teaching to heart a sense of the momentous issues of the time; a sense that a great social revolution was in progress; that it was attended with stupendous dangers, and called before all else for loyal, obedient, faithful, God-

fearing men. He would, if it were possible, have helped to discipline and train a regiment of modern Ironsides, and then have trusted to God to send a Cromwell to be their leader. He could not huzza for steam-engines, cotton, and oil, and coal, Crystal Palaces, the machinery or the shows of society, while society itself was ailing at the heart. Reverence, obedience, spiritual insight, fidelity to duty, honest work—did England possess more or less of these? If less, how vain and wicked was the modern cant of Progress! Progress—yes progress toward the devil and the black pit of Gehenna.

Mr. John Morley has spoken of Carlyle's method for ascertaining truth as the method of Rousseau. "Each bids us look within our own bosoms for truth and right, postpones reason to feeling, and refers to introspection and a factitious something called Nature, questions only to be truly solved by external observation and history." And as it were in contrast with such a method leading only to pseudo-wisdom, we are told that the force of Mr. Mill's character and teaching lay in that "combination of an ardent interest in human improvement with a reasoned attention to the law of its conditions, which alone deserves to be honored with the high name of wisdom." But Carlyle, in truth, inspected society with a penetrating vision, and the observation of Mr. Mill—earnest, disinterested, admirable student as he was—too frequently is that of a one-eyed observer, or a man born color-blind. How should one whose feelings had never been cultivated in childhood and youth observe truly? How should a man whose

right eye had been put out recognize, for example, the importance of religion as a factor in society? Mr. Mill reasoned. His reasonings were based on the principle that the individual must take the general happiness as his ultimate end; and the reasoner is compelled to admit that questions of ultimate ends do not admit of proof in the straightforward sense of the term. He, the philosophical guide of the Liberal party, observed and reasoned, and produced a Political Economy; and who have banished the orthodox Political Economy to Saturn and Jupiter? No; Mr. Mill too often observed insufficiently, or reasoned imperfectly, or started from principles too hastily assumed. Carlyle brought, at least, the complete nature of a devout and passionate man to the aid of observing powers of extraordinary keenness and penetration. And not without effect.

Mr. Froude, in a remarkable passage, has described the influence of Carlyle's writings on young men who felt painfully the trouble and difficulty of the time, and were agreed to have done with compromises and conventionalities. "To the young, the generous, to everyone who took life seriously, who wished to make an honorable use of it, and could not be content with making money, his words were like the morning reveille." "Carlyle's doctrine," says Mr. Morley, "has all its foundations in the purest individualism." No; it is empirical utilitarianism, confessing that it cannot prove anything with respect to ultimate ends, which cannot pass beyond individualism; and Carlyle's doctrine has its roots in God—in God, not to be revealed after death,

in a beatific vision seated upon the great white throne, but here and now, in this world of sinning, toiling, suffering, striving men and women. "It is to you, ye workers," he writes, "who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honorable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed!" Such words as these, and the words—so different and yet not wholly alien—from the pulpit of St. Mary's affected young and ardent spirits as words of genuine prophecy. "Early in the eighteenthforties," writes Principal Shairp, "when the *Miscellanies* appeared, and became known to undergraduates here at Oxford, I remember how they reached the more active-minded, one by one, and thrilled them as no printed book ever before had thrilled them." And Mr. Froude's confession will not be forgotten: "I, for one (if I may so far speak of myself), was saved by Carlyle's writings from Positivism, or Romanism, or Atheism, or any other of the creeds, or no-creeds, which in those days were whirling us about in Oxford like leaves in an autumn storm."

Organization of labor, if well understood, said Carlyle, is the problem of the whole future. A practical attempt toward its solution

was made by Maurice, Kingsley, Mr. Ludlow, and others, who took the name of "Christian Socialists," and, having little in common with what now styles itself Socialism, beyond a sympathy with the hardships and wrongs of the toiling thousands, maintained as early as 1849 the principle of co-operation as opposed to competition. The literary side of the movement is represented by the disciple, Kingsley, rather than by the master, Maurice. In the gospel which Kingsley preached in tale and sermon there was none of what Mr. Maurice described as Carlyle's wild pantheistic rant, the "big inanity of Pantheism." He spoke of the fatherhood of God, and of the union of all men in and through Jesus Christ; and yet the old phrases seemed to be inspired with a new life and meaning. Temper had something to do with the effect produced by Kingsley's words: they were uttered in a voice so ringing and hearty that we felt them to be a portion of his very life. No spiritual man at the time seemed to have in him so much of the natural man, no natural man seemed to have so much of the spiritual man, as Kingsley.* Our Bible grew dearer to us, and our biceps. We had our modern ideals—the Chartist peer, the lord-loving democrat, the squire-priest; yet we felt ourselves far removed from Young England, and thought scorn of the stucco mediævalism of *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. Viewed from our less chivalrous elder days, the enthusiasm of that time seems somewhat of an enthusi-

asm prepense and self-conscious; and yet it had a use and gallantry of its own. Charles Kingsley assuredly did not solve with a few hearty words the riddle of the Sphinx. He had not perhaps a single capital thought for his own age, but he brought that which is perennially fresh and inspiring—a vivid and kindling personality. Here was a human being alive at many points, with senses singularly keen, a kind of enthusiasm in the very blood, intellect quick and stirring, imagination not winged but swift of foot as a racer, a generous temper, a hand prompt in deeds of public good, and at the back of temperament a character which grew more close-knit as time went on. His teaching breathed courage, purity, love. His words rang bright and clear in the morning air. It was much to proclaim in a *sæculum realisticum*, that the world is sacred for those whose purpose is high. It was not useless amid a Catholic reaction and a mediæval revival to vindicate the rights of the natural man, to present ideals of a life more true to the time, more courageous and robust than that of the modern mediævalist, and to do honor to a great epoch of our national history which an attempt was made to discredit as Protestant and worldly. It was well to rouse public spirit and to set forth our duties to the toilers in great cities, even though the public spirit may have been somewhat headlong in its career. In any picture of the midmost years of the nineteenth century, the figure of Kingsley must attract attention among the high lights of the picture. With justice he was described by Mill as "a man who is himself one

* I make use of some portions of a review of the *Eversley Edition of Charles Kingsley's Novels*, contributed by me to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 26, 1881.

of the good influences of the age." *Alton Locke* has a social and a religious, but hardly a political purpose. The duty of the Church, as Kingsley conceived, was to serve and save the souls and bodies of men, not to advance the interests of a party in the state or of an individual man. When we read in the preface to *Coningsby* that the Church is "a sacred corporation for the promulgation and maintenance in Europe of certain Asian principles," we cannot but entertain a shrewd suspicion that one of the Asian principles was the sacred mission of the New Toryism, as led by a certain brilliant and mysterious son of Shem. It was a strange eddy of thought and feeling that caught Young England into its advancing whirl—a composition of forces resulting from the meeting of the democratic movement, the mediæval revival, the romantic movement, and some of the traditions of Toryism. As a rebuke to the materialistic temper of the middle classes, as a protest against low utilitarian views, as an exposition of the misery and seething discontent of the toiling masses, as an announcement to the English aristocrat that a new and better rôle was open to him than that of a Whig oligarch of the Venetian party, *Coningsby* and *Sybil* were enlightening and effective; at the least they raised questions and provoked thought. For those who would study the workings of an extraordinary mind they must always possess a singular interest. But a political manifesto in three volumes is not a work of art, and when we come close to *Sidonia* and *Sybil* it is masks, not faces, that we see.

What light or strength have the

poets of the Victorian half-century brought to serve us in our need? How are the thought and passion of the time embodied in their verse? One, who for intellectual power—no unimportant gift to a poet—may rank first, or almost first, among the poets of the period, Henry Taylor, occupied himself with the permanent and universal sources and elements of poetry, and rarely touched on ideas or emotions peculiar to his own day. Serving our country as one of her most steadfast and high-minded public servants, he gave the prose side of his mind to his official work, and reserved its poetical side for dramatic history more on a level with Elizabethan work than any produced in England since the Elizabethan age, and for romantic comedy which might take its place by the side of any comedy written between 1600 and 1640 by any other hand than that of Shakespeare. Questions of metaphysics, questions of theology, had no natural attraction for Henry Taylor's intellect, and thus he was little afflicted by some of the most distracting troubles of our time; but he had an inexhaustible interest in human character, and he gathered from action, observation, meditation, suffering, and delight a fund of moral wisdom which had in it nothing merely abstract, theoretical, or doctrinaire, and which was all available for the purposes of his art. Or rather, having observed and generalized, he threw back into the concrete the general conclusions obtained, with additions and improvements from the fancy. It is impossible, perhaps, that such work should in any age be as popular as work which appeals to the peculiar tastes and feelings of the age, but it is

equally impossible that it should ever decline in worth or estimation beyond the high level once attained. *Philip van Artevelde* and *The Virgin Widow* will certainly interest lovers of dramatic poetry two hundred years hence no less than they interest lovers of dramatic poetry to-day, for they are wrought out of the enduring stuff of human character, out of the ever-enduring labor and sorrow and joy of the life of man.

If a *plebiscite* were to pronounce to-day on the question, "Who is the representative poet of the Victorian period?" it is possible that the votes might go in favor of Mr. Browning. Yet the fact is as certain as any fact can be—as certain as that Millais and not Watts, or Leighton, or Burne Jones will be looked on as our representative painter—that Tennyson will remain the singer of the age. It is not the poet who brings the gift most needed by his own time who represents that time best; such a poet may be rejected by the age as an alien. It is he (to use the metaphor applied to another purpose by Mr. Gladstone) who gives back to his contemporaries as a river that which he has received from them as vapor. In the earlier years of the present century Byron and Shelley had carried on the impulse of the French Revolution; and in a period of reaction—the period of the White Terror, of the Holy Alliance, of Eldon, and Castlereagh, and Sidmouth—they had advanced the claims of nations and individuals to freedom:—

"Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind."

The principle of order had found

a noble exponent in Wordsworth. When the struggle for parliamentary reform was ended in 1832, it seemed as if for our own country the principles of freedom and of order were reconciled and might march onward with hand clasped in hand; and because freedom and order were at length conjoined in amity, a steadfast progress of society was assured. Science was daily achieving conquests for humanity; commerce was wresting new realms from barbarism; and should not Poetry gaze into the future, the light of hope within her eyes? It is the conception of a majestic order at one with freedom, and of human progress as resulting from these, which inspires the earlier poetry of Tennyson. King Arthur may fall in battle and disappear from men's sight, the whole Round Table may be dissolved. Shall we therefore despair or lament with intemperate grief? No: "the old order changeth, giving place to new." Is the heart sore with some individual loss or grief? Let us not look back. The distance beacons, and not in vain.

"Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change."

Only let the men of England see to it that this movement of advance, as far as they are concerned, be untroubled by violence and "school-boy heat" and "blind hysterics;" rather let it be such ordered progress as befits—

"A land of settled government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

For order and freedom must henceforth be inseparably united.

The poet's sympathy with science is ardent in an age when science "reaches forth her arms to feel from world to world;" and yet once or twice his spirit is vexed by doubts as to the possibility of reconciling scientific observations with his spiritual faiths and hopes. Happily as yet science had not grown the remorseless antagonist of faith, undermining by her reasonings the very conscience and the religious sentiment; therefore it suffices that the heart, in Tennyson's poem, should stand up as the champion of the soul:—

"A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

Largely viewed, science cannot but minister to human welfare if only its freedom be in harmony with spiritual order:—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

The "crowning race," as conceived by Tennyson, is one that shall look, eye to eye, on knowledge; holding the earth under command, reading nature like an open book; possessing majestic order in a system of vast federations which shall bind nation to nation in peace, and having a reverent faith in—

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

Tennyson's feelings kept pace with those of his generation; and in 1855, after the days of the Chartist upheaval, after Carlyle's vehement indictment of the *status quo*, and those meager results which followed the generous efforts of Christian Socialists to serve the suffering poor,

his tone grows troubled. Assigning in *Maud* the exaggerated denunciation of social wrongs to a speaker of morbid temperament, Tennyson expressed through the hero of his monodrama fears and doubts which assailed his own heart and the hearts of many thoughtful men. He, who had dreamed of peace and a federation of races, finds in the battle ardors of a righteous war deliverance from the selfishness and supineness of spirit which had made social life no better than an internecine strife during days that were styled days of peace.

In 1886 the tone grows yet more troubled. Again the dramatic device is adopted, and it would be unjust to regard every utterance of the speaker in the second *Locksley Hall* as expressing a conviction of the writer. But the volume which contains this poem, and presents in the character of Philip Edgar an example of the havoc wrought in young spirits by egoism finding its warrant in a philosophy falsely so called, cannot be viewed as other than an indictment of the times. And assuredly the poet's apprehension that in our own days the course of time may have swerved, "crooked and turned upon itself" in a "backward-streaming curve," is an apprehension shared by many thoughtful minds. The writer of the second *Locksley Hall* has again given back as a river that which he received from men about him as a vapor—the fears of faith in presence of a godless science, the social fears in presence of a revolution inspired by selfish greeds, the fears of art in presence of a base naturalism which only recognizes the beast in man.

But we have as yet noted only

one-half of Tennyson's gift to his time. A distinguished living critic has spoken of the renaissance of the spirit of wonder and romance in poetry and art, which began in the last century with *Ossian* and Chatterton and Percy's *Reliques*, as one of the most important events in the history of English poetry since the days of Addison and Pope. To that renaissance of wonder the poetry of Tennyson has contributed in no slight degree. While we read his verse we are now in the heart of our nineteenth century, aware of all the hopes and fears and doubts of this our day, and now we are alone in some world of old romance, or gaze forth from some—

"Magic casement, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

The Lady of Shalott, *Sir Galahad*, *St. Agnes*, *Oranna*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Morte d'Arthur*, are poems belonging to that movement in literature and art which Mr. Theodore Watts has described as the Renaissance of Wonder. The sense of romantic aloofness from our present place and time is perhaps enhanced by the fact that in Tennyson's poetry we never become naturalized citizens of that far country, but pass in and out of the region of romance, never dwelling in it so long or so exclusively as to receive its marvels with the welcome of familiarity or that tranquil expectation with which one looks for the next apparition of wonder in a dream.

To have felt the growing difficulties of faith, and the increasing intellectual anarchy in the years between 1832 and 1851, one must have been born some years later than Tennyson and have known Oxford

in those days when, as Mr. Froude writes, the creeds or no-creeds were whirling young spirits about like leaves in an autumn storm. It is this whirl which we feel in the poetry of Clough, and yet amid the whirl we become aware of the steadfastness of a nature, sorely perplexed indeed, and driven hither and thither, yet of unwavering moral integrity. No doctrine offered for his acceptance seemed to give him a complete account of the facts of life; the dogmas of theology were the translations into the language of the intellect of religious instincts and aspirations, the reality of which he could not and would not deny; yet the ascertained truths of science seemed to render the acceptance of theological dogma impossible. Perhaps a future reconciliation of these conflicting aspects of truth might be hoped for; meanwhile it was the duty of a man who would not practice a fraud on his own intellect to hold himself unattached to positive creeds, whether theological or scientific; it was a duty to wait for further light. Let us, said Clough, attend the clouded hill, and expect the voice of him who entered into the cloud. Perhaps he will descend the mount with sacred light shining from his countenance, bearing the tables of the new law; meanwhile let us not turn back to Egypt, nor dance at the bidding of the priest around a Golden Calf. This mood of waiting for further light, this attitude of expectant attention, would become with many natures a source of moral weakness, and might give a dangerous vantage-ground to temptations of egoism and faithless self-indulgence. Clough maintained his attitude strenuously and with a certain self-

denial under the strictest sense of duty. He demonstrated that such an attitude of expectant attention is inconsistent neither with a wholesome practical activity nor with a profoundly religious spirit. There is a sanative virtue in his writings which proceeds from moral steadfastness, and a virile temper that refuses mere spiritual comfort and luxury, a pillow of faith for the weary head, an opiate of pious sentiment to lull and cloud the brain.

Clough's college friend, who has lamented his loss in the one pastoral elegy in our language which approaches *Lycidas* in beauty, suffered more deeply than Clough from *la maladie du siècle*. Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry in great part is an exquisitely delicate and lucid record of the trial of a spirit divided against itself. Clough's nature, however it may appear otherwise to superficial observers, was not a divided nature; it was whole and sound, although perplexed by irreconcilable aspects of truth. His will was not diseased; it was prompt to act upon any authoritative summons of duty, should such summons make itself audible. Mr. Arnold's gifts as a poet were incomparably rarer and finer, but it was more difficult for him to live steadfastly his true life, the life poetic, since in him the will itself had been attacked by the malady of the age. His various sympathies perplex and entangle him (I speak of the poet of past days, not of the prose-writer of the present); he yields on this side and recovers himself, yields on that side and recovers himself, and loses by each yielding some of the strength of his soul. He would fain simplify his life by submitting to one dominant set of

motives, but he cannot. He admires the trenchant force of will of a hardy nature, but he does not see how this can be conjoined with what is dearer to him—gentleness, tenderness, love. He longs for the release from isolation and self-consciousness which passion and true fellowship with another human spirit bring, but he cannot quite attain this and relapses, confessing that love is subject to change, and that each of us must dwell alone. He is swayed by emotions too powerful for him, and to Mr. Arnold, as revealed in his poems, deep feeling, instead of bringing a rapturous calm or a resolved energy of will, brings restlessness and fever. He would fain possess his soul, and would be willing to embrace a cold and barren quietism, for sake of the calm that accompanies it; but knowledge, and beauty, and culture solicit him with promises too delightful to be disregarded. To know that there are things higher, nobler, more enduring than himself fortified the soul of Clough, and delivered it from egoistic solicitude. To Mr. Arnold the contrast between the feverish life and barren toil of man and the serene beauty and large sure operancy of nature becomes at times a reproach and almost a despair. A wholesome physical enjoyment of open air and the good things of sky, mountain, and stream, with quickened pulsation of the blood and a heightened sense of living, is characteristic of Clough's relations with external nature. Mr. Arnold feels with infinitely greater delicacy, but with less sanity. He turns to Nature for deliverance from the excitement of his own restless feelings, and he sinks into her calms and

mild depths, and is for a little time at rest; then a touch, a thought, a nameless nothing, and the trouble of heart and brain begins anew. The dreaming garden-trees, the full moon, and the white evening star, the dewy dark obscurity down at the far horizon's rim, the untroubled and unpassionate spaces of the sky, the soft sea breaking at his feet, the lovely mountain line, the gracious solitude of the hills at dawn, the dimness of the Alpine pine-wood, all in nature that consoles and soothes rather than what summons or impels, is that to which Mr. Arnold loves to abandon sense and spirit. Having gained a brief season of refreshment, he again takes up uneasily his burden of a feverish heart and divided will, and endeavors to pursue his way with stoical calm, or at the lowest, with a pathetic resignation. It is no common spirit which can thus feel and delicately mirror for us the malady of the century. Could he but lose sight of the ideal, his suffering were at an end. But it is a virtue of Mr. Arnold's poetry that the flying perfect is never out of view; he falters in the pursuit, but the pursuit is never wholly abandoned.

What is here said has reference to Mr. Arnold as he stands confessed to us in his earlier volumes of verse. In his prose writings there was discernible an intellectual *hauteur* which contrasted with the uneasiness and moral incertitude of his versified moods, and which implied that a dogmatist stood erect under the shifting sensitiveness of the poet. A dogmatist—for Mr. Arnold is not merely a critic who interprets the minds of other men through his sensitiveness and his sympathies; he

delivers with authority the conclusions of his intellect; he formulates ideas. A thoughtful observer might have predicted long since that the poet—the shy, refined, elder brother in Mr. Arnold's twofold nature—would have withdrawn, saddened and unnerved, while the stirring, effective, and happier younger brother, the critic, came forward and played a brilliant part in the world. But these elder brothers are dear to us by virtue of the very qualities that lead them to the shade. We are grateful for all the quickening ideas, all the happy phrases, with which the younger brother has provoked the slow-moving mind of our country: "sweetness and light," "Hebraism," "Hellenism," "the barbarian," "the note of provinciality," "sweet reasonableness," "a magnified non-natural man;" we rejoice that each barb of thought has pierced and rankled. Yet our heart reverts fondly to the elder brother, the vanished poet. Escaping from his languors and fevers and sick fatigues, did he join himself to some tribe of roving gypsies? Shall we catch sight of him above Godstow Bridge at noon some day in haytime, or at early morning, or when the stars come out, wandering in some solitude of the Cumner hills? or under the stars espy the form of the fugitive singer punting across the Thames at Bablock-hithe;

"And leaning backward in a pensive dream
And fostering in his lap a heap of flowers,
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wych-
wood bowers,
And his eyes resting on the moonlit
stream."

If Mr. Arnold is the poet of our times who as poet could least resist *la maladie du siècle* in its subtler forms,

he whose energy of heart and soul most absolutely rejects and repels its influence is Mr. Browning. To him this world appears to be a palaestra in which we are trained and tested for other lives to come; it is a gymnasium for athletes. Action, passion, knowledge, beauty, science, art—these are names of some of the means and instruments of our training and education. The vice of vices, according to his ethical creed, is languor of heart, lethargy or faintness of spirit, with the dimness of vision and feebleness of hand attending such moral enervation. Which of us does not suffer now and again from a touch of spiritual paralysis? Mr. Browning's poetry, to describe it in a word, is a galvanic battery for the use of spiritual paralytics. At first the shock and the tingling frightened patients away; now they crowd to the physician and celebrate the cure. Which of us does not need at times that virtue should pass into him from a stronger human soul? To touch the singing robes of the author of *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and *Prospice* and *The Grammarian's Funeral*, is to feel an influx of new strength. We gain from Mr. Browning, each in his degree, some of that moral ardor and spiritual faith and vigor of human sympathy which make interesting to him all the commonplace, confused, and ugly portions of life, those portions of life which, grating too harshly on Mr. Matthew Arnold's sensitiveness, disturb his self-possession and trouble his lucidity, causing him often, in his verse, to turn away from this vulgar, distracting world to quietism and solitude, or a refined self-culture that lacks the most masculine qualities of discipline.

To preserve those spiritual truths which are most precious to him Mr. Browning does not retreat, like the singer of *In Memoriam*, into the citadel of the heart; rather, an armed combatant, he makes a sortie into the world of worldlings and unbelievers, and from among errors and falsehoods and basenesses and crimes, he captures new truths for the soul. It is not in calm meditation or a mystical quiet that the clearest preception of divine things comes to him; it is rather through the struggle of the will through the strife of passion, and as much through foiled desire and defeated endeavor as through attainment and success. For asceticism, in the sense of that word which signifies a maiming and marring of our complete humanity, Mr. Browning's doctrine of life leaves no place; but if asceticism mean heroic exercise, the *askesis* of the athlete, the whole of human existence, as he conceives, is designed as a school of strenuous and joyous asceticism. "Our human impulses toward knowledge, toward beauty, toward love," it has been well said, "are revered by him as the signs and tokens of a world not included in that which meets the senses." Therefore, he must needs welcome the whole fullness of earthly beauty, as in itself good, but chiefly precious because it is a pledge and promise of beauty not partial and earthly, but in its heavenly plenitude. And how dare he seek to narrow or enfeeble the affections, when in all their errors and their never-satisfied aspirations, he discovers evidence of an infinite love, from which they proceed and toward which they tend? Nor would he stifle any high ambition, for it is a wing to the spirit

lifting man toward heights of knowledge or passion or power which rise unseen beyond the things of sense, heights on which man hereafter may attain the true fulfillment of his destiny.

If we were to try to express in one word the special virtue of the work of the ardent poetess who stood and sang by Mr. Browning's side, that word could be no other than *love*. It was her part to show how the ideality of poetry does not lead the singer away from humanity, but rather bids him enter into the inmost chambers of love and tender desire. The poems of Mrs. Browning which we remember with gratitude are not those that were derived from her learned studies, nor those which show her ineffectually straining after a vague sublimity of thought, but those that come to us straight from "the red-ripe of the heart." *The Cry of the Children*, *Cowper's Grave*, *Little Mattie*, and others akin to these are dearer to us than any songs of any seraphim or rhapsodies of life's progress. And what is *Casa Guidi Windows* but a woman's love-making with a nation? And what is *Aurora Leigh* but a romance with a purpose, the purpose being to show that what is most precious in art on the one hand, and on the other what is most precious in modern schemes for the regeneration or amelioration of society, must perish unless both art and social polity be based on the life of the affections—the common heart of man and woman? With some of the philosophizing of the poem we can well dispense, and we would give it all for the picture of Marian Erle's boy, "the yearling creature, warm and moist with life to the

bottom of his dimples," as he lies upon the bed:—

"The pretty baby-mouth
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked,
The little naked feet, drawn up the way
Of nested birdlings; everything so soft
And tender,—to the tiny holdfast hands,
Which closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of 't."

The violin's fullness and the violin's intensity are in the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and no note is falsely touched, for the music here has no other meaning to express than that of perfect love.

But how shall the heart bear itself in presence of the conclusions of modern science, which seem to desolate it and rob it of its most cherished hopes? What new heroism of the heart is possible in these our days, by which it may confront the truth and still live nobly, even if sadly? It was a woman who attempted to resolve these questions for herself and us by the aid of imaginative genius. With her active truthfulness of intellect and her passionate desire to make her life square with facts, George Eliot sought for knowledge from every side, endeavoring to appropriate and assimilate it for the highest uses. But conscience, the moral element, was supreme in her nature, and drew all things toward itself. And second only to conscience stood those deep and tender affections which bound her to her fellows. The scientific acquisitions and ideas of our time, therefore, interested her profoundly, and she instantly turned over these acquisitions and ideas to study their ethical side and their bearings on the affections; to ascertain how they stand related, first to character and conduct, and secondly

to love and joy. The result at which George Eliot arrives is fortifying, not gladdening. Joy, she tells us, is not possible—at least in this present time—to one who would seek it as a personal possession; or, if possible, it is so only through some inadequacy of nature, some narrowness or shallowness of heart, which renders it inaccessible to the great sorrow of the world. The higher nature must accept the higher rule; only by self-renouncement can such an one attain that heroic strength or that grave and sweet composure which must stand in the place of joy. The motive of this self-renouncement can henceforth be no hope of any "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" from any supernatural lord or master, but only the desire to serve the actual men and women who surround us, and those who shall follow us and them upon this earth. George Eliot could not be content to shape her character and conduct by mere guess, conjecture, or probability. The hesitancy of endless questioning and re-questioning was intolerable to her; she loved to bring intellectual and moral conflict to an issue, so that division of nature might cease, and victory, even though a stern and sorrowful victory, might declare itself on this side or on that.

The influence—one might perhaps say the tyranny—of scientific ideas apparent in George Eliot's artistic work becomes even more strikingly apparent if we place it side by side with the work of Charlotte Brontë, in which the heart and conscience of a woman of genius, who wrote direct from her own heart and brain, are so vividly presented. The moral import of Charlotte Brontë's work,

I have elsewhere written,* was that the mutual passionate love of one man and one woman is sacred, and creates a center of highest life, energy, and joy in the world—the world from whose favor, indifference, or antagonism, those secluded and isolated by love are now forever free. The relations of man and woman as thus conceived are of the purest personal kind. The moral import of George Eliot's work is that all individual personal relations grow out of and belong to large impersonal social forces, and that in all joy of individual passion there lurks the danger of an egoism blind and cruel. And while Charlotte Brontë, who would glorify passion, delighted in the gradual approach, through external obstacles, of two persons framed each for the bliss and perfecting of the other, George Eliot, who is interested in the tests which sacrifice, self-surrender, duty apply to the heart, delights in bringing into relation two persons who are spiritually unlike and unequal, of whom one must be the giver the other the receiver, or even the one a redeemer and the other a destroyer. Two human creatures framed for love and joy, starved for lack of both and then warmed and fed each by the other until life becomes ecstasy—this is what Charlotte Brontë so vividly imagined. George Eliot studies the tragic parting between a full and joyous nature and all its joy, save only the stern joy of dutiful renouncement.

If we were to seek for the purest expression in lyrical poetry of the same lofty ethics of self renouncement

* In a review of Mr. Swinburne's "A Note on Charlotte Brontë" *The Academy*, September 8, 1877.

which George Eliot has embodied in prose fiction, we should find it in a poem by a writer whose genius and moral temper are wholly unlike the genius and moral temper of George Eliot—in Mr. Swinburne's stanzas of high intention, entitled *The Pilgrims*. Singing "sadly at once and gladly," the pilgrims pass by, and are questioned as they pass: Who is their lady of love? Is she a queen, having great gifts to give? Do they not repent the devotion of their lives to one who is seen only by faith—the crowned humanity of some future age—while the sign and sentence of mortal sorrow is written on their brows? What shall be their reward? Even their fellows, for whose sake they have renounced joy and peace and rest, will forget them:—

"And these men shall forget you. Yea,
but we
Shall be a part of the earth and the ancient
sea,
And heaven-high air august, and awful
fire,
And all things good; and no man's heart
shall beat
But somewhat in it of our blood once shed
Shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the
dead
Blood of men slain, and the old same life's
desire
Plants in their fiery footsteps our fresh
feet."

Impatient of the narrow range of human passions which our modern idyllic poetry expresses, and of the limitation of its feeling for the glories and terrors of the forces of external nature, Mr. Swinburne took at first perhaps an ill way of effecting a legitimate purpose. Having exhibited the beast in humanity, its organs of pleasure and of torment, the man-leopard, the woman-serpent,

he looked upward and discovered the god in humanity, the redeeming ardor of the patriot-martyr, the divine self-sacrifice of perfect love in womanhood. Over against the figure of Mary Stuart, wrecker and ruiner of hearts, stands the figure of the girl-redeemer, Chthonia, so spotless in flesh, so strong in spirit. With his lyrical temperament Mr. Swinburne sings both the shame and the splendor of our manhood in their extremes, and in considering the ethical tendency of his work no one portion of it must be viewed in isolation from the rest. But to judge of any artistic work merely by its ethical tendency is to judge unjustly, and the injustice is extreme in the case of Mr. Swinburne. He has widened the bound of song; he has created a new music in English verse; he has enlarged the instrument of expression. The sun, and the wind, and the sea, have spoken to us through his verse. Mr. Swinburne's poetry liberates and dilates the imagination in its dealings with external nature; and in the mythology of his imagination the powers of nature are nobly conceived in their strangeness and their beauty, as part monster, part human, part divine. A thinker, in the strict sense of the word, Mr. Swinburne is not, except on topics connected with art and literature. He has caught up with lyrical enthusiasm those ideas of the present time that make the loudest promises on behalf of freedom, and he has animated them with his own ardor and colored them with the hues of his imagination. If he utters not a little of what Mr. Maurice, speaking of Carlyle, termed "wild Pantheistic rant," it is right to remember that Mr. Swinburne

pays special homage to the moral powers of the universal soul of which he sings, and that he recognizes its highest manifestation in the acts of highest human virtue. As to a future life for the individual soul, he will neither affirm nor deny.

"Shadows, would we question darkness?

Ere our eyes and brows be fanned
Round with airs of twilight, washed with
dews from sleep's eternal stream,
Would we know sleep's guarded secret?
Ere the fire consume the brand
Would we know if yet its ashes may re-
quicken?"

Yet were the life of a man no more than the flash of a foam bow on the advancing wave, it were worth living for the sake of its brightness, its beauty, its leap toward heaven and free air.

"All a flower and all a fire and all flung
heavenward, who shall say
Such a flash of life were worthless? This is
worth a world of care—
Light that leaps and runs and revels through
the springing flames of spray."

Many critics have commented on the sensual fervors of Mr. Swinburne's earlier poems; it remains for some critic to bring to clearer view the spirituality of his later songs, and to demonstrate that the poet of freedom is indeed at heart a poet of order. Mr. Swinburne indulges in a contemptuous reference to the cheap science of George Eliot. Her effort to adjust deliberately and carefully her feelings to ascertained truths, is a process which one of Mr. Swinburne's lyrical temper cannot perhaps even conceive aright.

"Superstitious in grain, and anti-scientific to the marrow" are the terms in which his brother characterizes Dante Gabriel Rossetti. And not only was the science of our modern

days alien to Rossetti's genius; he was equally out of sympathy with the industrial movement and the mechanical progress of our time. It was the peculiar character of his imagination which held him aloof, rather than any doctrinaire views or ethical theories. Mr. Theodore Watts, who describes the movement in poetry and art which commenced in the eighteenth century with the ballad revival, the poems of Chatterton and Macpherson's *Ossian*, as the Renaissance of Wonder, justly assigns a chief place to Dante Rossetti in the later history of this movement. Secluded from the stir and turmoil of the market and the street, unvexed by the clang of hammer and the din of machinery, caring not a jot for origin of species, descent of man, evolution, heredity, struggle for existence, and such-like terrors of the new law, he lived in a haunted land of beauty and of subtle passion.

"There the elf-girls flood with wings
Valleys full of plaintive air;
There breathe perfumes; there in rings
Whirl the foam-bewildered springs;
Siren there
Winds her dizzy hair and sings."

It was just a year before the Hyde Park Exhibition displayed to all nations its nineteenth-century wonders of glass and iron, that the short-lived periodical *The Germ*, in which appeared Rossetti's *The Blessed Damsel*, and his allegoric narrative *Hand and Soul*, ran its course. The naughty world would not buy *The Germ*, and mocked at the art of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood; yet as years went on a kind of occult fame gathered about the name of the great painter and poet. Not a little of the special attraction of his

work for the present time lies in its remoteness from all those contemporary influences which make up a great part of the environment of each of us. We enter the dreamer's magic shallop with its prow of carven moonstone and are wafted to the strand of an enchanted island; all around us is exact and definite as if we saw it with a painter's eye, yet all is steeped in magic and mystery. Is it a world of sense or of spirit? Of neither alone, but of that "spirit in sense" which the early poets of Italy, and chief among them Dante, revealed in their verse. A higher gift is bestowed by the poet who discovers to us the actual world in new and deeper meanings, radiant, wonderful, apparelled in the glory and the freshness of a dream that can be given by him who leads us into a shadowy world of old romance and mystical passion. This higher Renaissance of Wonder was the gift of Wordsworth's noblest poetry. But the Renaissance of Wonder through romance is precious also, widening as it does in its own peculiar way the realm of the spirit; and in rendering such service to the imagination *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan* can hardly take a higher place than Rossetti's ballads of *The King's Tragedy* and *Sister Helen*. Rossetti escaped from reality to romance, yet at a serious cost; and the life which should have been so full and joyous to the end was saddened and turned awry. He escaped through his imagination from a world of turmoil and dust, of strife and greed, of commerce and manufacture, of vulgar art and conquering science; he escaped, for there was little in him of the passion of the reformer to overcome his repugnance, and bid

him stand fast and do battle with the world.

Mr. William Morris, as seen in his earliest volume of poems—a volume full of beauty and strangeness—might appear to have much in common with Rossetti. Romantic beauty and chivalrous passion and tragic-picturesque situations attract him, and where can he find these in our work-a-day world? Miles and Giles and Isabeau, Constance *fille de fay*, and fair Ellayne le Violet, are infinitely more pleasing company than Thomson and Johnson and Jones. The blue closet, the little tower, the ancient walled garden "in the happy poplar land," are far more delectable places for a lover of romance than the fields and streets of our nineteenth century. In *The Earthly Paradise*, though he may claim to be more than the idle singer of an empty day, and to lay ghosts, in truth the author lays no ghosts that haunt the hearts and brains of modern men. Nor is he in any but a superficial sense a disciple of Chaucer. The ride to Canterbury on breezy April mornings to the sound of jingling bells or the miller's bagpipe, under the conduct of jovial Harry Bailly, and in company with a parson who wrought and taught Christ's doctrine, and a plowman inspired with the hearty benevolence of a Hercules, is all unlike the foiled search for an earthly paradise by weary wanderers. In that soft western land to which they have come without purpose or design, the disappointed questers, now grown old, exchange their northern stories with the old men of the city for stories of Greece. And month blooms and fades into month, and season into season, and at last death comes and

makes an end alike of joy and sorrow. An unheroic melancholy, a barren autumnal sadness, broods over the whole poem. The flame of passion and endeavor rises up and sinks down again into coldness and ashes, and our eyes follow the brightness and dwell upon the gloom with a strange, enervating, æsthetic satisfaction. We come to hate death not knowing what it means, and to love life, though of it we know but little more; and the earth and heaven are but as a curtain hung around a narrow room in which play and laughter and weeping are heard; and last of all there is silence. Such poetry (and all the more because it comes from a spirit robust and vigorous in its sympathy with human passion), is in truth the poetry of despair.

But since *The Earthly Paradise* was first imagined Mr. Morris has found a faith. His heartiness of nature would not permit the passion of the reformer to remain dormant within him; his quarrel with the present time is acute; he still dreams indeed of an earthly paradise, but now he sees it afar off in the Socialist millennium. Though we get from Mr. Morris no original verse comparable with that of his earlier volumes, and though we may doubt of his millennium, we cannot but rejoice that he has quitted that strange dreamy western land, and stands a singer of hope in the streets of London. At least as a protest against the greeds and cruelties and unloveliness of the present there is a worth in lines which tell his dream of the future:—

“Then all *mine* and all *thine* shall be *ours*,
and no more shall any man crave

For riches that serve for nothing but to
fetter a friend for a slave
And what wealth then shall be left us
when none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market, and pinch
and pine the sold?
Nay, what save the lovely city, and the
little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;
And the homes of ancient stories, the
tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;
And the painter's hand of wonder and the
marvellous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music: all those
that do and know.”

Better, far better, *Chants for Socialists* with faith, however inadequate for the wants of the soul, and hope and charity, than the *Earthly Paradise* with all of life a melancholy dream.

Mr. Morris's teaching, in his character of a reformer, has something in common with that of a greater reformer who during forty years has been one of the chief influences of the age. To speak in a few words of the manifold lessons on art, and life, and national polity which Mr. Ruskin has given to his countrymen may appear less becoming than to be silent; but in truth the cardinal doctrine which runs through all his teaching can be stated in a line. It is that men—men and not the works of men, men and not materials, or machines, or gold, or even pictures, or statues, or public buildings—should be the prime objects of our care, and reverence, and love. Hence it is that, as a writer on art, he necessarily becomes a moralist, since he must needs inquire from what human faculties does this work of art arise, and to what human faculties does it appeal? Hence it is that in the

decline of architecture or painting he reads the degradation of national character. Hence it is that the life of the workman appears to him to be of higher importance than the quantity of work which he turns out. Hence it is that he has opposed himself to the orthodox political economy, now at last sufficiently discredited, with a sense that man, and the life and soul of man cannot be legitimately set aside while we consider apart from these the laws of wealth or of so-called utility. No other truth can be quite so important for our own age, or for any age, as the truth preached so unceasingly and so impressively by Mr. Ruskin.

I have named some of the fixed stars that shine in the firmament of our literature; but all of these have not been registered on my map;* and lesser lights are left unnamed, and clusters, and galaxies, and nebulae must remain disentangled and unresolved. I have spoken of eminent persons, because literature, as Cardinal Newman has said, "is essentially a personal work." And I have spoken of these persons less as masters of technique, each in his own province, than as seekers for truth, because it seems to me a distinction of the literature of the Victorian period that it is the literature of a time of spiritual trial, difficulty, and danger, and that its greatest representatives have been before all else seekers, in matters social, moral, and religious, for some coherent conception or doctrine of life which shall bring unity

* Among names omitted, perhaps the most important is that of the great novelist who is now entering into the same long since his due—Mr. George Meredith.

to our emotions and law and impulse to our will.

Were we to anticipate the future of literature, of what worth were a guess or a venture at unauthentic prophecy? Some shy schoolboy on whom we had not reckoned, some girl in an unknown nook of rural England, may one day upset our cunningest calculations; and our hope is that it may be so. Two great factors, however, in the future, may be reckoned on with certainty—science and democracy. Already scientific conceptions have had their influence on the creatures of imagination, and a great school of historical study, scientific, not in the vain pretension of possessing a complete theory of human development, but in its exact aims and patient habits, has arisen in England. Literature in the future must surely confront science in a friendly attitude, welcoming all the facts and all the new lights that science brings, while maintaining its own dignity and independence, and resisting the temptation to forsake its own methods and processes because they are other than the methods of science. All kinds of material should be welcome to the soul, if only the soul will preserve its own supremacy over the material which it uses. Having given ourselves away to observing and co-ordinating facts, having generalized from those facts, we must then recover our personal force and reassert ourselves as being, we ourselves, the first and last of all facts.

"A man must sit solidly at home," says Emerson when speaking of the true uses of history, "and not suffer himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater

than all the geography and all the government of the world." No, he need not sit solidly at home; he may go forth and converse with kings and the envoys of empires, and then dismiss them haughtily and re-enter with added wisdom and power into the empire of himself. It is possible, indeed, that the old arts and the old types of beauty may be unable to survive the influences of an age of science, commerce, democracy. Well, be it so; let us bid them a cheerful farewell, and confidently expect some new and as yet inconceivable manifestations of the spirit of order and beauty which can never become extinct while man remains man. And again says Emerson:—

"Beauty will not come at the call of a legislature, nor will it repeat in England or America its history in Greece. It will come, as always, unannounced, and spring up between the feet of brave and earnest men. It is in vain that we look for genius to reiterate its miracles in the old artist; it is its instinct to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, in the field and road side, in the shop and mill. Proceeding from a religious heart, it will raise to a divine use the railroad, the insurance office, the joint-stock company, our law, our primary assemblies, our commerce, the galvanic battery, the electric jar, the prism, and the chemist's retort, in which we seek now only an economical use. Is not the selfish and even cruel aspect which belongs to our great mechanical works—to mills, railways and machinery—the effect of the mercenary impulses which these works obey? . . . When science is learned in love, and its powers are wielded by love, they will appear the supplements and continuations of the material creation."

Here we may end in a spirit of good hope. Let literature accept all modern facts, and at the same time let it assert and reinforce the soul. From the meeting of new

truth and fuller and purer passion, what but some higher and unimagined forms of beauty must arise? Possibly no art of the schools, but a nobler art of life.—EDWARD DOWDEN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

A HOUSE OF REST.

I have always had a strong feeling—looking back, I may say a fellow-feeling, for our respectable poor: those who, well-born, fairly well-educated, with all the tastes and instincts of refinement, have been reduced, sometimes by their own fault, more often by the faults of their progenitors, not merely to earn their bread, for that is a wholesome and most desirable thing, but to earn it so hardly that existence becomes one long struggle—especially to women. For, in their case, the struggle is mostly a silent one. The clamorers are heard and helped. Our unrespectable poor, who have no longer any position to keep up; our criminal classes, whom it is so "interesting" to try and reform; and the multitudes of helpless ones, the old, the very young, the sick, can each and all find an institution on the watch to succor them. But those who are ashamed to beg, and too proud even to complain, determined to keep "respectable" through everything, just go working on—work till they drop. And this class is mainly composed of women. Because whatever used to be, there is no doubt that now a large proportion of our women never are, never can be, worked for. They must work for themselves, or starve. Often, they do both: and no one knows it, till they

"die and make no sign." For it is beginning to be generally recognized by philanthropists, that public charity often flows in the direction least needed and merited; because the deserving poor are almost always the silent poor.

Nothing but experience, or very close observation, can teach one to realize the position of a woman, usually a young woman—for such seldom reach old age—who day after day must put on decent clothes and a cheerful, or at any rate a calm face, and, sick or well, glad or sorry, go about her daily work, without intermission, or thought of intermission, knowing well that there is absolutely nothing but that work between her and hunger. The craving for rest, the terror of "breaking-down"—the natural youthful longing for a little pleasure, a little happiness, all have to be set aside. To the working-girl, shop-girl or needlewoman, it is work—work—work, forever, except for four days (bank holidays) and two weeks once a year; and very thankful, the world says, ought the girl to be, that she gets work to do at all.

Granted!—and yet—

My tenderly-reared and charming young lady, with your lessons and your play, your lawn-tennis, your dancing and your skating—pretty clothes to wear and smiling parents to come to the rescue, should your allowance run short—plenty of companions, and perhaps a lover in the distance; can you imagine what it is to rise up every morning and work till night? to live in close rooms and sleep in closer ones, thankful for any solitude: or else to inhabit a single room, and have nothing but your own dreary company from

morning till night? no family to amuse you, no parents to fly to for help? Or, equally sad, perhaps, not a soul whom *you* can help;—and, indeed, having enough to do to keep your own body and soul together, upon the proceeds of that continuous toil which makes your eyes ache and your senses swim? Do you, my lovely young friend, when you are trying on a new dress, ever turn for a minute and look at the face of the girl who tries it on? She is probably a very well-dressed and fine-looking girl, almost as much a lady in externals as you are yourself; but there is sometimes a look in her face which your mother would not like to see in yours. She wants *rest*—rest of body and mind; a little pause in the grinding of that terrible mill which grinds—not old people young, but young people old, preternaturally, cruelly old.

It may seem a harsh doctrine, but I believe the lowest class of the poor, long accustomed to live from hand to mouth, to feast to-day and starve to-morrow, to clamor incessantly for charity, and often to prefer it to work, do really suffer much less than the class above them. By a long course of hardening they have ceased to feel either the ugliness or the degradation of poverty; their physical as well as their moral perceptions are blunted; they are not nearly so much to be pitied as their helpers suppose. Yet for them help is seldom wanting. Workhouse treats, Ragged School feasts, teas for Midnight Refuges and suppers for thieves, Reformatories for young criminals, and Prisoners' Aid Societies for elder ones—this is as it should be. But may I say a word in behalf of a class who are neither

thieves, prostitutes, nor Ragged School scholars—who carry with them neither the interesting excitement of crime, nor the outward insignia of poverty: whom few ever hear of, and with whom fewer still ever sympathize?

My sympathy for them, and knowledge of them, came by mere chance. Years ago, at a large linen-draper's establishment where I had long dealt, I noticed a flower which one of the young women was wearing. "Oh, yes," she said, with a sigh, "it is very pretty;" adding, "we very seldom see either a flower or a garden." So, after thinking a little, I invited the young workwomen to spend a Saturday afternoon in mine. This little outing became an annual festivity, looked forward to by myself as much as by them; so pleasant on both sides that my only wonder was how, out of the hundreds of customers of the shop who had houses and gardens, within easy distance of London, no one else ever thought of giving a similar invitation. It would have cost very little money, and almost no trouble; for the mere sight and sound of country things and the delight of breathing country air, was to my guests entertainment enough. Nor would it have offended the most refined household, since the girls did not come out of Hoxton, and were neither *Melendas* nor *Lizzies*—not at all the type of workers whom Mr. Besant paints with such vivid colors in his *Children of Gibeon*—colors often supposed too terrible to be true; but they are true, of a lower class of girls.

Between women who earn their bread by their brains, such as authors, artists, governesses, etc., and

those who gain a living by manual labor—which, rightly or wrongly, is considered "menial"—there are many grades, extending from the well-paid West-End forewoman to the starving shirt-maker of the East-End. The upper ranks of this class, which becomes every year more numerous and more varied, are generally recruited from the class above it: professional men's daughters, who in the present justly high standard of female education cannot be governesses, and will not be servants. For the life of a dressmaker, milliner, or shop-girl seems to them free, independent; above all—what they most desire—not menial.

Therefore, at first with some surprise, I found among these my guests of successive years, girls who could play, sing, and dance fully as well as your average "young lady": girls who could admire pictures and look longingly at full book-shelves: who enjoyed birds and flowers, and had evidently all the refined tastes which sharpen the sting of poverty, and make harder still the burthen of perpetual work. They often told me that they looked forward to this half-day's holiday for months, and talked about it for months afterward. It was to them so much; while to me it gave the very smallest amount of thought and trouble. A dozen out of the hundreds of ladies who dealt at the shop—a large and well-known one—might have made the poor tired girls similarly happy once a month all the year round.

I name these facts, because it was through one of these, whose pale faces, infinitesimal appetites, and keen enjoyment of the simplest pleasures had so touched me year by year, that I came to know of a

"House of Rest," where she was spending her fortnight's holiday. She begged I might be written to about it, that I might make public to her hard-working sisters its many advantages.

It is unwise to take things on trust or at random, so I consulted an excellent woman from the neighborhood—Babbacombe, near Torquay, Devon—who had had a friend there for many weeks, at the end of which she (the friend) declared that the House of Rest was "like a little heaven below." So, being in the impartial position of knowing nothing whatever about the place, nor a soul connected with it, I determined to go down and look at it, and judge for myself.

It was "the first mild day of March," as Wordsworth writes, urging his sister to "put on with speed her woodland dress," as we all of us long to do—especially those who have been pent up all winter in towns, with snow and fog and leaden skies. Even I, who, thank heaven, live in the country, felt my heart dance, as the train whirled me through the rich Devon meadows between Exeter and Torquay, with the sun shining on hillside patches of lingering snow, and low-lying fields where the floods were still out. Birds were singing, wherever the train stopped at country stations, and here and there the tiniest of young lambs were tottering after their mothers. All was rest, and peace, and promise of spring—spring, which makes even the most conscientious worker long wildly for a holiday.

I had been rather hardworked too—enough to make one recall what holidays used to be when one was

young and could not get them—the insane craving for sunshine and fresh air, for green leaves and primroses. And as the country grew lovelier every minute, while the train dashed along, and the fine sea-coast of Dawlish and Teignmouth appeared in glimpses between tunnels, and through the open window came breaths of Devon air—which is to East Anglian air what cream is to double-skimmed milk—I could have fancied myself a London shop-girl, or telegraph clerk, or milliner's apprentice, taking my fortnight's holiday—fourteen days out of 365!—and imagined what bliss it would be to find a real House of Rest in this beautiful corner of England.

The day after, I went to see it. Not in sunshine, but pelting rain: which obliterated all the pretty road between Torquay and Babbacombe, and blotted out the charming view from the high point of land on which the house stands, just over Oddicombe Bay and sands. No matter. I could see inside the house—and the ladies who started it, who live close by, and overlook and guide everything. They are two Misses Skinner (I am obliged to be personal: and I believe most good works originate not in a committee, but in a *person*), sisters, of moderate independent fortune, which, like many excellent single women, they expend upon others rather than themselves. One hot July day, about ten years since, these ladies, standing at the door of a shop in Edgeware Road, London, and noticing the pale and wearied faces inside, said to one another, "I wish we could bring those poor girls down to our Babbacombe Beach!"

The wish was father not only to

the thought, but the deed. Within a year they had laid all their plans, collected enough subscriptions to take a cottage with six beds, a little parlor and kitchen, and were ready to receive six shop-girls to spend their autumn holiday. Waiting for these (the hostesses being as nervous as the guests, or more so) they saw the Torquay railway omnibus stop at the door, with five girls therein. They heard one say to the rest, "Stay here till I see what it's like," and then after a brief investigation, return. "You may get out. They're ladies—and the china's *thin*; so it isn't an Institution."

If it had been, these poor tired holiday-makers afterward declared, nothing would have induced them to enter it. They would have gone on and spent their small combined funds somewhere else, probably in ways far less advantageous and even reputable; for one can understand what a thronged seaside place in August is to a handful of young people who have been hard at work all the year—to whom, as one of them said to Miss Skinner, "It's nothing but bed and business—business and bed—all year long."

This little incident showed to the two benevolent ladies the lines upon which they must work, if they wished to do any good by their scheme. They must avoid the appearance of its being a charity-scheme, with patrons, committee, secretaries, etc. Nor was it wholly a charity; the class for which it was chiefly meant could afford to pay something—and twelve shillings a week was settled as the maximum of what they should pay. Those who came recommended by subscribers (for subscriptions, quite necessary, were sought and

found) were only asked five shillings a week; and some, who could pay nothing at all, were paid for—nobody being any the wiser. It was decided that to keep up the girls' self-respect and soothe their sensitive pride (and the Misses Skinner soon found out that their inmates had plenty of both these qualities) no guest should be told how much another guest paid.

So they started—scarcely as a family; that would have been an impossible fiction—but as a sort of family boarding-house for working-women of the better class. And here ensued a difficulty. They had to draw the line somewhere, and, after long consideration, they did it, with a firm hand: excluding governesses on the one side, and domestic servants on the other. For this some critical friends blamed them; but, for my part, I think the Misses Skinner were right. A governess—if what a governess ought to be—would have little sympathy in common with shop-girls and needle-women; and, though many an individual domestic servant is superior to many a dressmaker, still, while the world lasts, these class-prejudices will exist, and it is foolish needlessly to fight against them, for they are founded on the common-sense law that though liberty and fraternity exist, and ought to exist in all ranks, equality is impossible. It is not in the nature of things.

Another rule—and a most righteous one—these ladies made from the first in their House of Rest, without which it would have been unworthy of its name. Moral character they held to be indispensable, but as to religious faith no questions were asked. The girls were at lib-

erty to attend any place of worship they liked—or none. For, alas! it was soon discovered that many of them went to none. They were not heathens; but their week-day work was so incessant that they generally spent half the Sunday in bed and the other half in lolling about—at least those who were ignorant. But many were not ignorant, and these their hard and lonely life had often turned into unbelievers. The Misses Skinner gradually began to discover that among their inmates were some—very well-educated and thoughtful—who openly professed themselves Positivists, Agnostics, even Atheists—if there is such a thing as a real Atheist. To drive these poor outsiders into any regular pastoral fold would have been madness—to turn them out would have been cruelty. Therefore these two excellent Christian women decided that the wisest thing was to leave them alone: to have daily family prayers, which those could attend who chose, but to make no religious duties compulsory, and lead back these stray wanderers by the silent influence and example of a Christian household. Proselytizing in any form, either by the Christians or non-Christians, was absolutely forbidden.

Socially, the laws laid down were those of ordinary society—cultured society—for there were books, a piano, games; everybody was expected to appear in the parlor neatly dressed, and to conduct herself there with good manners. What lay underneath, in each individual, no other individual could tell; but a general sympathetic supervision—without obnoxious surveillance—was generally able soon to guess at, and act accordingly; for the Misses Skin-

ner have, though a gentle a very firm hand in holding the reins of government.

Thus they began, making as few rules as possible, but keeping steadily to those they did make. Their girls gathered about them. In 1880 they were able to take a house with fifteen beds instead of five; the year after twenty nine beds found continual occupants; and last year, 1886, the house—a good-sized ordinary residence near to their own—was so full that they required all summer to take twenty beds outside in Babbacombe village. Now, a still larger house close by has fallen empty, and, if their funds permit, instead of six they will be able to accommodate sixty girls, in time for the yearly holidays after the London season is over. July, August, and September are the months when these sort of workers come; but telegraph clerks, of whom there are many, have their holidays chiefly in the winter, so that the House of Rest is never empty.

“And now let us go across and see it,” said, after these explanations, the younger Miss Skinner, who chiefly does the talking and writing and book-keeping, while her sister, aided by a matron and two servants, attends to all the domestic affairs. These two ladies and a third volunteer—Miss Roberts, of Torquay, well-known as the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*—make up the entire committee; and any one who knows what committees are, especially ladies’ committees, will say “So best.”

Through a neat entrance-hall, adorned with plants, we passed to a drawing-room—really a drawing-room—with a piano, and books, and

engravings on the walls, and "pretty things" all scattered about; as pleasant a room as one could wish to sit in on a wet day. Its inmates, women of various ages, neatly dressed, and each busy about something or other, welcomed us with smiling courtesy.

"It is one of the rules of the house," Miss Skinner told me afterward, "that everybody should show to new-comers or accidental visitors the same politeness she would think necessary in a house of her own."

Some of these girls looked healthy and bright, others sickly and sad; but all were ready to talk and be pleasant. I noticed that they were all addressed as "*Miss So-and-so*," except when, as not seldom happened, one of the ladies called them "*dear*," at which their faces always brightened up. The sweet word was not thrown away—loving-kindness never is. How many a forlorn worker may have had her heart warmed and strengthened by the motherly tenderness found in this House of Rest!

Its interior and invisible arrangements were equal to the visible. The bedrooms when small had only one bed—at most two; but the larger ones were subdivided into four by the simple device of two iron bars crossing in the center, upon which curtains run—thus secluding safely each little bed, washstand, table, and box for clothes. Every room was painted a different color, and called thence "*the peacock room*," "*the blue room*," "*the pink room*." The earthenware was also varied and pretty; in short, every pains was taken to make the House of Rest as little as possible like a House of Detention or House of Correc-

tion, which many such practically are.

"Will you be surprised to learn," said Miss Skinner, with a smile, "that we not only allow, we actually encourage dancing, singing, and acting of charades? We give picnics on the sands, or send our girls boating, with a boatman we can trust. Nay, we even permit excursions up the Dart, and to many other of the lovely places hereabouts. Our guests generally club together and pay their own expenses; if they cannot, we sometimes pay. But not often; for there is in most of them, a stern, even fierce independence, equal to that of Mr. Besant's Melenda. The world has dealt so hardly with them that they have grown bitter. They cannot understand how anybody means to be kind to them—above all, why my sister and I should do so much for them, when we get nothing by it."

Is not this the very lesson that our democratic age requires—the personal help, the personal sympathy between rich and poor, which does more good than any amount of money? I inquired which class of female workers she considered the "best off," in all senses.

"Decidedly the telegraph and post-office clerks. They are better educated, to begin with, and more healthy, both because their work is healthier, and because the rooms they work in have, thanks to Mr. Fawcett, all sanitary appliances. His interest in them and his care over them ended but with his life. But with the West-End, and especially the East-End shopkeepers, it is very different. I could tell you things my girls have told me, that would wring your heart."

But she did not, and does not, tell—which accounts for the girls' confidence in her. Only by urging the usefulness of my purpose, for which an ounce of fact was worth a cart-load of fiction, did she give me, anonymously, some out of many data—notes made by herself at the time—proving that Mr. Besant has not overdrawn his picture, as so many are inclined to think. I set the cases down, unembellished and nameless:

"A——, Mantle-maker in a large establishment. Wages 9s. per week, latterly only 7s. 6d., work being slack. Pays 3s. 6d. for rooms, 1s. for coal, lamp-oil, and fire-wood, 9d. for washing, which leaves just 3s. 9d. for food and clothing. Lives mostly on bread and tea; carries bread-and-butter for her dinner to her place of business, as it takes her three hours to walk there and back. A kind forewoman paid for her coming to the House of Rest. She is a pretty, graceful girl of twenty. She said once, with a sigh, 'It is so hard to keep respectable!' One of the plush mantles she made was for the Princess of Wales, value £30. (Good heavens! if that sweet, gentle Princess, the mother of young daughters, had known this history when she put it on!)

"B—— is a bodice hand. After five years' experience earns 8s. a week. Says simply, 'Often I don't get quite enough to eat.' Has no parents; boards with a step-mother. Her sister earns only 6s. 6d. a week. They have hard work to get decent clothes; and the town they live in, a gay watering-place, makes it difficult to keep respectable.

"C—— was a girl strongly like *Melenda*, pale and fierce-looking. She had been long out of work with pleurisy and an injured limb. Lives mostly on tea. When quite well (if ever) she rises at 5.30 A.M., and goes to bed at midnight. She too is an orphan, alone in the world.

"D——, a mantle-cutter. Cloth so heavy to lift that she strained her back, result being acute neuralgia of the spine. She had an invalid sister to support, and her regular work only lasts through eight months of the year."

Ordinarily, neither sick people nor convalescents are taken at the House of Rest, which is meant for a holiday-house, to prevent illness, not cure it. But sometimes invalids come threatened with that almost universal scourge, consumption. "We all of us have something more or less wrong with our lungs," said one girl. And no wonder. In a house, which is one of the largest establishments in London, the work-room is only lighted by a skylight, bitterly cold in winter, "baking hot" in summer. Sixty women work in it, and it is warmed by one small stove. Another, a provincial work-room, where fifteen sit daily, has no means of fire at all. When cold, they light the gas, and there is no ventilation of any sort.

Case after case might be set down, with the girls' own simple words to illustrate it. "All trees, and birds singing, and *no people!*" exclaimed in delight one who had spent her life in the East-End of London, and never had a country holiday before. "In eleven months and a fortnight I will be back again," said another, "and I'll put by a penny a-week for going up the Dart." This girl, a bookbinder, with parents to keep, would after all have lost her holiday, for she spent all the money laid up for it over her sick father, had not a kind lady given her the sum required, and she came.

E—— and F—— were worse off than she. E—— had never had a holiday, except for three days, in her whole life, and seemed absolutely stupefied with work. F—— had stood in a shop for six years without rest, and had never seen the sea before. She was a girl with little or no education, yet had set her face

as a flint against much immorality that she saw around her in the said shop, and held to the right with a marvellous steadfastness.

This is the great terror haunting these poor girls, who as a class are "respectable" and desire to keep so. There are worse things before them than mere dying. Of the thousand women who in ten years have visited the House of Rest, and whose after career has been, as usual, silently watched by their friends there, many, only too many, have died; but only one has, to use the customary and most pathetic word, "fallen."

To keep them safe from falling, to give them innocent pleasures for guilty ones—young people must have pleasure, in some form or other—to offer them a higher ideal of life, wholesome interests, and cheerful companionships, which often ripen into beneficial friendships, is the aim of the Babbacombe House of Rest. It does not profess to cure the sick, or reclaim the wicked; it goes on the principle that "prevention is better than cure," and that to guide people into the right way is safer and more efficacious than to snatch them out of the wrong one. It is meant principally as a holiday-home, small enough to allow its promoters individual knowledge of the inmates. They find out what each likes best, and help her to it, so that she may go back to work strengthened and refreshed.

The more so, as this yearly holiday is to many girls their most dangerous time. Having saved up for it throughout the year, they are bent on enjoying it to the full while it lasts. They spend their money, often very recklessly; make acquaintances not always creditable; and this

brief taste of the life of enjoyment makes more intolerable than ever the life of work. They loathe it, and see ever before them the one ghastly means of escaping from it which the world offers to its starving surplus women. If the happy women, fulfilling their natural duties as wives and mothers, and the not unhappy single women, who have found their work and do it, and whose influence often radiates far wider than that of any married woman, would only try to help their sisters *before* they fall! There are many ways of doing this. First, by only dealing at shops where they know the employees are well treated, as in many cases they are. Out of London, and in the provinces, where the discomfort and disregard of all sanitary care is much worse than in the metropolis, there are still many admirable exceptions.

A second form of help is the very simple one I named at the beginning of this paper—that any lady who gives garden-parties should give just one a-year to guests who cannot return it, but who will enjoy it to an extent she can hardly imagine. And thirdly, that any other lady who is anxious to do good, but really does not know how to do it—since to go and live for three months at Hoxton, after the fashion of Mr. Besant's heroine, would only be possible in fiction—may assist others to do good by communicating with the Misses Skinner at Babbacombe.

I wish I could draw a picture of the House of Rest as I saw it next morning—a thorough spring morning—sitting on the cliff-top, with the sunshiny sea glittering at my feet, and the curve of coast, with its various *combes*, or valleys—Oddi-

combe, Watcombe, Maidencombe, Holcombe—visible almost to Portland, with the rich coloring for which Devonshire is famous, the dark red earth contrasting with the green vegetation. Then the delicious air, soft, yet bracing; for Babacombe is higher and fresher than Torquay, and healthy all the year round. I thought of the poor pale girls (both the well-to-do, who can pay for themselves, and those who cannot pay—though no one here knows which is which except the Misses Skinner) coming down from London work-rooms, bathing, boating (the sands lie just below), making day excursions; taking long walks through the lovely Devon lanes; having innocent, merry companionship among themselves—no strict rules, beyond those of an ordinary civilized household—no preaching, no proselyting—no attempt to “do their souls good,” except by placing before them the beauty of daily Christian life. And I felt glad and thankful to know that such things exist still, and that it is really possible for a small handful of good women to have started and kept up what is truly “a little heaven below,” in this bad and troublesome world.—DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK, in *Murray's Magazine*.

M. COQUELIN ON ACTORS AND ACTING.

It is some years since I had the privilege of recording in this *The Nineteenth Century* a few casual observations connected with the drama. They related chiefly to

characters in Shakespeare, and had no personal drift. My renewal of them now is suggested by the article which M. Coquelin has contributed to the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and by certain personal considerations which are an inevitable result when one player has undertaken to criticize his fellows. As a rule, this kind of review is much to be deprecated, for it is easy to conceive that, if every artist were to rush into print with his opinions of his compeers, there would be a disagreeable rise in the social temperature. Criticism is generally sufficient in the hands of the professors of the art; but when an actor takes up its functions for the enlightenment of other actors, and, with the freedom of M. Coquelin, invites comparisons and suggests parallels, he runs no little risk of a grave misapprehension of his purpose. I take it for granted, however, that in this instance the object of the writer is to lay down certain immutable principles of the actor's art.

I do not propose to follow M. Coquelin through the details of his thesis, which contains a comforting proportion of truisms. Nor is it necessary to devote much space to the initial difficulty—which, by the way, he only discovers at the end of his discourse—namely, the difference between English and French ideas of natural acting. This difference may be considerable enough, but it need not be made greater by hasty generalization. Even my insular training does not, I hope, disqualify me from an intelligent admiration of M. Coquelin's genuine accomplishments; nor does it, I venture to think, blunt my perception of the misdirected zeal with which he asso-

ciates the elements necessary to make up the art of what he calls true portraiture. In a word, I believe that he completely misses the vital essence of tragedy, and that his criticism is of the earth earthy.

It is hardly within the scope of this note that I should discuss with M. Coquelin as to how far the resources of a comedian may be suitable for tragic parts. There seems to be a deep-rooted conviction in his mind that the qualities which enable an actor to observe certain types of character, and to embody their salient features in a consistent whole, will invariably enable him to scale the heights of the poetic drama. But the most odd feature of this assumption is his labor to prove that an actor must give to each character a separate physiological maintenance, so that every fresh impersonation may begin the world with a new voice and a new body. That an artist, with an individuality so marked as M. Coquelin's, should imagine that his identity can be entirely lost seems singular. It must be granted that this art of transformation, even in part, is of great importance in that large range of the drama where M. Coquelin is quite at home, and where the purely mimetic faculty has its chief significance. When, however, we are asked to believe that the representation of a great tragic part depends on the simulation of a physical apparatus which the actor has not previously exhibited, we must seek refuge in a respectful incredulity. It would almost seem as if M. Coquelin, in the midst of his dissertation on the significance of a wrinkle, had lost sight of the fact that in tragedy and the poetic drama it is rather the

soul of the artist than his form which is moulded by the theme. Edmund Kean sometimes passed from one part to another with little more external variation than was suggested by a corked mustache; but the poetry, the intensity, the fiery passion of the man, made his acting the most real and vivid impersonation that his contemporaries had seen. M. Coquelin perhaps takes it for granted that the actress is exempt from the burden of change—the perpetual metamorphosis—to which he dooms the actor. If there be no such exemption, then the task of the artist who must vary her face and figure for Rosalind, Juliet, and Imogen is likely to become unpopular. What did Rachel owe to any transformation of physique? She, as M. Coquelin must be well aware, was the most trained actress of her time. She knew all that Samson could teach; she spared no elaboration of art; but all this experience and labor would have counted for little without the divine fire which made her so great. This electric quality is the rarest and the highest gift the actor can possess. It is a quality which, in varying degrees, distinguishes those who tread the highest walks in the drama, and which has given fame to-day to Salvini, Barnay, Booth, and Mounet-Sully.

When M. Coquelin maintains that an actor should never exhibit real emotion, he is treading old and disputed ground. It matters little whether the player shed tears or not, so long as he can make his audience shed them; but if tears can be summoned at his will and subject to his control, it is true art to utilize such a power, and happy is the actor whose sensibility has at once so great

a delicacy and discipline. In this respect the actor is like the orator. Eloquence is all the more moving when it is animated and directed by a fine and subtle sympathy which affects the speaker though it does not master him. It is futile to deny absolutely to the actor such impulses as touch the heart by the sudden appeal of passion or pathos. Kean was not a player who left anything to hazard, and yet he had inspired moments, which, perhaps, anyone holding M. Coquelin's views might ascribe to insanity. Diderot and Talma pointed out—and M. Coquelin repeats the lesson—that an actor has a dual consciousness—the inspiring and directing self, and the executive self. Yet, it was also Talma who remarked that an actor will often leave the stage at the end of a scene, trying to remember what he has done, instead of thinking what he has still to do. This, at all events, is idealism in art, and my complaint of M. Coquelin is that he seems to allow to idealism only a very small place in his philosophy.

Not the least striking illustration of this defect is his proposition that a hideous soul should have a hideous body, and that Mephistopheles should therefore be represented as an image of deformity. History and fiction alike rebel against such a dictum; for, if this critic be right, then the Borgias, Iago, Macbeth, Tito, Ulric, should embody moral disease in their physical tissue. It is true that Mephistopheles need not be a handsome demon, but why should a hump be a symbol of cynicism? Some of the most exquisite spirits that ever reflected the radiance of divine love upon earth have been

shrouded in ugliness! The greatest infamy in Italian history smiles down upon us in old picture galleries from the perfection of manly dignity and the most delicate loveliness of woman. M. Coquelin's conception is as primitive as the orthodoxy which used to insist that the devil wore horns and a tail. The demand that the incarnation of evil shall be pre-eminently distinguished by physical distortion is, to say the least of it, scarcely in harmony with the enlightenment of our age. *Faust* is a mixture of legend and philosophy—a great human drama, with the intense reality of life overshadowed by the supernatural. Mephistopheles is both man and spirit, and should not the actor suggest to the imagination of the spectators an almost exaggerated idea of the commanding, all-embracing influence of the evil principle, while presenting the personality of the "squire of high degree?" It is impossible to represent such a creation in any adequate fashion without summoning picturesque aids to heighten the spiritual effect of the play. To what extent the picturesque may be legitimately carried in dramatic art will always be a moot point. "Picturesque" is a word often used vaguely, but if it mean beauty—the suggestion of what is pleasing and harmonious in illustration—then by all means let us be picturesque. To discard this element in action, color, and expression, would surely be a serious error. I fear that if I understand M. Coquelin aright, his philosophy is much more material than would be expected from an actor who tells us that he is nothing if not "lyrical."

There is, of course, much in M.

Coquelin's article that is true and that is admirably put—notwithstanding that he frequently upsets in one paragraph the proposition of another. Nobody would deny that the study of character is the foundation of our art, or that the detail which is foreign to a character ought not to be presented for the sake of theatrical effect. But the essay is not a primer for beginners, it is addressed to the writer's colleagues and contemporaries. It deals out praise in this quarter and blame in that, and it has a strong flavor of autobiography. This distinguished comedian scarcely does justice to his intelligence when he forgets that no two actors of any originality will play the same part alike. An actor must either think for himself or imitate some one else. Such imitation produces a reverence for certain stage traditions that is sometimes mischievous, because an actor is tempted to school himself too closely to traditional interpretation, instead of giving fair play to his own insight. Probably it is of our departure from this rule that M. Coquelin is thinking when he sighs over "the deep-seated love of originality" in the English race. But that originality, after all, is only the very natural assertion of the principle that the representation of character can never be cast in one unchanging mould. The individual force of the actor must find its special channel. Salvini's Othello is a great impersonation, but judging from all we know of Edmund Kean's performance of the Moor, it differed widely from the Italian's. There seem to be no difficult problems in Othello's character, and yet it would be idle to expect a succession of great actors to

play the part in precisely the same way.

M. Coquelin divides actors into two classes—those who identify themselves with their characters, and those who identify their characters with themselves. Excellent as this definition is, it is somewhat misleading. M. Coquelin tells us that when he played Thouvenin, it was his greatest difficulty to repress his own idiosyncrasies. His study was to efface Coquelin entirely—voice, walk, gesture—and to present only the man he conceived Thouvenin to be. This is very good as far as it goes; but why should Edwin Booth, when he acts the part of Hamlet, try to forget that, physically speaking, he was ever Edwin Booth? His mind is absorbed in the character—he looks and speaks the melancholy, the passion, the poetry, and the satire of this supreme creation; yet is he to be told that, if in some detail of aspect, gesture, or movement, he remind the audience that he still be Edwin Booth, he is making the character a part of himself, instead of losing his own nature for the time in the world of imagination? The actor who portrays with the grandest power the Titanic force and energy of Lear, or the malignity and hypocrisy of Shylock, will be truer to the poet than another who interests us chiefly in the characteristics of age or a type of the Jewish race. M. Coquelin would, I fear, in tragedy teach us to be too prosaic; for however important realistic portraiture may be in the comic drama—and there are noteworthy examples of its success on the English as well as the French stage—in tragedy it has a comparatively minor place.—HENRY IRVING, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE INVALID.

A STUDY IN THE HAMPSHIRE DIALECT.

How be I this mornin'? Why terrible bad I be,
Achin' from head to fut—it's awful in that ther' knee.
Dick—a cheer fur the lady—what be you after, Dick?
Take a duster and dust it; the dust is as thick as thick.

Lor, that's jest as it 'appens wi' me a layin' here!
Nothin' as it should be—jest look at that ther' cheer,
Aint been dusted mebbe these three days since, or more,
Me as was *allus* so careful about the cheers and the floor!

Never a morsel o' dust when I was about myself,
You might have et yer dinner off any cheer or shelf.
There was that chist o' drawers—'twas nigh as good as a *glass*,
Now it's as dull as can be—look at th' rust o' the brass!

As fur that row o' chiney, it frets my heart to see,
I know if I look'd int' it 'tis durty as well can be,
The cups as my mother left me, the cups as I bespoke!
I'd sooner the roof 'ud tumble than one o' them cups was broke.

I mustn't worry, you tell me—ah, how can *you* understand
What it is to lay here helpless, not able to move your hand?
Me as was such a woman to work, and to look alive—
Never was one to lay abed, I was *allus* down by five.

Now I've to lay here quiet, and watch the things go wry,
Lor, it do fret me so; sometimes I can't but cry.
Miriam comes an' gives 'em the little sattlin' they get,
But Miriam's ways aint my ways, and never *was* my ways yet.

Miriam? She's my neighbor—she married my brother Sam,
Got a fam'ly o' ten, so her time's took up, it am.
Sam's a well-meanin' critter, but fond of a drop o' gin,
And then he gives it to Miriam—but he gits it back agin!

Dick's as good as 'e may be, but he have his work, you see.
He've summat better to do than bide here nussin' of me;

An' when his day's work's over, he's home soon's ever he stop,
Not like Miriam's 'usband, as must go in for his drop.

Miriam, she comes in here, but she makes me downright ill,
What wi' her slammickin' ways, and her voice as is never still,
Pulls my knee, she do! you'd ammost hear it crack;
Says its good for rheumatics; I wish she had my back.

Lor, how it aches jest now, like needles down i' the bone.
Miriam rubbed it fur me, but she might a' left it alone.
Such a hand as she've got! It's as hard as a bit o' slet,
And Miriam's ways aint my ways, an' never *was* my ways yet.

Doctor, he cum an' see me, and he says I may lay here
Fur months; an' he muttered summat that I was too deaf to hear;
An' when I questioned Miriam who was standin' ther' by me,
I couldn't get nowt out o' her. I don't think *nothin'* o' she.

May-be he said I was dying. Well, death must come to us all.
I b'ain't afraid to die—I might 'a bin up at t' Hall,
Fur I were a giddy lass then, wi' no thought beyond the day;
'Tis since I've bin layin' here that I've learnt to think an' to pray.

There's nothin' like layin' helpless for bringin' yer past life back,
Lor, how it comes i' the night! And some on't looks so black!
And then I tell it to Him, though He knows it all, to be sure,
And I ask Him to blot it out, and to make me strong t' endure.

Sometimes, when the pain's so bad, I do git *tay*-rible days,
And Miriam, she do try me, wi' all her slatte'nly ways.
Sweeps the dust i' the corners when she thinks I'm lookin' away,
And handles the chiney that rough! She shall touch it no more,
I say.

Good-bye, ma'm. Must you be going? It's good of you settin'
here,
List'nin' to all my troubles. Nay, don't *you* saddle that cheer I
May-be next time you're comin' you'll find the old woman gone,
For death must come to us all, an' my time 'ill not be long.

Good-bye, an' thank you kindly. I suppose you must leave us
now—

Listen—that's Miriam knockin'—jest hark at that woman's row!
The pain do try me, awful, especially these bad days,
But I'll do my best to be patient, and to bear wi' Miriam's ways.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE JUBILEE MEDAL.—Queen Victoria directed that the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the crown (June 20, 1837) should be commemorated by the issue of a medal. The reverse of this medal is designed by Sir Frederic Leighton, who thus describes it:—

"In the center a figure representing the British Empire sits enthroned, resting one hand on the sword of Justice, and holding in the other the symbol of victorious rule. A lion is seen on each side of the throne. At the feet of the seated figure lies Mercury, the God of Commerce, the mainstay of our imperial strength, holding up in one hand a cup heaped with gold. Opposite to him sits the Genius of Electricity and Steam. Below, again, five shields banded together bear the names of the five parts of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, over which the Empire extends. On each side of the figure of Empire stand the personified elements of its greatness—on the right (of the spectator) Industry and Agriculture—on the left, Science, Letters and Art. Above, the occasion of the celebration commemorated is expressed by two winged figures, representing the year 1887 (the advancing figure) and the year 1837 (with averted head), holding each a wreath. Where these wreaths interlock the letters 'V.R.I.' appear, and over all the words 'In Commemoration.'"

PRODUCTS FROM COAL TAR.—In another place we give the important points in Mr. Newbigging's paper in the *Scottish Review* on the "Coal Industry of Great Britain." Almost incidentally he refers to the not inconsiderable value of what was until quite recently regarded as waste material in this industry:—

"The substances extracted from coal tar to the present time exceed 130 in number, and fresh products are constantly being obtained. Perhaps the most important substance yielded by the tar is Benzole. This is remarkable for its solvent power for caoutchouc, gutta percha, resins, and fats. It is used also for preparing varnishes for removing grease spots and cleaning soiled white kid gloves. Treated with nitric acid it yields nitro-benzole or essence of mirbane, having an odor resembling oil of bitter almonds, and used

to perfume soaps and flavor confectionery. Aniline is also derived from it, this substance being the base of all the rich and beautiful dyes bearing the name of 'Aniline Colors.' Coal tar is also the chief, if not now the only, source of Anthracene, from which Alizarine, the coloring principle of madder, is derived. Since the discovery of this substance in coal tar, the cultivation of the madder root in eastern countries has been entirely discontinued, and thus, as a distinguished savant has declared, an appreciable addition has been made to the surface of the globe! Creosote in large quantity is obtained in the distillation of coal tar. This is used for the preservation of timber in contact with the ground, notably the wood sleepers of railways. It is also an excellent liquid fuel, and in combination with caustic soda and tallow is valuable as a dip for washing sheep. Green oil, one of the distillates of coal tar, mixed with resin and oil, is used for making railway grease; lamp black, from which printer's ink is prepared, is also made from it. Carbolic acid, one of the most valuable antiseptics and disinfectants, is obtained from coal tar. The two most recent coal tar derivatives are, Antipyrine discovered by Herr Ludwig D'Erlanger, and regarded by physicians as the most powerful agent known for reducing temperature in fevers; and Saccharin, discovered by Dr. Constantine Fahlberg in the United States. The taste of this substance is so extraordinarily sweet that a solution of 1 in 70,000 of water is perceptible. The solid deposit upon the interior surface of gas retorts is almost pure carbon, and is employed in the construction of the Bunsen Galvanic Battery, and for the carbon points of candles used in the Arc Electric Lamp. Sulphuric acid and flowers of sulphur are largely produced from the spent oxide of iron used in the purification of coal gas. The spent lime of the purifiers is applied as a compost to rough land, and the valuable coke which is drawn as a residue from the retorts after the gaseous products have been expelled is extensively burnt in domestic fires and for trade purposes."

THE MOON AND EARTHQUAKES.—In *Murray's Magazine* Mr. J. Westwood Oliver treats of "Earthquake Warnings." He gives various theories which have been advanced as to the cause of earthquakes;

among them the following, which, however, he by no means endorses:—

"The idea that the moon should have something to do with the production of earthquakes is a very natural one. The body whose attractive power raises the ocean tides exercises its influence on the dry land just as much as on the sea, and the only reason why the land does not respond to the attraction is because of its immobility. But a force so resisted means internal strain, and we have every reason to believe that corresponding to the tide of movement on the ocean, there is a tide of strain on the land. How may this strain make itself apparent? A breath of autumn air brings down the leaves that have withstood a summer's gales, a snapping twig has loosed the Alpine avalanche. The crust of our earth is not solid. There are cavities and fissures in its mass, frail places, where only a touch, as it were, may cause collapse; and the series of changes so begun may involve a continent in ruin before it is ended. And the tidal strain, as it passes regularly round the globe, may one day supply just the needed touch, thus becoming an agent of destruction none the less potent because it only plays the part of trigger-puller. The theory is plausible, and to a certain extent the researches of Professor Perrey bear it out. He found that earthquakes are rather more frequent when the tidal pull is strong—that is, when the sun and moon are pulling in line (at new or full moon), and when the moon is in the part of her orbit nearest to the earth (*perigee*). The difference, however, was only small, and as other investigators have arrived at contradictory results, the lunar theory in this form has not held its ground."

ARITHMETIC IN SCHOOLS.—Several months ago the Boston School Committee passed a resolution to the effect that the study of so-called Arithmetic in the Grammar Schools of this city covers much ground which does not come within the proper scope of Arithmetic, but to the domain of Logic, and suggesting an inquiry as to "whether it was not practicable to reduce and simplify the studies and exercises now prescribed under the head of Arithmetic." One result of this action of the Boston Committee is thus stated in *Science*:—

"Gen. Francis A. Walker drew up a

series of eleven questions, and submitted them to the school principals for the purpose of obtaining specific information, and was fairly successful in the attempt. Twenty-five principals said, that, were the matter left wholly to their own judgment, they would considerably diminish the amount of arithmetic taught; twenty would not diminish it; and five would diminish it slightly. As to the character of the changes desired, there was great diversity of opinion. Thirteen would omit Discount, thirteen Mensuration, thirteen the Metric System—a most absurd suggestion, in view of the increasing tendency to use this system in scientific books. Nine would do away with Compound Proportion, eight with Exchange, seven with Cube Root, two with some of Partial Payments. Thirty-two thought the practice of memorizing the multiplication-table at first injudicious, fourteen considered it advisable, while eight gave a qualified answer. The gist of the conclusions reached is, that the study of arithmetic should be simplified by omitting various specified operations and over-difficult applications of the rest. In fact, the aim of the teacher should be, not to puzzle but to train the pupil. That this is sound doctrine is certain, but on what application of it the metric system is omitted we fail to see."

A PERIPATETIC UNIVERSITY.—"G. M. T.," writing from Dunedin, New Zealand, says, in *Science*:—

"The 'University of New Zealand,' to which the 'University colleges' now well established at Dunedin, Christchurch, and Auckland, and a few of the large secondary schools are affiliated, is a somewhat anomalous body. It consists of a Senate and Convocation, endowed with powers to grant degrees and to manage their own internal affairs, and supported by a small annual grant from the government. But like the University of London, whose example it intended to follow, it has no teaching staff in direct connection with it, and, to suit the geographical conditions of the country, it is peripatetic, holding its annual session in one or other of the larger towns. Its headquarters for the time being will always be where its Chancellor resides; and as that honorable position is held at present by Dr. Hector, the chief scientific adviser of the government, the seat of administration is in Wellington."

THE JUBILEE.—1887.

I.

Eight hundred years and twenty-one
Have shone and sunken since the land
Whose name is freedom bore such brand
As marks a captive, and the sun
Beheld her fettered hand.

II.

But ere dark time had shed as rain
Or sown on sterile earth as seed
That bears no fruit save tare and weed
An age and half an age again,
She rose on Runnymede.

III.

Out of the shadow, starlike still,
She rose up radiant in her right,
And spake, and put to fear and flight
The lawless rule of aweless will
That pleads no right save might

IV.

Nor since hath England ever borne
The burden laid on subject lands,
The rule that curbs and binds all hands
Save one, and marks for servile scorn
The heads it bows and brands.

V.

A commonweal arrayed and crowned
With gold and purple, girt with steel
At need, that foes must fear or feel,
We find her, as our fathers found,
Earth's lordliest commonweal.

VI.

And now that fifty years are flown
Since in a maiden's hand the sign
Of empire that no seas confine
First as a star to seaward shone,
We see their record shine.

VII.

A troubled record, foul and fair,
A simple record and serene,
Inscribes for praise a blameless queen,
For praise and blame an age of care
And change and ends unseen

VIII.

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,
Rose with the sundawn of a reign
Whose grace should make the rough
ways plain,
And fill the worn old world with spring,
And heal its heart of pain.

IX.

Peace was to be on earth; men's hope
Was holier than their fathers had,
Their wisdom not more wise than glad:
They saw the gates of promise ope,
And heard what love's lips bade.

X.

Love armed with knowledge, winged and
wise,
Should hush the wind of war, and see,
They said, the sun of days to be
Bring round beneath serenest skies
A stormless jubilee.

XI.

Time, in the darkness unbeholden
That hides him from the sight of fear
And lets but dreaming hope draw near,
Smiled and was sad to hear such golden
Strains hail the all-golden year.

XII.

Strange clouds have risen between, and
wild
Red stars of storm that lit the abyss
Wherein fierce fraud and violence kin

And mock such promise as beguiled
The fiftieth year from this.

XIII.

War upon war, change after change,
Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,
And hopes austere and faiths august
Have watched in patience stern and strange
Men's works unjust and just.

XIV.

As from some Alpine watch-tower's portal
Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,
So from Time's mistier mountain lawn
The spirit of man, in trust immortal,
Years toward a hope withdrawn.

XV.

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be
When conquered wrong and conquering
right
Acclaim a world set free.

XVI.

Calm as our mother-land, the mother
Of faith and freedom, pure and wise,
Keeps watch beneath unchangeable skies,
When hath she watched the woes of other
Strange lands with alien eyes?

XVII.

Calm as she stands alone, what nation
Hath lacked an alms from English
hands?
What exiles from what stricken lands
Have lacked the shelter of the station
Where higher than all she stands?

XVIII.

Though time dis-crown and change dis-
mantle
The pride of thrones and towers that
frown,
How should they bring her glories
down—

The sea cast round her like a mantle,
The sea-cloud like a crown?

XIX.

The sea, divine as heaven and deathless,
Is hers, and none but only she
Hath learnt the sea's word, none but we
Her children hear in heart the breathless
Bright watchword of the sea.

XX.

Heard not of others, or misheard
Of many a land for many a year,
The watchword Freedom fails not here
Of hearts that witness if the word
Find faith in England's ear.

XXI.

She, first to love the light, and daughter
Incarnate of the northern dawn,
She, round whose feet the wild waves
fawn
When all their wrath of warring water
Sounds like a babe's breath drawn,

XXII.

How should not she best know, love best,
And best of all souls understand
The very soul of freedom, scanned
Far off, sought out in darkling quest
By men at heart unmanned?

XXIII.

They climb and fall, ensnared, enshrouded,
By mists of words and toils they set
To take themselves, till fierce regret
Grows mad with shame, and all their
clouded
Red skies hang sunless yet.

XXIV.

But us the sun, not wholly risen
Nor equal now for all, illumines
With more of light than cloud that looms;
Of light that leads forth souls from prison
And breaks the seals of tombs.

XXV.

Did not her breasts who reared us rear
 Him who took heaven in hand, and
 weighed
 Bright world with world in balance laid ?
 What Newton's might could make not
 clear
 Hath Darwin's might not made ?

XXVI.

The forces of the dark dissolve,
 The doorways of the dark are broken :
 The word that casts out night is spoken,
 And whence the springs of things evolve
 Light born of night bears token.

XXVII.

She, loving light for light's sake only,
 And truth for only truth's and song
 For song's sake and the sea's, how long
 Hath she not borne the world her lonely
 Witness of right and wrong ?

XXVIII.

From light to light her eyes imperial
 Turn, and require the further light,
 More perfect than the sun's in sight,
 Till star and sun seem all funereal
 Lamps of the vaulted night.

XXIX.

She gazes till the strenuous soul
 Within the rapture of her eyes
 Creates or bids awake, arise,
 The light she looks for, pure and whole
 And worshiped of the wise.

XXX.

Such sons are hers, such radiant hands
 Have borne abroad her lamp of old,
 Such mouths of honey-dropping gold
 Have sent across all seas and lands
 Her fame as music rolled.

XXXI.

As music made of rolling thunder
 That hurls through heaven its heart
 sublime,

Its heart of joy, in charging chime,
 So ring the songs that round and under
 Her temple surge and climb.

XXXII.

A temple not by men's hands builded,
 But moulded of the spirit, and wrought
 Of passion and imperious thought;
 With light beyond all sunlight gilded,
 Whereby the sun seems nought.

XXXIII.

Thy shrine, our mother, seen for fairer
 Than even thy natural face, made fair
 With kisses of thine April air
 Even now, when spring thy banner-bearer
 Took up thy sign to bear.

XXXIV.

Thine annual sign from heaven's own arch
 Given of the sun's hand into thine,
 To rear and cheer each wildwood shrine
 But now laid waste by wild-winged March,
 March mad with wind like wine.

XXXV.

From all thy brightening downs whereon
 The windy seaward whinflower shows
 Blossom whose pride strikes pale the
 rose,
 Forth is the golden watchword gone
 Whereat the world's face glows.

XXXVI.

Thy quickening woods rejoice and ring
 Till earth seems glorious as the sea:
 With yearning love too glad for glee
 The world's heart quivers toward the
 spring
 As all our hearts toward thee.

XXXVII.

Thee, mother, thee, our queen, who givest
 Assurance to the heavens most high
 And earth whereon her bondsmen sigh
 That by the sea's grace while thou livest
 Hope shall not wholly die.

XXXVIII.

That while thy free folk hold the van
Of all men, and the sea-spray shed
As dew more heavenly on thy head
Keeps bright thy face in sight of man,
Man's pride shall drop not dead.

XXXIX.

A pride more pure than humblest prayer,
More wise than wisdom born of doubt,
Girds for thy sake men's hearts about
With trust and triumph that despair
And fear may cast not out.

XL.

Despair may wring men's hearts, and fear
Bow down their heads to kiss the dust,
Where patriot memories rot and rust,
And change makes faint a nation's cheer,
And faith yields up her trust.

XLI.

Not here this year have true men known,
Not here this year may true men know,
That brand of shame-compelling woe
Which bids but brave men shrink or groan
And lays but honor low.

XLII.

The strong spring wind blows notes of
praise,
And hallowing pride of heart, and cheer
Unchanging, toward all true men here
Who hold the trust of ancient days
High as of old this year.

XLIII.

The days that made thee great are dead;
The days that now must keep thee great
Lie not in keeping of thy fate;
In thine they lie, whose heart and head
Sustain thy charge of state.

XLIV.

No state so proud, no pride so just,
The sun, through clouds at sunrise curled
Or clouds across the sunset whirled,

Hath sight of, nor has man such trust
As thine in all the world.

XLV.

Each hour that sees the sunset's crest
Make bright thy shores ere day decline
Sees dawn the sun on shores of thine,
Sees west as east and east as west
On thee their sovereign shine.

XLVI.

The sea's own heart must needs wax proud
To have borne the world a child like thee.
What birth of earth might ever be
Thy sister? Time, a wandering cloud,
Is sunshine on thy sea.

XLVII.

Change mars not her; and thee, our mother,
What change that irks or moves thee
mars?
What shock that shakes? what chance
that jars?
Time gave thee, as he gave none other,
A station like a star's.

XLVIII.

The storm that shrieks, the wind that wages
War with the wings of hopes that climb
Too high toward heaven in doubt sub-
lime,
Assail not thee, approved of ages
The towering crown of time.

XLIX.

Toward thee this year thy children turning
With souls uplift of changeless cheer
Salute with love that casts out fear,
With hearts for beacons round thee burn-
ing,
The token of this year.

L.

With just and sacred jubilation
Let earth sound answer to the sea
For witness, blown on winds as free,
How England, how her crowning nation,
Acclaims this jubilee.

LITERARY PLAGIARISM.

According to a recent biographer of Byron, originality can be expected from nobody except a lunatic, a hermit, or a sensational novelist. This hasty remark is calculated to prejudice novelists, lunatics, and hermits. People will inevitably turn to these members of society (if we can speak thus of hermits and lunatics), and ask them for originality, and fail to get it, and express disappointment. For all lunatics are like other lunatics, and, no more than sane men, can they do anything original. As for hermits, one hermit is the very image of his brother solitary. There remain sensational novelists to bear the brunt of the world's demand for the absolutely unheard-of, and, naturally, they cannot supply the article. So mankind falls on them, and calls them plagiarists. It is enough to make some novelists turn lunatics, and others turn hermits.

"Of all forms of theft," says Voltaire indulgently, "plagiarism is the least dangerous to society!" It may be added that, of all forms of consolation, to shout "plagiarism" is the most comforting to authors who have failed, or amateurs who have never had the pluck to try. For this reason, probably, a new play seldom succeeds but some unlucky amateur produces his battered old MS., and declares that the fortunate author has stolen from *him*, who hath Fortune for his foe. Indeed, without this resource it is not known how unaccepted theatrical writers would endure their lot in life. But if stealing is so ready a way to triumph, then humanity may congratulate itself on the wide prevalence of moral sentiments. So very

few people greatly succeed (and scarce any one who does not is called a thief) that even if all successful persons are proved robbers, there must be a lofty standard of honesty in literature. On the other hand, it is a melancholy fact that the very greatest men of all—Shakespeare, Molière, Virgil (that furtive Mantuan), Pausanias, Theocritus, and Lord Tennyson—are all liable to the charge of theft, as that charge is understood by the *advocatus Diaboli*. It is a little odd, not only that our greatest are so small, but that our smallest—the persons who bark at the chariot of every passing triumph—are so great. *They* have never stolen, or had nothing worth stealing, or nothing that any one would buy. But Dante: why, the whole idea of a visit to Hell, and a record of it, was a stock topic in early mediæval literature. But Bunyan: every library possesses, or may possess, half a dozen earlier Progresses by earlier Pilgrims. But Virgil: when he is not pilfering from Homer or Theocritus (who notoriously robbed Sophron) he has his hand in the pocket of Apollonius Rhodius. No doubt Bavius and Mævius mentioned these truths in their own literary circle. No doubt they did not gloss over the matter, but frankly remarked that the *Æneid* was a *pastiche*, a string of plagiarisms, a success due to Court influence, and the mutual admiration of Horace, Varro, and some other notorious characters. Yet the *Æneid* remains a rather unusual piece of work.

Some one, probably Gibbon, has remarked about some crime or other, that it is "difficult to commit, and almost impossible to prove." The reverse is the truth about plagiarism.

That crime is easy to prove, and almost impossible to commit. The facility of proof is caused by the readiness of men to take any accusation of this sort for granted, and by the very natural lack of popular reflection about the laws that govern literary composition. Any two passages, or situations, or ideas, that resemble each other, or are declared to resemble each other when they do not, are, to the mind of the unliterary person, a sufficient basis for a charge of plagiarism. These circumstances account for the ease with which plagiarism is proved. Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to commit. For he who is charged with plagiarism is almost invariably guilty of a literary success. Now, even the poorest and most temporary literary success (say that of a shilling novel) rests on the production of a *new thing*. The book that really wins the world, even for a week, from its taxes, and politics, and wars and rumors of war, must be in some way striking and novel. The newness may lie in force of fancy, or in charm of style, or in both; or in mere craftsmen's skill, or in high spirits, or in some unusual moral sympathy and insight, or in various combinations of these things. In all such cases, and always, it is what is *new*, it is the whole impact of the book as one thing, that enables it to make its way to the coveted front. Now, what is stolen cannot be new; it can be nothing but the commonplaces of situation, and incident, and idea—each of them as old as fiction in one shape or other. Not the matter, but the casting of the matter; not the stuff, but the form given to the stuff, makes the novel, the novelty, and the success. Now,

nobody can steal the form; nobody, as in the old story can "steal the brooms ready-made." The success or failure lies not in the materials, but in the making of the brooms, and no dullard can make anything, even if he steals all his materials. On the other hand, genius, or even considerable talent, can make a great deal, if it chooses, even out of stolen material—if any of the material of literature can be properly said to be stolen, and is not rather the possession of whoever likes to pick it up.

On this view of the matter, the only real plagiarism is that defined in the Latin dictionary: *plagiarius* "a man-stealer, kidnapper," so used by Cicero and Seneca. Secondly, "a literary thief (one who gives himself out to be the author of another's book)." Martial uses the word (i. 52):—

"My books, my Quintian, to thee
I send—if I may call them mine—
For still your Poet, who but he,
Recites them,—well, if they repine,
In that their slavery do thou
Come to their rescue and befriend them,
And raise the hue and cry, and vow
The hand that wrote them now doth
send them,
You'll aid them much by this relief,
And bring confusion on the thief!"

Here "thief" is *plagiarius*, and a thief the rival poet is, for he gives himself out to be the author of another's book, and steals it ready-made.

This is the only perfect plagiarism, according to the definition—namely, the claiming of a work of art which belongs to another man. Now, plainly this kind of plagiarism is rare, nor would it be easy to mention a case in which it has been successful. In a number of novels we meet the story of a man who comes into

possession of a book in manuscript, perhaps the deposit of a friend, and who publishes the work as a performance of his own. Such a man is a *plagiarius*; he cast his net (*plaga*) over the property of another. In real life it might be impossible to find an example of success in this kind of robbery. There are, unluckily, plenty of men and women who take credit, among their relations and friends, for the authorship of anonymous books which have been successful. They are "claimants," like the Tichborne pretender, rather than successful plagiarists. The case of George Eliot and *Adam Bede* is well known. There was a person named Liggins who gave himself out for the author, and even reaped some social if not pecuniary benefit. In the same way, but on a smaller scale, there were various pretenders to the honor of having written a certain essay in the *Saturday Review*, "The Girl of the Period." According to the actual writer, one of the pretenders was a clergyman. About twelve years ago an admired poet had great trouble with a married lady who asserted that the poet's real name was her assumed *nom de guerre*. Her husband, naturally, was well deceived by this fair *retiarist* and caster of the *plaga* over other people's poems. Though it has nothing to do with the question of plagiarism, let us commiserate unlucky persons of letters whose real names, somehow, sound like assumed names. It is a misfortune they can scarcely recover from, and probably many people in the country still believe that Lord Lytton wrote *Evan Harrington* and *Richard Feverel*. Mr. Liggins did not succeed in the long run, nor does literary history,

perhaps, contain a single example of the triumph of a literary Perkin Warbeck. Only in very unusual and fantastic circumstances could he hope to keep the goods he stole ready-made. In the last novel on this situation, the pretender had every reason to believe that the true author of the MS. was drowned at sea. Unlucky and ill-advised pretender! The sea invariably gives up her dead—in novels. Short of such an unexpected accident as the sea's not giving up her dead, how is the true plagiarist to feel comfortable with his stolen goods? Almost his only chance, and that a bad one, would be by way of translation from some little-known language. Not long ago a story or novel by a modern author was published in a periodical. Presently the editor got a letter from a correspondent, offering to furnish "the sequel of your little tale from the Basque," or whatever the original language may have been. Yes, it is very difficult to find a language safe to steal from. Let me confess that, in a volume of tales written by way of holiday tasks, I once conveyed a passage from the Zulu. There could not have been a more bare-faced theft, and no doubt, in the present inflamed condition of the moral sense, somebody would have denounced me, had the tale been successful. But as long as you do not excite the petty passion of envy, you may drive the Zulu cows unnoticed. There were only about three lines in the passage after all. The coolness of plagiarism has occasionally been displayed on a larger scale, as when a novelist boldly took a whole battle scene out of Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War*. He was found out, but he did not

seem to care much. Probably this particularly daring theft was a mere piece of mischief—a kind of practical joke. What other explanation can be given of Mr. Disraeli's raid on M. Thiers, and the speech about General Saint-Cyr? Of course, Mr. Disraeli could have made a better speech for himself. Thefts of this kind, like certain literary forgeries, are prompted by the tricky spirit of Puck. But the joke is not in good taste, and is dangerous to play, because the majority of mankind will fail to see the fun of it, and will think the thief a thief in sober earnest. Only a humorous race would have made a God of Hermes, who stole cattle from the day his mother cradled him.

From these and similar cases, the difficulty, the all but impossibility, of successful plagiarism becomes manifest. If you merely use old ideas (and there are no new ideas), and so produce a fresh combination, a fresh whole, you are not a plagiarist at all. If you boldly annex the novel ready-made, either by way of translation, or publication of a manuscript not your own, you are instantly found out, and probably never get back your reputation. It appears that Mr. Charles Reade, in the *Wandering Heir*, "bodily appropriated" twenty or thirty lines of a little-known poem of Dean Swift's, descriptive of fashionable life in Dublin. Mr. Reade appears to have used this poem in such a way as to make the public think it was his own composition. If he did, he acted, to say the least, with very great rashness. He reckoned without the unsuccessful novelist and the unsuccessful novelist's family. Of course he was "denounced as a plagiarist by

two anonymous writers, who afterward turned out to be a not very successful rival novelist and his wife." These "lynx-eyed detectives" do, pretty often, "turn out to be" unsuccessful novelists and their kinsmen. Mr. Reade then uttered loud cries of wrath, and spoke of "masked batteries manned by anonymuncula, pseudo-nymuncula, and skunkula."

"He contended that to transplant a few lines out of Swift, and to weld them with other topics in a heterogenous work, was not plagiarism, but one of every true inventor's processes, and that only an inventor could do it well." The whole affair was not worth much consideration, but Mr. Reade's theory of what a true inventor might lawfully do was certainly a little advanced. A lump of such a brilliant manufactured article as a poem by Swift would be apt to look incongruous even in a true inventor's prose, and certainly was appropriated ready-made. If Swift's notions about Dublin society had been adopted, and had informed the prose of Mr. Reade, a legitimate use would have been made of the material. Or, if Mr. Reade had said, "the Dean of St. Patrick's wrote thus on the subject," then once more the propriety of the quotation would have been unimpeachable. But perhaps the former of these suggestions will be demurred to by our moralists. There appears to be an idea that a novelist must acknowledge, in a preface or in footnotes, every suggestion of fact which comes to him from any quarter. For example, I write a novel in which a man is poisoned by *curari*. Am I to add a note saying, "These details as to the Macusi tribe are

extracted from Wallace, from Bates, and from Brett's *Indians of Guiana*. I have also to acknowledge the kind assistance of Professor Von Selber of Leiden. For another and earlier example of a somewhat similar use of this drug, the curious may consult *Le Crime de l'Omnibus*, by M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, to whose practice, however, science may urge certain pathological objections."

This kind of thing is customary and appropriate in books of learning, but it seems incredible pedantry to demand such explanations from authors of works of fancy. When the scene of a story and the manners of the peoples described are not known to a novelist by personal experience, he must get his information out of books. For example, any reader of the first volume of Mr. Payn's *By Proxy* might fancy that Mr. Payn had passed his life in the Flowery Land. But this is believed to be a false impression, caused by the novelist's ingenious use of works of travel. Is he bound to acknowledge every scrap of information in a preface or a note? The idea is absurd. A novel would become a treatise, like Bekker's *Charicles*. The effect of this conscientiousness may be studied in the *Epicurean* of the late Mr. Thomas Moore, where there are plentiful citations, on every page of Egyptologists—for the most part exploded. The story would be better without the notes, which are useless in the age of Maspero and Mariette. Of course, if any novelist can make his notes as delightful as Sir Walter Scott's, the more he gives us the better we shall be pleased—provided they come at the end of the volume.

All ideas are old; all situations

have been invented and tried, or almost all. Probably a man of genius might make a good story even out of a selected assortment of the very oldest devices in romance. Miss Thackeray made capital stories out of the fairy tales, that are older than Rameses II., and were even published by a scribe of that monarch's. Give Mr. Besant or Mr. Stevenson two lovers, and insist that, in telling these lovers' tale, the following incidents shall occur:—

A Sprained Ankle.

An Attack by a Bull.

A Proposal in a Conservatory, watched by a Jealous Rival.

A Lost Will.

An Intercepted Correspondence.

Even out of these incidents it is probable that either of the authors mentioned could produce a novel that would soothe pain and charm exile. Nor would they be accused of plagiarism, because the ideas are, even by the most ignorant or envious, recognized as part of the common stock-in-trade.

Now, it is a fact that almost every notion and situation is as much part of the common stock-in-trade as those old friends. The *Odyssey*, for example, might be shown to contain almost all the material of the romance that is accepted as outside of ordinary experience. For instance, in *She* we find a wondrous woman, who holds a man in her hollow caves (note the *caves*, there are caves in Homer), and offers him the gift of immortality. Obviously this is the position of Odysseus and Calypso. Rousseau remarked that the whole plot of the *Odyssey* would have been ruined by a letter from Odysseus to Penelope. Rousseau had not studied Wolf; but had letters been commonly

written in Homer's time, the poet would have bribed one of Penelope's women to intercept them. Homer did not use that incident, because he did not need it; but all his incidents were of primeval antiquity, even in his own time; he plagiarized them from popular stories; he stole the Cyclops almost ready-made.

There are, doubtless, exceptions to this rule of the universality and public character of the stock of fiction. These exceptions are rather of an empirical sort, and should be avoided chiefly for the sake of weak brethren, who go about writing long letters in the newspapers.

A few instances may be given from personal experience. A novelist once visited the writer in high spirits. Certain events of a most extraordinary nature had just occurred to him, events which would appear incredible if I ventured to narrate them. My visitor meant to make them the subject of a story, which he sketched. "But you can't," I said; "that's the plot of *Ferdinand's Folly*," and I named a book which had just arrived *sub luminis oras*. He had not heard of *Ferdinand's Folly*, but he went away sad, for he was a young man that had been robbed of a great opportunity. But he was presently consoled by receiving a letter from another author, a gentleman of repute in more than one branch of literature. "I have just read your *Daisy's Dream*," said this author, "and I find that there is a scene in it which is also in my unpublished work, *Psamathœ*." He then described the scene, which certainly did appear of glaring originality—if anything could be original. "Nobody will believe two people could

have invented this; and what am I to do?" said the second unfortunate author; and indeed I do not know what he did, or whether *Psamathœ* was punished by an early doom for her unconscious plagiarism. The study of the diffusion of popular tales seems to show that there is no incident which may not be invented over and over again—in Siberia, or Samoa. These coincidences will also occur in civilized literature; but some examples are so astonishing that the small fry of moralists are certain to shout "Stop thief."—On the whole, an author thus anticipated had better stop before they shout, but it was the merest accident that gave pause to the two novelists of these anecdotes. Alas! unconscious of their doom, the little victims might have published.

Another very hard case lately came under my notice. A novelist invented and described to me a situation which was emphatically new, because it rested on the existence of a certain scientific instrument, which was new also. The author was maturing the plot, when he chanced to read a review of some work (I never saw it, and have forgotten its name), in which the incident and the instrument appeared. Now, may this author write his own tale, or may he not? If he does (and if it succeeds), he will be hailed as an abandoned rogue; and yet it is his own invention. Probably it is wiser to "endure and abstain;" otherwise, the "lynx-eyed detectives" will bring out their old learning, and we shall be told once more how Ben Jonson stole "Drink to me only with thine eyes" from—Pisistratus! This I lately learned from a newspaper.

Thus it appears that, though plagiarism is hardly a possible offence, it is more discreet not to use situations which have either made one very definite impression on the world of readers, or which have been very recently brought out. For example: it is distinctly daring to make a priest confess his unsuspected sin in a sermon: The notion is public property; but every one is reminded of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Thus the situation is a thing to avoid; as certain measures—that of *In Memoriam* for example—are to be avoided in poetry. The metre is everybody's property, but it at once recalls the poem wherein the noblest use was made of it. Again, double personality is a theme open to all the world: Gautier and Poe and Eugène Sue all used it; but it is wiser to leave it alone while people have a vivid memory of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It is not inconceivable that an author might use the old notion as brilliantly and with as much freshness as Mr. Stevenson has done; it is certain that, if he tries, he will be howled at by the moral mob. A novelist may keep these precautions in his mind; but if, though he writes good books, he is not a bookish man, he will be constantly and unwittingly offending people who do not write good books, although they are bookish. Thus it lately happened to me to see an illustration of an unpublished work, in which a wounded and dying warrior was using his last force to break, with singular consequences, the weapon that had been his lifelong companion. I knew (being bookish) the incident was perfectly familiar to me, but I could not remember where I had met it before. It haunted me

like the names which you try to recover from faithless memory, and one day it flashed on me that this incident was at least eight hundred years old. But I leave (not its source, for the novelist who is no bookman had probably never tasted of that literary fountain), but the place of its early appearance, to be remembered or discovered by any one who is curious enough to consult his memory or his library. But here another question arises: let it be granted that the novelist first found the situation where I found it, and is there any reason in the world why he should not make what is a thoroughly original use of it? The imagination or invention needed for this particular adaptation was at least as vivid and romantic as the original conception, which, again, might occur, and may have occurred, separately to minds in Japan and in Peru.

I have chiefly spoken of plagiarism in fiction, for there is little need to speak of plagiarism in poetry. Probably no man or woman (apart from claiming a ready-made article not their own) ever consciously plagiarized in verse. The smallest poetaster has too much vanity to borrow on purpose. Unconsciously even great men (Scott confesses in one case) have remembered and repeated the ideas or the rhythm of others. In a recent Jubilee Ode one reads (indeed it is quoted in a newspaper article on plagiarism):—

“Deep-based on ancient right as on thy
people's will
Thy rule endures unshattered still.”

The debt to the Laureate's verse is not to be mistaken; but no less unmistakable is the absence of con-

sciousness of this in the author. When I was a freshman, and when Mr. Swinburne was the new poet, I wrote a (most justly unsuccessful) Newdigate, in which I thought there was a good line. Somebody's hands were said to be

"Made of a red rose swooning into white."

This seemed "all wery capital," like matrimony to Mr. Weller, till I found, in "Chastelard," somebody's hand

"Made of a red rose that has turned to white."

The mind of the unconscious plagiarist had not been wholly inactive, as the word "swooning" shows, but it was a direct though unintentional robbery. No robberies, in verse, are made, I think, with more *malice prepense* than this early larceny.

On the whole, then, the plagiarist appears to be a decidedly rare criminal, whereas charges of plagiarism have always been as common as blackberries. An instructive example is that of Molière and *Les Précieuses*. Everything in it, cried Somaize and De Villiers, is from the Abbé de Pure, the Italians, and Chapuzeau. But somehow none of these gallant gentlemen did, in fact, write *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, nor anything that anybody except the Moliériste ever heard of.

The laudable anxiety of the Somaizes of all time for literary honesty would be more laudable still if they did not possess a little vice of their own. It is not a vice of which any man is the *fanfaron*: the delicate veiled passion of Envy. Indeed, these lynx-eyed ones have a bad example in their predecessor, Mr. Alexander Pope.

Mr. Pope had a friend who became

an enemy—Mr. Moore, who took the name of Smythe. This Mr. Moore-Smythe wrote a comedy, *The Rival Modes*, played in 1727, wherein the persons occasionally dropped into poetry, printed in italics. On March 18, 1728, an anonymous correspondent in the *Daily Journal* accused Mr. Pope of having plagiarized certain verses from this comedy, and published them in the third volume of his *Miscellanies*:—

"'Tis thus that vanity coquettes rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards"—

and so forth. There was no doubt that these verses, after appearing in *The Rival Modes*, came out in Pope's *Miscellanies*. But in 1729, in the enlarged edition of the *Dunciad*, Pope quoted the anonymous letters (there were two), and maintained that the verses were his own, and that Moore-Smythe was the plagiarist. He had given Smythe leave to use them (the men had once been on good terms), and had suggested their withdrawal later. Pope then, on a quarrel with Smythe, published them, and antedated them (1723), "in order to found or support the charge of plagiarism against Smythe." And Mr. Alexander Pope himself (like Conkey in *Oliver Twist*) was his own anonymous accuser, bringing the charge against himself, that he might retort it on the luckless Moore-Smythe. But Mr. Moore-Smythe was in one respect well advised: he made no reply.

Though it appears from this anecdote, as told in Mr. Carruthers' *Life of Pope*, that people who bring charges of plagiarism are not invariably of a delicate morality, yet a review of the whole topic cannot but

console the moralist. Mr. Matthew Arnold assigns to morality but a poor seven-eighths in the composition of human life. But we see that morality has far more interest and importance than this estimate allows. A masterpiece of mere art in poetry or fiction might be published (I wish it were probable) without exciting one hundredth part of the interest provoked by the charge of stealing half a page. Thus we learn that Art is of no importance at all in comparison with Conduct. A good new book is murmured about at a few dinner parties. A wicked new action—say the purloining, real or alleged, of twenty lines—is thundered about from the house-top, and flashed along all the network of electric wires from London to San Francisco. While men have this overpowering interest in morals, who can despair of humanity?—ANDREW LANG, in *The Contemporary Review*.

ARE ANIMALS MENTALLY HAPPY?

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Here we must necessarily argue from our own feelings to those of the lower intelligences. We must presume a similarity between our own affections and the affections of animals, which similarity will be still closer if we limit our comparison to the affections of childhood or those of primitive man. If in examining and analyzing our own emotions we find we can trace any element common to all our mental pleasures, we are bound to assume the presence of the like element in

the mental pleasures of the brute. True, there can be no direct comparison between such a pleasure as we derive from the *C minor Symphony* of Beethoven, or from the *Blenheim Raphael*, and any pleasure of which we can suppose the mind of a rabbit to be capable. But we must remember that all our more civilized pleasures are exceedingly complex: they are combinations of a number of separate, simple, pleasurable elements, each of which is quite distinct and unaffected by the presence of the others. Thus in listening to the symphony we have a separate pleasure in the rhythm (a ganglionic pleasure associated with muscular movements), a separate pleasure in the harmonies and melodic phrases (also ganglionic; the latter depending on the former, inasmuch as melody gives no pleasure by itself, but only as it suggests beautiful harmony), a separate pleasure in the contrasts of light and shade, pianos and fortes (likewise ganglionic); and amongst a host of intellectual elements we have a separate pleasure in tracing the development of the theme—a pleasure of the kind called “plot interest;” a separate pleasure in the whole work considered as a *human* creation; a separate pleasure in the imitation by the orchestra of human emotional phases, and so forth. Of these and of a dozen other distinct elements is our delight in an art-product builded up, and therefore, though it is quite impossible that any being of more limited capacities should find the slightest enjoyment in such a complex resultant, still, the separate elements, or some of them, may be within the grasp of the inferior capacity, and if so, the reason why

they give pleasure to man will also be the reason why they give pleasure to the animal.

Now in the above example, as in almost all our mental pleasures, there are certain of what we have called bodily conveniences mingled with purely mental satisfactions. The fact that these are almost invariably blended in life has to some extent effaced the essential distinction between them, and we are apt to forget that only by way of metaphor can they be brought under one name. Toward the opposite end of the æsthetic scale we do in some measure preserve in our speech a record of the inherent difference between torture of limb and grief of spirit. When we use such a word as "torture" to symbolize a certain degree of mental distress, we so employ it with a distinct recognition of its symbolical character. No less symbolical, however, is our use of such a word as "pleasure" to characterize mental elevation. Language has been fixed in ages when as yet mental satisfactions had not arrived at their present importance and complexity; confusion in language has led to confusion in thought, and psychologists have been accustomed to content themselves with considering the case of a sprained muscle or a crushed limb, imagining in so doing they had at the same time furnished a complete explanation of the distress arising from a frustrated desire. It will, however, suffice to fix in our minds the essential difference between the two if we remember that their very physical signs are different. Thus in mental distress the brow is contracted, while in bodily suffering the corners of the mouth are affected; and it is only

when bodily sufferings are protracted so as to affect the mind or when they are accompanied by danger causing mental distress that the corrugator muscles begin to make furrows in the brow. If you see in a statue or painting of a human figure the upper part of the face indicating suffering, you instantly conclude the suffering to be mental; if you see the lower part of the face drawn or distorted, you recognize it as the sign of physical pain. That is to say, you recognize the fact that the nervous centers concerned with mental distresses are distinct from those occupied with local or bodily pains.

Now, before we can attempt any estimate of the mental satisfactions of animal life, we must start with some hypothesis as to the nature of that common element which at different moments we express by such words as glad, happy, pleased, joyful, and the like. The theory of Mr. Herbert Spencer which we have accepted as a sufficient explanation of physical pleasure affords no guide whatever for the interpretation of the widely different phenomena of mental satisfaction. No theory of nerve waste and nutrition can be of any use to us in determining what there is in a particular painting and a particular social situation which leads us to characterize our feelings in the presence of both by the same name.

What we want is to discover some common element, the presence of which characterizes all our pleasurable emotions, and the intensity of which varies in proportion to their exaltation, while the presence in varying intensity of its exact opposite characterizes in like manner and measure all our sadness and distress.

There is a passage of Lucretius in

which the poet (to use Lord Bacon's phrase) "that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest" compares two typical mental pleasures; it is delightful, he says, to stand on the sea-shore in a high wind, and to watch the dangers of those who are on the deep;—it is equally pleasant to behold, from an elevated station, a battle raging in the plains below, because it is naturally agreeable to witness those misfortunes from which yourself are free; but far more pleasant still is it to occupy wisdom's heights and from thence to look down upon others groping and wandering in search of the true light.

This passage could not have been written by any modern poet—the veil of sympathy through which we now look on the troubles of another is too sacred to be thus rent in twain. But it is precisely because that sympathy is modern and not primeval that it is necessary to go behind it if we would ascertain the essential characteristic of our pleasures. The passage of Lucretius is valuable for two reasons. In the first place, it tears aside this veil and compels us to trace back our emotions to a more primitive type. Neither of the feelings he mentions should we now describe as pleasurable; they would be so overpowered by altruistic feelings—our sympathy would be so strongly with those who were struggling, that the total resulting consciousness would be a form of distress which we could convert into pleasure only by actively assisting in the rescue of those in danger. Nevertheless, all the time the pleasure in our own superior position, in the discomfiture of another, would be there concealed, it may be, but concealed only, and

not destroyed, by the more powerful altruistic feeling of our later civilization. Secondly, the passage is valuable because it suggests the real explanation of pleasurable emotion. Here are two situations—walking on a shore in safety in the one case, and the consciousness of mental acquisition in the other case; in neither of these is there any pleasurable element necessarily involved; but introduce in each case a foil, the boat's crew laboring in the sea, and the ignorant wandering in mental darkness—the new factor gives us an impression of individual power, of personal elevation, of superiority over another, and the situation becomes at once a pleasant one.

In using the phrase "consciousness of power" to represent this sense of personal elevation, I think I have chosen the word which best expresses the essential ingredient in our simplest pleasures. It is the emotional accompaniment of the assertion "I can," just as the sense of weakness is the emotional accompaniment of the statement, "I am compelled." The simplest form of the one is exemplified in the baby's cry when he learns to stand upright, and of the other in the child's helpless sobbing when its nurse by force compels it to go with her against its inclination. Did we desire to represent the highest and lowest notes in the æsthetic scale, the height of human enjoyment, and the depth of human woe, we could not find better types than two which are quite obviously enlargements of the same simple emotions: Bonaparte at Mantua placing on his own head the iron crown of Lombardy with the words, "*gare à qui la touche!*" in the one picture, and, in the other picture, Eugene

Aram walking between the two stern-faced men with gyves upon his wrist.

With the assistance of this formula, "the consciousness of power," we are in a position to institute a direct comparison between our mental satisfactions and those of any intelligence presumably similar to our own. Whenever we find a set of circumstances which would evoke in our own minds a consciousness of power, we are able to infer a similar pleasurable emotion in the mind of any similar intelligence, whether of more or less varied range, placed in those same surroundings. The extent or intensity of the suggestion of power furnished by any given external conditions provides us with a gauge whereby to estimate the extent or intensity of the pleasure experienced by any mind similar to our own in such a situation. The question whether an animal is happy under any given conditions is reduced to the simpler question whether the conditions are such as would suggest to the mind of man a consciousness of his individual power.

It will be convenient if we try to arrange our mental pleasures in a graduated scale, beginning with the most rudimentary forms and ascending in the order of their complexity. We should probably place first in order the reproduction in the mind of a previous bodily pleasure. This is a simple act of memory involving a faint revival of the associated emotion. Next we should place that which Mr. Grant Allen regards as the type of all happiness—namely, anticipation of bodily pleasure. These two are not mental pleasures proper, but simply the revival or the forecast of ganglionic pleasures. Next in order will come the begin-

ning of mental pleasures proper—the first and simplest form of consciousness of power, viz., the mental pleasure accompanying bodily activity; afterward the operations of the intellect give us the like consciousness of power, and we have mental pleasure accompanying mental activity. So far all is simple, but there is no foundation here for the higher and specially human pleasures. These latter depend on two principles; first, that of sympathy, by which man is led to identify himself in emotion with another individual, with the family and the tribe, and with humanity; and, secondly, the principle of ideal reproduction and extension, whereby man is able without any prompting from the outside world to summon into consciousness a series of mental images from which he can derive pleasures akin to those he would experience if the images had been actual and objective. Shortly we may call these ideal pleasures. We have, then, these different kinds of mental delights to consider.—

1. Recollection of bodily pleasures.
2. Anticipation of bodily pleasures.
3. Pleasure accompanying bodily activity.
4. Pleasure accompanying mental activity.
5. Ideal pleasures.
6. } Extension of nos. (6. Another individual.
7. } 3, 4 and 5 by 7. The family and tribe.
8. } sympathy to 8. Humanity.

This list is not put forward as a philosophical classification of our pleasures, but simply as a catalogue convenient for reference in considering the pleasures of a lower grade of intelligence. A similar list might be made of mental distresses, but it is sufficient to consider them simply as modes of depression corresponding severally to the modes of elevation.

Of the eight varieties of mental pleasure which we have thus cata-

logued, there is only one which is peculiar to man—that, viz., which we have placed last in the series, and to which we are indebted for our most highly civilized enjoyments. Much of the delight which is afforded to us by works of art, whether of poetry, music, drama, or pictorial art, is dependent on sympathy with humanity. Animals can have nothing to correspond with such a feeling, but in all the other seven varieties they share to a greater or less extent. The great distance which separates human happiness from animal happiness will be found in two directions; *first*, that of human sympathy just mentioned, and, *secondly*, the department of ideal pleasures, which in animals have a merely fragmentary existence, but which in man have such an enormous extension and development that they occupy the greater area of waking consciousness, sometimes to the entire subjugation of the impressions derived from the actual world. These two elements apart, the mental pleasures of animals are fairly comparable with those of man; the first three elements in the above list are as well developed in the one as in the other; the element of pleasure in mental activity is present in all higher animals, though of course wanting the extension which it acquires in man: in like manner, individual and tribal sympathy have their effect on animal pleasures, though exhibited only in rudimentary forms.

1 and 2. There is very little to be said of either the *Recollection* or the *Anticipation of bodily pleasures*. The former, however, in all probability is of more importance to animals than to man; it is not brought into competition with so many other

pleasurable emotions, and it is probably more deeply stirred. Past bodily pleasures can no doubt be recalled by all animals possessing memory, that is—according to Mr. Romanes—all forms from the Mollusca upward. Such emotional states lie in the background ready to be revived by an appropriate associated sensation. Now the sense of smell seems to possess more strongly than any of the other senses the power of reviving in our own consciousness the exact æsthetic condition at a previous moment when a similar odor presented itself. Perhaps the odor of a bean field will recall with singular impressiveness the precise mental condition, with its exact æsthetic value, of some forgotten holiday-time in youth. Sight has of course a corresponding power, though not in such intensity. Now both these senses are far more highly developed in the animal world than in man, sight for instance in raptorial birds, and scent in carnivora and ruminants. We may therefore fairly suppose that in animals such as the red-deer and the dog a resuscitation of past pleasures would be aroused with much more vividness and more certainty by an associated scent, and that the occasions of such resuscitation would be much more frequent than in our own experience. Any animal whose scent is so keen as that of the dog must be constantly receiving through that sense-organ impressions which directly and vividly recall some particular gratification of one or other of its appetites, and in general any such recollection must be distinctly pleasurable. It is worthy of remark, too, that this pleasure is all pure gain to the individual; that is to say, there is

practically no corresponding pain, for the recollection of previous bodily suffering is so slight that it scarcely even acts as a stimulus to action until after several experiences. We find in our own case that the memory of days long past is always more or less pleasant; in recalling an incident long gone by, the pleasurable elements come up with something of their old freshness, while all the painful elements, if there were any, are subdued and softened down, even if they have not disappeared altogether, so that when we arrive at maturity we are accustomed to look back on the days of our childhood as days of uninterrupted happiness.

The anticipation by an animal of bodily pleasure is usually apparent to an observer only just immediately before its realization, as when we give to one of our domestic animals the signal for its daily exercise, or when it discovers the approach of its own dinner; but we must admit a much more extended foresight than that involved in interpreting immediate sensations. We can trace the effect of expectation in the brisker step of the horse when its head is turned homeward; and in the deliberate preparations and long stealthy marches of many predaceous animals there must be from the beginning a confident anticipation of the resulting dinner. Your own fox-terrier will remember from one day to the next the exact place where he concealed the remains of a particularly offensive fish's head, and on the first moment of freedom will scamper off to realize his dreams of the past dozen hours. In the animal's anticipations, as in its recollections, there is little or no corresponding pain. In the case of the

dog certainly we have taught him to associate the sight of a whip with a subsequent flogging, so that when he sees us go to fetch the instrument of woe, he no doubt anticipates the result with bitterness. But this is simply the result of an education which man alone and not outer circumstances could impart. Remove man from the world and animals would have known no anticipation of pain until the moment before the occurrence of an injury. There is no surmise or foreboding of possible danger, no apprehension lest to-morrow's dinner be insufficient, no dread of any evil outside the immediate circle of present realities. The bird does not anticipate the clutch of the hawk until it sees the form of the hawk above it. When we speak of an animal as timid, we speak of it in reference to ourselves. Timidity is unknown in regions to which the civilizing influences of the rifle have not reached. Animals are of course afraid of those of their own kind whose natural prey they form, but not until they actually see their devourer. It is man who has taught animals to be frightened of sounds and signs.

3. *Pleasure accompanying bodily activity.*—Within the limits fixed by previous wear and present nutrition all muscular activity affords a direct bodily "convenience." But if in exerting such activity we become aware that we are exerting a power over nature, then the activity is attended with mental or cerebral pleasure. These two elements may go together, may increase at the same time and throughout the same actions; or, as very frequently happens, the mental exaltation may continue to increase after the exertion has

ceased to be "convenient," when the limit of normal muscular action has been passed and fatigue has set in. So long as we are visibly and perceptibly exerting a power over our fellows or over nature, the sense of exaltation continues, and with the spur of rivalry it may become so strong as to lead us to over-exert ourselves, and prolong the action until acute physical pain or complete prostration compels us to desist. The youthful part of our lives is largely made up of instances of such elementary consciousness of power. A schoolboy does not, as Sydney Smith supposed, climb walls for the reason that it is agreeable to him to be afraid of tumbling, but for the sake of the same mental exaltation which a few years earlier inspired his first steps across the nursery, and which a few years later will seat him at his thwart in his college eight. All muscular exertion, the effect of which on our position we can realize, and which therefore conveys the impression of power, is directly pleasurable in proportion to its felt effectiveness. Everyone who has climbed a mountain, or even walked up a decent-sized hill, has experienced how at first the simple "ganglionic" pleasure of the walk or the climb is the main ingredient; how, on attaining a certain elevation and looking round, there comes a mental satisfaction which goes on increasing, while at the same time the muscular activity begins to tell its tale, and fatigue supervenes, only however to be suppressed and kept under by the overmastering mental exaltation until the summit is reached. Then, in all probability, the climber remarks that, if he could only have flown up, his happiness would have

been complete. He recognizes that his happiness is due to two elements: first, the physical "convenience" of exercise; next, the mental consciousness of power--the consciousness that he by his own muscular exertion has raised himself 2000 feet. He recognizes also that in this case the physical convenience was "played out" rather too soon, and thenceforward acted as a damper on his mental joyousness, and he infers that if with less wear and tear (as by flight) he could have raised himself to the same altitude, or if he could with the same amount of exertion raise himself four times as high, in either case his pleasure would be proportionately more intense.

May we not infer that all animals whose muscular development is greater in proportion to their bulk than that of man should derive from its exercise a greater intensity of pleasure, greater absolutely in proportion to the attainments and less interfered with by the greater muscular ease with which they are accomplished? If this is so, the majority of the mammalia and almost all birds should in their powers of speedy movement on earth or lofty flight in the air possess resources of mental pleasure intense beyond ours and less subject to be dimmed by the pain of overstrained muscles. The power of flight is, without doubt, associated with pleasures which we cannot directly gauge or estimate, but of the value of which our desires can give us some idea. That birds distinctly enjoy the exercise of their powers there can be no manner of doubt. Having once acquired the power of flight or inherited it from their Sauropsidan ancestor, they have developed it far beyond all the re-

quirements of their individual or specific life. If it were not pleasurable, then flight would be discontinued when it was no longer necessary. But, as a fact, bird life presents innumerable instances of the maintenance of the powers of flight in species to whose existence it is by no means essential. The skylark does not soar from mercenary motives; pigeons, domesticated for generations, fly about all day long, though they need to seek neither food nor shelter. It is not necessary to watch birds on the wing for very long to convince oneself that the act of flight is one of pure enjoyment, that it is cultivated and adorned with the refinements which characterize an "accomplishment." Such is the evolution of the tumbler pigeon, such the more refined and masterly hovering of some birds who possess the power of so balancing themselves on a slanting breeze as to remain motionless with respect to the earth, without apparently moving a wing or a feather, floating all the time, calm and still. This soaring, to accomplish which no doubt requires minute momentary muscular adjustments, must be an acquirement bestowing the keenest pleasure. Not the most enthusiastic yachtsman steering his own cutter in a stiff breeze can derive more pleasure from the motion than can the poised bird, conscious that at any moment it has only to move its wing the fraction of an inch in order to hold its own against a fresh slant of the wind. It is the fine art of flight, acquired perhaps accidentally without any reference to the search for food, and persisted in purely as a pleasurable relaxation or accomplishment for the sake of the mental glory involved in

supremacy over the powers of the air. Minor fancies in the method of flight abound in birds. White of Selborne, says:—

"There is a peculiarity belonging to ravens that must draw the attention even of the most incurious—they spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful skirmish, and when they move from one place to another frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling to the ground. When this odd gesture betides them, they are scratching themselves with one foot, and thus lose the center of gravity. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner. . . . Ringdoves, though strong and rapid at other times, yet in the spring hang about on the wing in a toying and playful manner."

It is a mistake to suppose that animals will continue instinctively forever to toil and work, to exert their muscles and energies without reference to pleasure. They are by no means insensible to the charms of repose, and are naturally lazy, just to the same extent as men are naturally lazy. So long as exertion is necessary to existence or gives them enjoyment, they will exert themselves; when they can exist and enjoy themselves without exertion, they cease to exert themselves. Whenever we see animals habitually performing any act or any movement which involves trouble or exertion, we may be quite certain that, if the act or movement is not essential, it is pleasurable. If it were not accompanied by pleasurable feelings, it would not be continued. The act of collecting honey is apparently accompanied by more trouble than pleasure. So long as it is necessary to existence it is continued by force of what we should call public opinion or municipal law; but transport a

hive of bees to a climate where nature provides them with honey all the year round, and in three or four years they cease to store it. The act is troublesome, and is discontinued when no longer necessary. The slave-making ants are a still stronger example; the *Polyergus*, having provided itself with slaves who perform all the necessary work of life, who provide it with food, and actually feed it, is now gradually divesting itself of every instinct, and dies of starvation if deprived of its assistant.

Similar to the pleasure of flight, though not so keen, must be the pleasure accompanying the gallop and other speedier movements of quadrupeds. The horse obviously enjoys its more extended paces, and shares with its rider the delights of a bit of open country. So we can well believe that the best horses (from a racing point of view) of each year take keen pleasure in showing their heels to their field. Foals run races just as boys do, and no doubt with the same kind of enjoyment, which in the horse lasts further into maturity than is the case with man.

Here, then, we have the origin of *play*. In youth, when the nervous centers are over-nourished and under-worked, there is a natural tendency for the overcharge to seek relief in muscular exercise of any kind. Play of any sort furnishes a bodily convenience. But youth is not satisfied with the bodily convenience alone, it so adapts the muscular exercise as to furnish to the mind the consciousness of power, and thus play combines mental satisfaction with bodily convenience. All the games of boys involve the element of rivalry as well as of bodily exer-

cise, and though we are not yet in a position to appreciate the code of rules which regulate the sports of animals, we can be in no doubt as to two facts: first, that animals do play; and, secondly, that their sports do involve an element of personal antagonism, and, therefore, that they are fitted to contribute mental enjoyment as well as bodily exercise. Some of the games of animals appear to possess considerable complexity. Some species there are, as the marmot and bower bird, who, not satisfied with the use of their limbs, construct playthings and playgrounds. Others there are who keep pets, organize social gatherings on a large scale, and indulge in a dance with real measured steps and regulated evolutions. It is only reasonable to suppose that these more advanced forms of amusement serve to contribute mental delight of a more refined description than that which is associated with the races and sham fights of colts and puppies.—B. CARTILL, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

Macaulay has left it on record that, in his opinion, the man is mad who, endowed with faculties for achieving distinction alike in literature and politics, selects the latter as the chief sphere for his energy; and surely he was right. At the same time, are not instances of this dual capacity exceedingly rare? It is seldom, I imagine, that the double but indivisible equipment of intellect and temperament that

qualifies a man to become eminent in letters would permit him to be practically successful in politics, as politics are understood in these days, and still less often, I should say, that the talents and disposition which make a man a first-rate politician would enable him to become more than a second or third-rate man of letters.

In all probability, however, few men form this discriminating estimate of their own powers, the infirmity of self-love leading people who have succeeded in one walk of life to fancy they would have been equally successful in any other. Why, then, do so many persons nowadays embrace a political career who probably entertain little doubt, and of whom it is thought by their admirers, they might have won distinction in the domain of letters?

Are we not to look for the answer to this question in two passions, no doubt not peculiar to this age, but unusually active and dominant in it—the thirst for excitement, and the craving for personal notoriety? To be, like Tostig, “ever in the mouths of men,” seems to be regarded not only as a worthy object of ambition, but as the highest of all pursuits; and to live perpetually a whirl of tumult and emotion appears to be considered the condition most conducive to happiness. It is an odd conception either of distinction or of felicity; but few, if any, will deny that it prevails. The House of Commons offers a man notoriety and excitement. The library and the garden offer him neither. Surely, however, he is wise who, whether he be really, or only in his own conceit and the partial estimate of his friends, equal to great achieve-

ments, whether as the companion of Sir William Harcourt (and even still greater persons), or as the companion of the Muses, elects the society of the latter.

There are two reasons, it seems to me, why such a choice is wise and to be commended. In the first place—for let us be tender with the touching foibles of human nature, which pursue a man, like his shadow, even to the deepest and most modest retirement—the man of letters; whether he do or do not win the smile of criticism, can always command, in Shelley’s fine phrase,—

“ . . . that content, surpassing
wealth,

The sage in meditation found.
And walked with inward glory crowned;”
the “inward glory,” for instance, which Wordsworth wore for years before any laurel was offered him by the outer world—the “inward glory” with which, I dare say many other men have crowned themselves, whose indomitable belief in the greatness of their own powers was only a self-flattering delusion. But surely even such imaginary glory as this is better than the cheers and jeers commingled, the mixture of admiration and contempt, that compose the notoriety of a successful politician.

The other reason why it is wise for a man, deemed by himself or others adapted equally for a literary or a political life, to select the former, is that in the cultivation of letters a man may hope to be able to do some little good, and can make certain of doing no harm; whereas no politicians, who “look before and after,” can feel absolutely confident they are not sowing the seeds of public woe and national mischief.

Will any really dispassionate person affirm that it is absolutely certain that, for example, the adoption of free-trade, or the passing of our several electoral reform bills, will in the long run prove to have been to the advantage of the realm? But every one who uses language carefully is aware that all of us are in this matter acting only on the *probability*, not on the *certainly*, of our views being right and sound. The future may possibly show us to have been as much mistaken as the present, in so many instances, shows the politicians of the past to have been, who were just as conscientious and, to say the least, just as able as ourselves.

But the exquisite sonnet, the lark-like lyric, the majestic drama, the stately and well-ordered history, these cannot but be right, not now only, but for all time. The secretary of Cromwell may or may not have served his country well and wisely. But the author of *Paradise Lost* is undubitably, and beyond argument, one of the benefactors of the human race, the *dulce decus* of every one of us, in a sense and to an extent to which no Mæcenas could ever aspire.

Though I cannot doubt that literature is both a nobler and a happier vocation than politics, I have always thought, and I venture to urge, that the man of letters is wanting alike in wisdom and in a sense of duty who averts his attention wholly from public affairs. It is not necessary to be in the House of Commons in order to make speeches, or to be in the thick of the political fray to participate in some degree in the business of the nation. Without sacrificing in the faintest degree the allegiance they owe to

their own special calling, writers of the most fastidious taste and of the most unquestioned powers may from time to time employ their pens to rebuke an erring statesman, or raise their voices to remind a senate bewildered by party passion that the welfare of the commonwealth is the only justification of public action. —ALFRED AUSTIN, in *The Spectator*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

CRITICISMS UPON MILTON.—*Temple Bar* produces an entertaining paper entitled "Some Curiosities of Criticisms." Not the least noteworthy are the following upon Milton:—

"Dr. Johnson's extraordinary criticism of *Lycidas*, *Comus*, and the Sonnets is evidently the result not only of lack of sympathy and insight, but of the writer's insurmountable dislike of the political and theological principles of the poet. The devoted supporter of monarchy and hierarchy was naturally antagonistic to the preacher of republicanism and ecclesiastical equality. Johnson, however, does not stand alone in his inability to appreciate *Lycidas*. A respected poet and critic of our own time, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, in his *Reminiscences and Opinions*, published last year, has confessed to a similar lack of appreciation of the famous elegy. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have remarked, '*Paradise Lost* is a fine poem, but what does it prove?'—a question which may, perhaps, as coming from a great mathematician, be forgiven. Pope wrote:—

'Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school divine.'

But, as Coleridge said, Pope was hardly the man to criticise Milton. An earlier poet, Waller, said that *Paradise Lost* was a poem remarkable for nothing but its great length. The author of the honied compliments to Sacharissa, who first panegyrized

the great Protector, inviting him to take the crown, and then, like another Vicar of Bray, congratulated the restored Charles on his recovery of the throne, loading both alike with fulsome flattery, was, however, hardly made of the right stuff to hear aright the majestic harmonies of Milton's epic, or to understand the stern and unbending devotion to principle of its author. The ultra-royalist writers of the Restoration era naturally regarded Milton more as the writer of the *Defence of the People of England*, than as the author of *Paradise Lost*, and their abuse of the poet knew no bounds. The following passage from Bates and Skinner's *Rise and Progress of the late Troubles in England*, published in 1685, is a specimen of this kind of Billingsgate. Speaking of the Roundheads, they say:—"They employ the Mercenary Pen of the Son of a certain Scrivener, one Milton, from a musty Pedant, vamped into a new Secretary, whose Talent lying in Satyrs and Libels, and his Tongue being dipt in the blackest and basest venom, might forge an *Eikvonaasias* or Image-breaking; and by his livid and malicious Wit publish a Defence of the King's Murder against Salmasius."

A COLORED BISHOP.—*The African M. E. Church Review* contains a biographical sketch, written by several colored clergymen, of Richard Harvey Cain, the lately deceased bishop of the African M. E. Church. He was born in Virginia in 1825. With his parents he went to Ohio. He was converted in 1841; licensed to preach in 1844. Up to 1859, when he was ordained deacon, he ministered as a local preacher, at various places in the west. In 1860 he studied at Wilberforce University, Ohio. In 1861 he was transferred to the New York Conference, and stationed at Brooklyn; the next year he was ordained elder at Washington; and in 1865 he was stationed at Charleston, S. C. The colored voters in South Carolina greatly outnumbered the whites, and Mr. Cain was elected to the Legislature of that State, and subsequently for two terms a member of the Congress of the United States. Of his Congressional career the Rev. Dr. Embry writes:—

"His career in Congress presents nothing very noted or remarkable. It was for the

most part an eventful and stormy period. His only addresses before the body were made in defence of his people. Nevertheless, as a member and committee-man, he was respected as being active, conscientious, and useful. During his six years of public civil service, Dr. Cain never ceased the practice of sacred oratory in the pulpit, so that at the end of his second term of Congressional service, in 1879, he could re-enter the pulpit without the inconvenience of a conscious transition from the one stage of duty to the other."

THE LORD'S SUPPER IN CHINA.—Ralph Waldo Emerson gave up his pastorate in Boston, and ultimately the exercise of the ministerial office, because he could not conscientiously perform the function of "blessing" the eucharistic bread and wine. The London *Sunday Magazine* tells of a sacramental difficulty which exists among the Chinese:—

"Bishop Burdon, writing home from the Kuh-Fien Mission in China, dwells upon a difficulty which must be seriously felt by all missionaries in celebrating the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in that great Eastern Empire. In Western Christendom immemorial custom has prescribed the use of bread and wine at the communion service, but in China these are hard to get, and neither is an ordinary article of food—the essential characteristic which gives the rite so much of its meaning for ourselves. If Christians in China have to drink a strange mixture and to eat an unknown substance, usually dry and hard as well, half the beauty of the service must be lost. Rice and tea serve them as bread and wine do us, and Bishop Burdon's wish that the 'Eucharistic Feast may be adapted to the circumstances of the Chinese by substituting a cake made of rice for bread, and tea for wine,' will strike most people as a most sensible suggestion. The change would not be a 'travesty' but a translation. We have to translate the words, even the most sacred words, in which the Love of Christ is expressed; why may not we translate the symbols too? But the marvel is that the substance of the gospel needs no change; it comes to all with the same force, and all hear its message with gratitude and joy."

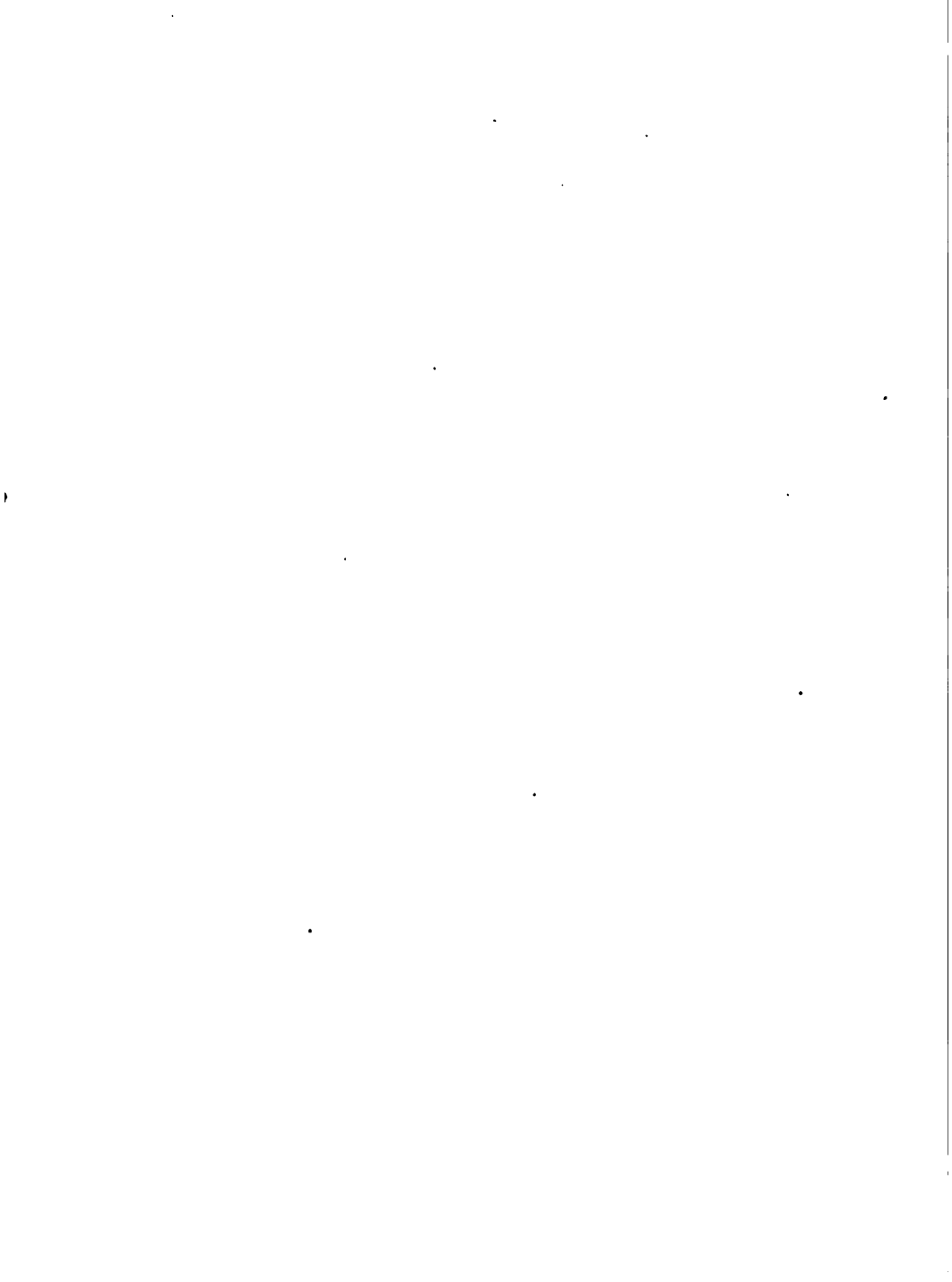






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